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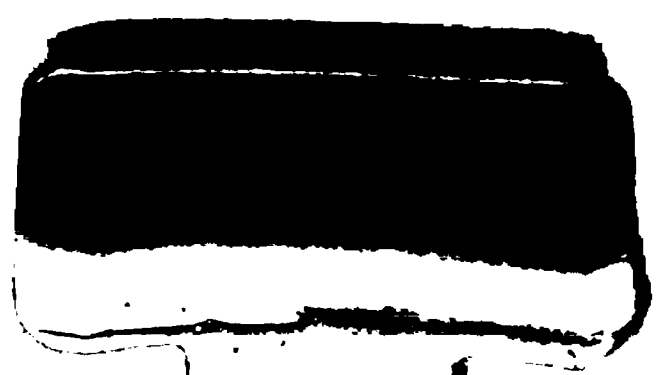
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS



Walter

AMERICAN POETRY

AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

This book has been prepared for the purpose of encouraging the intelligent study of the history of American literature by assembling representative text of the poetry and adequate critical machinery to accompany it.

In making the selections two main points have been kept in mind: First, that, taken as a whole, the poems should be observable as an index both to the progress of American poetry and to the progressions of American thought; second, that they should fairly represent the chief characteristics of the authors. In order to have them hit this latter mark, it was necessary that they be ample enough to furnish material for real study of the successive poets, and this fulness limited the number of units to twenty-nine, twenty-five poets and four time-groups: songs, epigrams and elegies of the seventeenth century, almanac verse of the eighteenth, and the lyrics of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars not included in the works of the more important poets. Insurmountable copyright restrictions will account for the lack of a few late products by four of the best known poets, and for the total omission of one or two others who could not be adequately represented. These omissions, however, have only slightly disturbed the balance of the text.

The material, aside from the text, has been prepared with the aim of assisting the student to use his mind rather than his memory, and of suggesting lines of study for him to follow. The criticisms are, therefore, not offered as dogmatic finalities, but as "aids to reflection." Wherever they can be construed as representing the debatable opinions of the authors, they will be of more service to the students who arrive at intelligent dissent from them than to those who mark and learn them with unthinking docility. Pains have been taken to indicate as far as possible the original places of publication in various types of periodicals, from newspapers to annuals, and a separate index of these data has been prepared. The importance of this information, and the deductions that can be drawn from it, have thus far been almost wholly overlooked. The editor will be grateful for corrections or additions.

Assistance of the greatest value has been rendered by Mr. Howard M. Jones, in the writing of the criticisms on Emerson, Poe, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow and Lanier; by Mr. George Sherburn, in the supply of the text and criticism on the hitherto unnoticed poem by the eighteenth century Lewis; by Mr. Frank M. Webster, in the writing of the criticism on Anne Bradstreet, and in extensive work on the notes; and

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PART I
POEMS

ANNE BRADSTREET

(1612-1672)

(The text is taken from the edition by
J. H. Ellis, 1867.)

✓ To her most Honoured Father
THOMAS DUDLEY ESQ;
THESE HUMBLY PRESENTED.

Dear Sir of late delighted with the sight
Of your four Sisters cloth'd¹ in black and
white,
Of fairer Dames the Sun, ne'r saw the
face;
Though made a pedestal for *Adams* Race;
Their worth so shines in these rich lines
you show
Their paralels to finde I scarcely know
To climbe their Climes, I have nor
strength nor skill
To mount so high requires an Eagles quill;
Yet view thereof did cause my thoughts to
soar;
My lowly pen might wait upon these four
I bring my four times four, now meanly
clad
To do their homage, unto yours, full glad:
Who for their Age, their worth and quality
Might seem of yours to claim precedency:
But by my humble hand, thus rudely pen'd
They are, your bounden handmaids to at-
tend
These same are they, from whom we be-
ing have
These are of all, the Life, the Nurse, the
Grave,
These are the hot, the cold, the moist, the
dry,
That sink, that swim, that fill, that up-
wards fly,
Of these consists our bodies, Cloathes and
Food,
The World, the useful, hurtful, and the
good,
Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft
times
Their discord doth appear, by these harsh
rimes
Yours did contest for wealth, for Arts,
for Age,
My first do shew their good, and then
their rage.

¹ Thomas Dudley was a man of considerable culture (See Appendix). The reference in the opening lines is to a supposed manuscript poem "On the Four Parts of the World" of which nothing further is known.

My other foures do intermixed tell
Each others faults, and where themselves
excell;
How hot and dry contend with moist and
cold,
How Air and Earth no correspondence
hold,
And yet in equal tempers, how they 'gree
How divers natures make one Unity
Something of all (though mean) I did in-
tend
But fear'd you'd judge *Du Bartas* was
my friend
I honour him, but dare not wear his
wealth
My goods are true (though poor) I love
no stealth
But if I did I durst not send them you
Who must reward a Thief, but with his
due.
I shall not need, mine innocence to clear
These ragged lines, will do't, when they
appear:
On what they are, your mild aspect I crave
Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a
Grave.

From her that to your self, more duty
owes
Then water in the bound[l]ess Ocean
flows.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

March 20, 1642.

*In Honour of that High and Mighty
Princess*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

OF HAPPY MEMORY

THE PROEME

Although great Queen thou now in silence
lye
Yet thy loud Herald Fame doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim in every
Clime,
And so hath vow'd while there is world or
time.
So great's thy glory and thine excellence,

The sound thereof rapt every humane
 sence,
 That men account it no impiety,
 To say thou wert a fleshly Diety:
 Thousands bring offerings (though out of
 date)
 Thy world of honours to accumulate, 10
 'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring
 verse,
 Mine bleating stands before thy royal
 Herse.
 Thou never didst nor canst thou now dis-
 dain
 T' accept the tribute of a loyal brain.
 Thy clemency did yerst esteem as much
 The acclamations of the poor as rich,
 Which makes me deem my rudeness is no
 wrong,
 Though I resound thy praises 'mongst the
 throng.

THE POEM

No *Phœnix* pen, nor *Spencers* poetry,
 No *Speeds*¹ nor *Cambdens*² learned His-
 tory, 20
Elizahs works, warrs, praise, can e're com-
 pact,
 The World's the Theatre where she did act.
 No memoryes nor volumes can contain
 The 'leven Olympiads of her happy reign:
 Who was so good, so just, so learn'd so
 wise,
 From all the Kings on earth she won the
 prize.
 Nor say I more then duly is her due,
 Millions will testifie that this is true.
 She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,
 That women wisdom lack to play the
 Rex: 30
Spains Monarch, sayes not so, nor yet his
 host:

¹ "THE HISTORIE OF GREAT BRITAIN UNDER THE CONQUESTS OF THE ROMANS, SAXONS, DANES AND NORMANS. Their Originals, Manners, Habits, Warres, Coines, and Seales: with the Successions, Liues, Acts, and Issues of the English Monarchs, from Julius Cæsar, to our most gracious Soueraigne, King JAMES." "By JOHN SPEED." London, 1623.

² "ANNALES RERUM ANGLICARUM ET HIBERNICARUM, REGNANTE ELIZABETHA, AD ANNUM SALUTIS M.D.LXXXIX. Guilielmo Camdeno Authore. Londini, M.DC.XV."

"ANNALES OR, THE HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED and Victorious Princesse ELIZABETH, Late Queen of England. Contayning all the Important and Remarkable Passages of State, both at Home and Abroad, during her Long and Prosperous Reigne. Written in Latin by the learned Mr. WILLIAM CAMDEN. Translated into English by R. N. Gent. Together with divers Additions of the Authors never before published. The thrd Edition." London, 1635.

She taught them better manners, to their
 cost.
 The *Salique* law, in force now had not
 been,
 If *France* had ever hop'd for such a
 Queen.
 But can you Doctors now this point dis-
 pute,
 She's Argument enough to make you mute.
 Since first the sun did run his nere run
 race,
 And earth had once a year, a new old
 face,
 Since time was time, and man unmanly
 man,
 Come shew me such a *Phœnix* if you
 can? 40
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers?
 Was ever land more happy freed from
 stirrs?
 Did ever wealth in *England* more abound?
 Her victoryes in forreign Coasts resound,
 Ships more invincible then *Spain's*, her foe
 She wrackt, she sackt, she sunk his Ar-
 mado:
 Her stately troops advanc'd to *Lisbons*
 wall
Don Anthony in's right there to install.
 She frankly helpt, *Franks* brave distressed
 King,
 The States united now her fame do
 sing, 50
 She their Protectrix was, they well do
 know
 Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.
 Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,
 Nor men nor Coyn she spar'd to do them
 good.
 The rude untamed *Irish*, she did quel,
 Before her picture the proud *Tyrone* fell.
 Had ever Prince such Counsellours as
 she?
 Her self *Minerva* caus'd them so to be.
 Such Captains and such souldiers never
 seen, 59
 As were the Subjects of our *Pallas* Queen.
 Her Sea-men through all straights the
 world, did round,
Terra incognita might know the sound.
 Her *Drake* came laden home with Spanish
 gold:
 Her *Essex* took *Cades*, their Herculean
 Hold:
 But time would fail me, so my tongue
 would to,
 To tell of half she did, or she could doe.
Semiramis to her, is but obscure,
 More infamy then fame, she did procure.
 She built her glory but on *Babels* walls,

Worlds wonder for a while, but yet it
falls. ⁷⁰

Fierce *Tomris* (*Cyrus* heads-man) *Scythians* queen,
Had put her harness off, had shee but
seen

Our Amazon in th' Camp of *Tilbury*.
Judging all valour and all Majesty
Within that Princess to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her excellence.
Dido first Foundress of proud *Carthage*
walls,

(Who living consummates her Funeralls)
A great *Eliza*, but compar'd with ours,
How vanisheth her glory, wealth and
powers. ⁸⁰

Profuse, proud *Cleopatra*, whose wrong
name,
Instead of glory, prov'd her Countryes
shame:

Of her what worth in Storyes to be seen,
But that she was a rich Egyptian Queen.
Zenobya potent Empress of the East,
And of all these, without compare the
best,

Whom none but great *Aurelius* could quell;
Yet for our Queen is no fit Parallel. ⁸⁸
She was a Phoenix Queen, so shall she be,
Her ashes not reviv'd, more Phoenix she.
Her personal perfections, who would tell,
Must dip his pen in th' *Heleconian Well*,
Which I may not, my pride doth but as-
pire

To read what others write, and so admire.
Now say, have women worth? or have
they none?

Or had they some, but with our Queen is't
gone?

Nay Masculines, you have thus taxt us
long,

But she, though dead, will vindicate our
wrong.

Let such as say our Sex is void of Reason,
Know tis a Slander now, but once was
Treason. ¹⁰⁰

But happy *England* which had such a
Queen;

Yea happy, happy, had those dayes still
been:

But happiness lyes in a higher sphere,
Then wonder not *Eliza* moves not here.
Full fraught with honour, riches and with
dayes

She set, she set, like *Titan* in his rayes.
No more shall rise or set so glorious sun.
Untill the heavens great revolution,
If then new things their old forms shall
retain,

Eliza shall rule *Albion* once again. ¹¹⁰

HER EPITAPH

Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the Royal
Bed,

Of th' *Damask Rose*, sprung from the
white and red,

Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling
Air:

This Rose is wither'd, once so lovely fair.
On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
The greater was our gain, our loss the
more.

ANOTHER

Here lyes the pride of Queens, Pattern
of Kings,

So blaze it Fame, here's feathers for thy
wings.

Here lyes the envi'd, yet unparalled Prince,
Whose living virtues speak, (though dead
long since) ¹²⁰

If many worlds, as that Fantastick fram'd,
In every one be her great glory fam'd.
1643. 1650.

THE PROLOGUE¹

1

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of
Kings,

Of Cities founded, Common-wealths be-
gun,

For my mean pen are too superiour
things:

Or how they all, or each their dates have
run

Let Poets and Historians set these forth,
My obscure Lines shall not so dim their
worth.

2

But when my wondring eyes and envious
heart

Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines, do but read
o're

Fool I do grudg the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;
A *Bartas* can, do what a *Bartas* will ¹¹
But simple I according to my skill.

3

From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we
expect

Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken
strings,

Nor perfect beauty, where's a main de-
fect:

¹ To the long poems *The Four Elements*, *The Four Humours*, *The Four Ages*, and *The Four Seasons*.

My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so
sings
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause nature, made it so irreparable.

4

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd
Greek,
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak
plain²⁰
By Art he gladly found what he did seek
A full requital of his, striving pain
Art can do much, but this maxime's most
sure
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

5

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stoln, or else it was by
chance.³⁰

6

But sure the Antique Greeks were far
more mild
Else of our Sexe, why feigned they those
Nine
And poesy made, *Calliope's* own Child;
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts
Divine,
But this weak knot, they will full soon
untie,
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools
& lye.

7

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what
they are
Men have precedency and still excell,
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;³⁹
Men can do best, and women know it well
Preheminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of
ours.

8

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the
Skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your
praise,
If e're you daigne these lowly lines your
eyes
Give Thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no
bayes,
This mean and unrefined ure of mine
Will make you[r] glistring gold, but more
to shine.

CONTEMPLATIONS¹ ✓

1

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When *Phæbus* wanted but one hour to
bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but
was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Rapt were my senses at this delectable
view.

2

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought
I,
If so much excellence abide below;⁹
How excellent is he that dwells on high?
Whose power and beauty by his works we
know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly
dight:
More Heaven then Earth was here no
winter & no night.

3

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to
aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine In-
fancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years
admire,
Hath hundred winters past since thou
wast born?
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell
of horn,²⁰
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth
scorn.

4

Then higher on the glistening Sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie
Tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew
amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known (alas) the same
had I.

5

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber
rushes,²⁹
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,

¹ First published in edition of 1678.

The morn doth usher thee, with smiles &
 blushes,
 The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
 Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth
 revive:
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful
 nature dive.

6

Thy swift Annual, and diurnal Course,
 Thy daily streight, and yearly oblique path,
 Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching
 force,
 All mortals here the feeling knowledg
 hath.
 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence
 night,
 Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might:
 Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty
 & delight.

7

Art thou so full of glory, that no Eye
 Hath strength, thy shining Rayes once to
 behold?
 And is thy splendid Throne erect so high?
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
 How full of glory then must thy Creator
 be?
 Who gave this bright light luster unto
 thee;
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

8

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
 In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet,
 My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd
 To sing some Song, my mazed Muse
 thought meet.
 My great Creator I would magnifie,
 That nature had, thus decked liberally:
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

9

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
 The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,
 They kept one tune, and plaid on the same
 string,
 Seeming to glory in their little Art.
 Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices
 raise?
 And in their kind resound their makers
 praise:
 Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no
 higher layes.

10

When present times look back to Ages
 past,

And men in being fancy those are dead,
 It makes things gone perpetually to last,
 And calls back moneths and years that
 long since fled
 It makes a man more aged in conceit,
 Then was *Methuselah*, or's grand-sire
 great:
 While of their persons & their acts his
 mind doth treat.

70

11

Sometimes in *Eden* fair, he seems to be,
 Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of
 all,
 Fancies the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
 That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
 Who like a miscreant's driven from that
 place,
 To get his bread with pain, and sweat of
 face:
 A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

12

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
 And in her lap, her bloody *Cain* new born,
 The weeping Imp oft looks her in the
 face,
 Bemoans his unknown hap, and fate for-
 lorn;
 His Mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
 And how she lost her bliss, to be more
 wise,
 Believing him that was, and is, Father of
 lyes.

13

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice,
 Fruits of the Earth, and Fatlings each do
 bring,
 On *Abels* gift the fire descends from
 Skies,
 But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering;
 With sullen hateful looks he goes his
 wayes.
 Hath thousand thoughts to end his broth-
 ers dayes,
 Upon whose blood his future good he
 hopes to raise.

14

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he
 thinks,
 His brother comes, then acts his fratri-
 cide,
 The Virgin Earth, of blood her first
 draught drinks
 But since that time she often hath been
 cloy'd;

The wretch with gastly face and dreadful
mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his
kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near
then could he find.

15

Who fancies not his looks now at the
Barr,
His face like death, his heart with horror
fraught,
Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr,
When deep dispair, with wish of life hath
fought,
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble
woes,
A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes.
A City builds, that wals might him secure
from foes.

16

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages.
Their long descent, how nephews sons
they saw,
The starry observations of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were
law,
How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny, ¹¹⁰
Cloath'd all in his black sinfull Livery,
Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment
could fly.

17

Our Life compare we with their length
of dayes
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now
arrive?
And though thus short, we shorten many
wayes,
Living so little while we are alive;
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal
flight.

18

When I behold the heavens as in their
prime, ¹²⁰
And then the earth (though old) stil clad
in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are
seen;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youth-
full made;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains
where once he's laid.

19

By birth more noble then those creatures
all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome
curs'd,
No sooner born, but grief and care makes
fall
That state obliterate he had at first: ¹³⁰
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom
spring again
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

20

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees,
the earth
Because their beauty and their strength
last longer
Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,
Because they're bigger, & their bodyes
stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and
dye,
And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immor-
tality. ¹⁴⁰

21

Under the cooling shadow of a stately
Elm
Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did
overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees
excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there
would I dwell.

22

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine
eye,
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its
course,
I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs that there
did lye ¹⁵⁰
Could hinder ought, but still augment its
force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy
race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct
thy pace.

23

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st
slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do
meet,

So hand in hand along with thee they
glide
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and
greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the
best,
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest, ¹⁶⁰
So may we press to that vast mansion,
ever blest.

24

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habita-
tion,
Now salt, now fresh where you think best
to glide
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In Lakes and ponds, you leave your nu-
merous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not
why,
You watry folk that know not your fe-
licity.

25

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the
air,
Then to the colder bottome streight they
dive, ¹⁷⁰
Eftsoon to *Neptun's* glassie Hall repair
To see what trade they great ones there
do drive,
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green
field,
And take the trembling prey before it
yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their
spreading fins their shield.

26

While musing thus with contemplation
fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel perch't ore my
head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and de-
light, ¹⁸⁰
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to
take my flight.

27

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no
snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy
barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating
cares

To gain more good, or shun what might
thee harm
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every
where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water
cleer,
Reminds not what is past, nor what to
come dost fear.

28

The dawning morn with songs thou dost
prevent,¹ ¹⁹⁰
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered
crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begin anew,
And thus they pass their youth in sum-
mer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet
airy legion.

29

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but
weak,
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body
break, ²⁰⁰
From some of these he never finds cessa-
tion,
But day or night, within, without, vexa-
tion,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from
dearest, near'st Relation.

30

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and
vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and
sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with
pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long duration
Can make him deeply groan for that di-
vine Translation. ²¹⁰

31

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth
glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with
ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the
seas;

¹ Anticipate.

But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet
port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve
for fort.

32

So he that saileth in this world of pleas-
ure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th'
sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of
treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for
heav'n's bower.
But sad affliction comes & makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

33

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivions curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know
them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all
laid in th' dust
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape
times rust;
But he whose name is grav'd in the white
stone¹
Shall last and shine when all of these are
gone.

THE AUTHOR TO HER BOOK

Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble
brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less
wise then true
Who thee abroad, expos'd to publick view,
Made thee in raggs, halting to th' press
to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may
judge)
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should
mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;¹⁰
Yet being mine own, at length affection
would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.

¹ Rev. ii. 17.

I stretcht thy joynts to make thee even
feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobling then is
meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th'
house I find
In this array, 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou
roam
In Criticks hands, beware thou dost not
come;
And take thy way where yet thou art not
known,
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst
none:
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out
of door.

1678.

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND²*To my dear and loving Husband*

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more then whole Mines
of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give rec-
ompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,⁹
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.
Then while we live, in love lets so per-
sever,
That when we live no more, we may live
ever.

*A Letter to her Husband, absent upon
Publick employment*

My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life,
nay more,
My joy, my Magazine of earthly store,
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ips-
wich lye?
So many steps, head from the heart to
sever
If but a neck, soon should we be to-
gether:
I like the earth this season, mourn in
black,
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,

² First published in edition of 1678.

Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor
 frosts I felt,
 His warmth such frigid colds did cause
 to melt.¹⁰
 My chilled limbs now nummed lye for-
 lorn;
 Return, return sweet *Sol* from *Capricorn*;
 In this dead time, alas, what can I more
 Then view those fruits which through thy
 heat I bore?
 Which sweet contentment yield me for a
 space,
 True living Pictures of their Fathers face.
 O strange effect! now thou art *South-*
ward gone,
 I weary grow, the tedious day so long;
 But when thou *Northward* to me shalt
 return,
 I wish my Sun may never set, but burn²⁰
 Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
 The welcome house of him my dearest
 guest.
 Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
 Till natures sad decree shall call thee
 hence;
 Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
 I here, thou there, yet both but one.

A. B.

Another

Phæbus make haste, the day's too long,
 be gone,
 The silent night's the fittest time for
 moan;
 But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
 And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
 (And if the whirling of thy wheels don't
 drown'd)
 The woful accents of my doleful sound,
 If in thy swift Carrier thou canst make
 stay,
 I crave this boon, this Errand by the way,
 Commend me to the man more lov'd then
 life,
 Shew him the sorrows of his widdowed
 wife;¹⁰
 My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my
 brakish tears
 My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting
 fears,
 And if he love, how can he there abide?
 My Interest's more then all the world be-
 side.
 He that can tell the starrs or Ocean sand,
 Or all the grass that in the Meads do
 stand,
 The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops
 of rain,
 Or in a corn-field number every grain,

Or every mote that in the sun-shine hops,
 May count my sighs, and number all my
 drops:²⁰
 Tell him, the countless steps that thou
 dost trace,
 That once a day, thy Spouse thou mayst
 imbrace;
 And when thou canst not treat by loving
 mouth,
 Thy rayes afar, salute her from the south.
 But for one moneth I see no day (poor
 soul)
 Like those far scituate under the pole,
 Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
 O how they joy when thou dost light the
 skyes.
 O *Phæbus*, hadst thou but thus long from
 thine
 Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved
 shine,³⁰
 At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst
 Behold a Chaos blacker then the first.
 Tell him here's worse then a confused
 matter,
 His little world's a fathom under water,
 Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams
 Hath power to dry the torrent of these
 streams.
 Tell him I would say more, but cannot
 well,
 Opressed minds, abruptest tales do tell.
 Now post with double speed, mark what
 I say,
 By all our loves conjure him not to stay.⁴⁰

Another

As loving Hind that (Hartless) wants her
 Deer,
 Scuds through the woods and Fern with
 harkning ear,
 Perplext, in every bush & nook doth pry,
 Her dearest Deer, might answer ear or
 eye;
 So doth my anxious soul, which now doth
 miss,
 A dearer Dear (far dearer Heart) then
 this.
 Still wait with doubts, & hopes, and fail-
 ing eye,
 His voice to hear, or person to discry.
 (Or as the pensive Dove doth all alone
 (On withered bough) most uncouthly be-
 moan¹⁰
 The absence of her Love, and loving Mate,
 Whose loss hath made her so unfortunate:
 Ev'n thus doe I, with many a deep sad
 groan
 Bewail my turtle true, who now is gone,

His presence and his safe return, still
 woos,
 With thousand dolefull sighs & mourn-
 full Cooes.
 Or as the loving Mullet, that true Fish,
 Her fellow lost, nor joy nor life do wish,
 But lanches on that shore, there for to
 dye,
 Where she her captive husband doth
 espy.
 Mine being gone, I lead a joyless life,
 I have a loving phere, yet seem no wife:
 But worst of all, to him can't steer my
 course,
 I here, he there, alas, both kept by force:

Return my Dear, my joy, my only Love,
 Unto thy Hinde, thy Mullet and thy
 Dove,
 Who neither joyes in pasture, house nor
 streams,
 The substance gone, O me, these are but
 dreams.
 Together at one Tree, oh let us brouze,
 And like two Turtles roost within one
 house,
 And like the Mullets in one River glide,
 Let's still remain but one, till death divide.
Thy loving Love and Dearest Dear,
At home, abroad, and every where.
 A. B.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SONGS, EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIES

✓ SONG¹

BY THOMAS MORTON

Drinke and be merry, merry, merry boyes;
Let all your delight be in the Hymens
joyes;

Joy to Hymen, now the day is come,
About the merry Maypole take a Roome.
Make greene garlons, bring bottles out
And fill sweet Nectar freely about.
Uncover thy head and feare no harme,
For hers good liquor to keepe it warme.
Then drinke and be merry, etc.
Joy to Hymen, etc. 10

Nectar is a thing assign'd
By the Dieties owne minde
To cure the hart opprest with greife,
And of good liquors is the cheife.
Then drinke, etc.
Joy to Hymen, etc.

Give to the Mellancolly man
A cup or two of 't now and than;
This physick will soone revive his bloud,
And make him be of a merrier moode. 20
Then drinke, etc.
Joy to Hymen, etc.

Give to the Nymphe thats free from
scorne
No Irish stuff nor Scotch over worne.
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and
day.
To drinke and be merry, etc.
Joy to Hymen, etc. 1637.

FROM "THE SIMPLE COBLER OF AGGAWAM"

BY NATHANIEL WARD²

When boots and shoes are torn up to the
lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the
hefts.

¹ With fine inappropriateness, this roistering
song by Thomas Morton of Merry Mount is
actually the first memorable piece of verse asso-
ciated with Puritan New England. He was twice
sent back to England and after the return from

Gray Gravity it self can well beteam,
That Language be adapted to the Theme.
He that to Parrots speaks, must parrotise.
He that instructs a fool, may act th' un-
wise.

These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fash-
ion-fansying wits,
Are empty thin brain'd shells, and fidling
Kits.

The world is full of care, much like unto
a bubble,
Women and care, and care and Women,
and Women and care and trouble. 10

The joyning of the Red-Rose with the
White,
Did set our state into a Damask plight.

When States dishelv'd are, and Laws un-
twist,
Wise men keep their tongues, fools speak
what they list.

TWO PREDICTIONS

1. When God shall purge this Land with
soap and nitre,
Wo be to the Crown, wo be to the
Mitre.
2. There is a set of Bishops coming next
behind,
Will ride the Devil off his legs, and
break his wind.

Where clocks will stand, and Dials have
no light,
There men must go by guess, be't wrong
or right.

SONG

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcumque potest.—JUVENAL.*

1

They seldome lose the field, but often win,
They end their warrs, before their warrs
begin.

his second deportation was imprisoned in Boston
for a year. He died in Maine in 1646.

² See note on "The Tenth Muse" by N.
Ward, page 13. These verses are scattered
throughout a prose text of 89 pages.

2

Their Cause is oft the worse, that first
begin,
And they may lose the field, the field that
win.

3

In Civil warrs 'twixt Subjects and their
King,
There is no conquest got, by conquering.

4

Warre ill begun, the onely way to mend,
Is t' end the warre before the warre do
end.

5

They that will end ill warrs, must have
the skill,
To make an end by Rule, and not by Will.

6

In ending warrs 'tween Subjects and their
Kings,
Great things are sav'd, by losing little
things.

The crazy world will crack, in all the
middle joynts,
If all the ends it hath, have not their
parapoynts.

The body beares the head, the head the
Crown,
If both beare not alike, then one will
down.

Subjects their King, the King his Sub-
jects greets,
Whilome the Scepter and the Plough-
staffe meets.

A peace well made, is likeliest then to
hold,
When 'tis both dearly bought and dearly
sold.

King Charles will joyn himself to bitter
Griefe
Then joyne to God, and prove a Godly
Chiefe.

They that at stake their Crownes and
Honours set,
Play lasting games, if Lust or Guilt doe
bet.

Grace will dissolve, but rigour hardens
guilt:
Break not with Steely blows, what oyle
should melt.

In Breaches integrant, 'tween Principalls
of States,
Due Justice may supresse, but Love red-
integrates.

COUNTRY HOBNAILS

There, lives cannot be good,
There, Faith cannot be sure,
Where Truth cannot be quiet,
Nor Ordinances pure.

No King can King it right,
Nor rightly sway his Rod;
Who truely loves not Christ,
And truely fears not God.

He cannot rule a Land,
As Lands should ruled been,
That lets himself be rul'd
By a ruling Romane Queen.

No earthly man can be
True Subject to this State;
Who makes the Pope his Christ,
An Heretique his Mate.

There Peace will go to War,
And Silence make a noise:
Where upper things will not
With nether equipoyse.

The upper World shall Rule,
While Stars will run their race:
The nether World obey,
While People keep their place.

The Clench

If any of these come out
So long's the World doe last
Then credit not a word
Of what is said and past.

The World's a well strung fidle, mans
tongue the quill,
That fills the World with fumble for
want of skill,
When things and words in tune and tone
doe meet,
The universall Song goes smooth and
sweet.

He that to tall men speakes, must lift up's
head;
And when h' hath done, must set it
where he did:
He that to proud men talkes, must put on
pride;
And when h' hath done, 'tis good to
lay't aside.

When Kings are lost, and Subjects cast
away,
A faithful heart should speak what
tongue can say:
It skills not where this faithfull heart doth
dwell,
His faithfull dealing should be taken
well.

The World is grown so fine in words and
wit,
That pens must now Sir Edward Nich'las
it.
He that much matter speaks, speaks ne'r
a whit.
If's tongue doth not career't above his
wit. 20

Coblers will mend, but some will never
mend,
But end, and end, and end, and never
end.
A well-girt houre gives every man con-
tent,
Six ribs of beefe are worth six weeks
of Lent.

Poore Coblers wel may fault it now and
then,
They'r ever mending faults for other
men.
And if I worke for nought, why is it said,
This bungling Cobler would be soundly
paid?

So farewell England old
If evil times ensue, 30
Let good men come to us,
Wee'l welcome them to New.

And farewell Honor'd Friends,
If happy dayes ensue,
You'l have some Guests from hence.
Pray Welcome us to you.

And farewell simple World,
If thou'lt thy Cranium mend,
There is my Last and All.
And a Shoem-akers 40

END.

Postscript

This honest Cobler has done what he
might:
That Statesmen in their Shoes might
walk upright.
But rotten Shoes of Spannish running-
leather:
No Coblers skill, can stitch them strong
together.

It were best to cast such rotten stuff
away:
And look for that, that never will decay.

If all were shod with Gospel's lasting
Peace;
Hatred abroad, and Wars at home would
cease.

1647.

ON "THE TENTH MUSE"

BY N. WARD¹

Mercury shew'd Apollo, Bartas Book,
Minerva this, and whisht him well to look,
And tell uprightly which did which excell,
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could
not tel.

They bid him Hemifphear his mouldy
nose,
With's crackt leering glasses, for it would
pose

The best brains he had in's old pudding-
pan.

Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or
the Man?

He peer'd and por'd, & glar'd, & said for
wore, 9

I'm even as wise now, as I was before:
They both 'gan laugh, and said it was no
mar'l

The Auth'ress was a right Du Bartas
Girle.

Good sooth quoth the old Don, tell ye
me so,

I muse whither at length these Girls will
go;

It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,
To see a Woman once, do ought that's
good;

And chode by Chaucers Boots, and Ho-
mers Furrs,

Let Men look to't, least Women wear the
Spurrs.

Cir. 1650.

UPON

MRS. ANNA BRADSTREET
HER POEMS, &C.

1

Madam, twice through the Muses Grove
I walkt,
Under your blissful bowres, I shrowding
there,

¹ This clergyman, well-known as the eccentric author of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," had been a neighbor of Mrs. Bradstreet in Ipswich. He returned to England in 1647, and may have been concerned in the publication of her poems. (Printed with this note in "Works of Anne Bradstreet" ed. J. H. Ellis.)

It seem'd with Nymphs of Helicon I
talkt:
For there those sweet-lip'd Sisters sport-
ing were,
Apollo with his sacred Lute sate by.
On high they made their heavenly Son-
nets flye,
Posies around they strow'd, of sweetest
Poesie.

2

Twice have I drunk the Nectar of your
lines,
Which high sublim'd my mean born phan-
tasie,
Flusht with these streams of your Maro-
nean wines¹⁰
Above my self rapt to an extasie:
Methought I was upon Mount Hiblas top,
There where I might those fragrant flow-
ers lop,
Whence did sweet odors flow, and honey
spangles drop.

3

To Venus shrine no Altars raised are,
Nor venom'd shafts from painted quiver
fly,
Nor wanton Doves of Aphrodites Carr,
Or fluttering there, nor here forlornly lie,
Lorne Paramours, not chatting birds tell
news
How sage Apollo, Daphne hot pursues,²⁰
Or stately Jove himself is wont to haunt
the stews.

4

Nor barking satyrs breath, nor driery
clouds
Exhal'd from Styx, their dismal drops
distil
Within these Fairy, flowry fields, nor
shrouds
The screeching night Raven, with his
shady quill:
But Lyrick strings here Orpheus nimbly
hitts,
Orion on his sadled Dolphin sits,
Chanting as every humour, age & season
fits.

5

Here silver swans, with Nightingales set
spells,
Which sweetly charm the Traveller, and
raise³⁰
Earths earthed Monarchs, from their hid-
den Cells,
And to appearance summons lapsed dayes,

There heav'nly air, becalms the swelling
frayes,
And fury fell of Elements allayes,
By paying every one due tribute of his
praise.

6

Thes seem'd the Scite of all those verdant
vales,
And purled springs, whereat the Nymphs
do play,
With lofty hills, where Poets rear their
tales,
To heavenly vaults, which heav'nly sound
repay
By ecchoes sweet rebound, here Ladyes⁴⁰
kiss,
Circling nor songs, nor dances circle miss;
But whilst those Syrens sung, I sunk in
sea of bliss.

7

Thus weltring in delight, my virgin mind
Admits a rape; truth still lyes undiscr'd,
Its singular, that plural seem'd, I find,
'Twas Fancies glass alone that multipli'd;
Nature with Art so closely did combine,
I thought I saw the Muses treble trine,
Which prov'd your lonely Muse, superiour
to the nine.

8

Your only hand those Poesies did com-
pose,⁵⁰
Your head the source, whence all those
springs did flow,
Your voice, whence changes sweetest notes
arose,
Your feet that kept the dance alone, I
trow:
Then vail your bonnets, Poetasters all.
Strike, lower amain, and at these humbly
fall,
And deem your selves advanc'd to be her
Pedestal.

9

Should all with lowly Congies Laurels
bring,
Waste Floraes Magazine to find a wreathe;
Or Pineus Banks 'twere too mean offering,
Your Muse a fairer Garland doth be-
queath⁶⁰
To guard your fairer front; here 'tis your
name
Shall stand immarbled; this your little
frame
Shall great Colossus be, to your eternal
fame.

I'll please my self, though I my self disgrace,
What errors here be found, are in Errataes place.

J. ROGERS.¹

ACROSTIC ON WILLIAM PADDY

One, who was well acquainted with his worth and gracious endowments, presented this following, as a testimonial of his good respects for him.²

W eep not dear wife, children, nor dear friends,
I live a life of joys that never ends.
L ove God, and fear him to end of your days:
L ive unto him, but die to sin always.
I n heavenly place of bliss my soul doth rest,
A mong the saints and angels I am blest;
M uch better here, than in the world at best.

P raising my God is now my great employ,
A bove such troubles as did me annoy.
D id but my friends know what I here possess,¹⁰
D oubtless it would cause them to mourn the less:
Y our souls with mine e'er long shall meet in bliss.

1658.

¹ These verses were not in the first edition. Their author was the son of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich. He was born in England in 1630, and came to America, with his father, in 1636. He graduated at Harvard College in 1649, and studied both divinity and medicine. He preached at Ipswich for some time, but afterwards devoted himself altogether to the practice of medicine. In 1683, he succeeded the Rev. Urian Oakes as President of Harvard College. He died suddenly, July 2, 1684, the day after Commencement, during an eclipse of the sun. He had requested, in the previous December, that the Commencement exercises should be held a day earlier than usual, as he feared the eclipse might interfere with them.—*MATHER PAPERS*. Cotton Mather says, "He was One of so sweet a Temper, that the Title of *Deliciae humani Generis* might have on that Score been given him; and his Real Piety set off with the Accomplishments of a Gentlemen, as a Gem set in Gold."—*MAGNALIA*, iv. p. 130.

His wife, Elizabeth Denison, was the only daughter of Major-General Daniel Denison and Patience Dudley, and therefore Mrs. Bradstreet's niece. (Printed with this note in "Works of Anne Bradstreet," ed. J. H. Ellis.)

² Nathaniel Morton's "New England's Memorial." See year 1658.

UPON THE AUTHOR

BY A KNOWN FRIEND

(ANNE BRADSTREET)

Now I believe Tradition, which doth call
The Muses, Virtues, Graces, Females all;
Only they are not nine, eleven nor three;
Our Auth'ress proves them but one unity.
Mankind take up some blushes on the score;

Monopolize perfection no more;
In your own Arts, confess your selves out-done,
The Moon hath totally eclips'd the Sun,
Not with her sable Mantle muffling him;
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim:¹⁰

Just as his beams force our pale lamps to wink,
And earthly Fires, within their ashes shrink.

B. W.³

A FUNERAL ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF THE TRULY REVEREND MR. JOHN COTTON, LATE TEACHER OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT BOSTON, IN NEW-ENGLAND

BY THE REV. JOHN NORTON

And after Winthrop's, Hooker's, Shepherd's herse,
Doth Cotton's death call for a mourning verse?
Thy will be done. Yet Lord, who dealest thus,
Make this great death expedient for us.
Luther pull'd down the Pope, Calvin the Prelate slew:

³ These initials, which appeared for the first time in the second edition, are thought to be those of the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, D.D., brother of the Rev. John Woodbridge. He was born in England, and after having studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, came to join his brother, and some other relations, in this country. He entered Harvard College, and his name stands first on the list of graduates. He was among the first settlers of the town of Andover; but he soon returned to England, where he succeeded the Rev. William Twiss, D.D., as minister of Newbury, in Berkshire. He held that position until his death in 1684, a period of about forty years. His learning, ability and goodness have been highly eulogized. (Printed with this note in "Works of Anne Bradstreet," ed. J. H. Ellis.)

Of Calvin's lapse, chief cure to Cotton's due.

Cotton, whose learning, temper, godliness,
The German Phoenix, lively did express.
Melancthon's all, may Luther's word but
pass;

Melancthon's all, in our great Cotton was.
Than him in flesh, scarce dwelt a better
one;

So great's our loss; when such a spirit's
gone.

Whilst he was here, life was more life
to me;

Now he is not, death hence less death
shall be.

That comets, great men's deaths do oft
forego,

This present comet¹ doth too sadly show.
This prophet dead, yet must in's doctrine
speak,

This comet saith, else must New-England
break.

Whate'er it be, the heavens avert it far,
That meteors should succeed our greatest
star.

In Boston's orb, Winthrop and Cotton
were;

These lights extinct, dark is our hemi-
sphere.

In Boston once how much shin'd of our
glory,

We now lament, posterity will story.

Let Boston live, who had, and saw their
worth;

And did them honour, both in life and
death.

To him New-England trust in this distress,
Who will not leave his exiles comfortless.

1652.

THRENODIA ON SAMUEL STONE

A Threnodia upon our churches second dark
eclipse, happening July 20, 1663, by death's inter-
position between us and that great light and
divine plant, Mr. Samuel Stone, late of Hart-
ford, in New-England.

BY EDWARD BULKLEY(?)

Last spring this summer may be autumn
styl'd,

Sad withering fall our beauties which de-
spoil'd:

¹ About the time of his sickness there ap-
peared in the heavens, over New England, a
comet, giving a dim light; and so waxed dim-
mer and dimmer, until it became quite extinct
and went out; which time of its being extinct,
was soon after the time of the period of his
life.

(Printed with this note in Nathaniel Morton's
"New England's Memorial." See year 1652.)

Two choicest plants, our Norton and our
Stone,

Your justs threw down; remov'd, away
are gone.

One year brought Stone and Norton to
their mother,

In one year, April, July, them did smother.
Dame Cambridge, mother to this darling
son;

Emanuel, Northampt that heard this one,
Essex, our bay, Hartford, in sable clad, ⁹

Come bear your parts in this Threnodia sad.
In losing one, church many lost: O then

Many for one come be sad singing men.
Man nature, grace and art be found in one

So high, as to be found in few or none.
In him these three with full fraught hand

contested,
With which by each he should be most
invested.

The largess of the three, it was so great
On him, the stone was held a light com-
pleat.

A stone more than the Ebenezer fam'd;
Stone splendid diamond, right orient
nam'd; ²⁰

A cordial stone, that often cheered hearts
With pleasant wit, with Gospel rich im-
parts;

Whetstone, that edgify'd th' obtusest
mind;

Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind;
A pondrous stone, that would the bottom
sound

Of Scripture depths, and bring out Ar-
can's found.

A stone for kingly David's use so fit,
As would not fail Golia's front to hit;

A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
Of gangrene error, by convincing force;

A stone acute, fit to divide and square;
A squared stone became Christ's building
rare. ³²

A Peter's living, lively stone (so rear'd)
As 'live, was Hartford's life; dead, death

is fear'd.

In Hartford old, Stone first drew infant
breath,

In New, effus'd his last: O ther beneath
His corps are laid, near to his darling
brother

Of whom dead oft he sigh'd, Not such
another.

Heaven is the more desirable, said he, ³⁰
For Hooker, Shepard, and Haynes's com-
pany.

1663.

In Nathaniel Morton's "New England's Memo-
rial." See year 1663.

Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves,
in places underground: 90

Some rashly leap into the Deep,
to scape by being drown'd:
Some to the Rocks (O senseless blocks!)
and woody Mountains run,
That there they might this fearful sight,
and dreaded Presence shun.

In vain do they to Mountains say,
fall on us and us hide
From Judges ire, more hot than fire,
for who may it abide? 100
No hiding place can from his Face
sinners at all conceal,
Whose flaming Eye hid things: doth 'spy
and darkest things reveal.

The Judge draws nigh, exalted high,
upon a lofty Throne,
Amidst the throng of Angels strong,
lo, Israel's Holy One!
The excellence of whose presence
and awful Majesty, 110
Amazeth Nature, and every Creature,
doth more than terrify.

The Mountains smook, the Hills are shook,
the Earth is rent and torn,
As if she should be clear dissolv'd,
or from the Center born.
The Sea doth roar, forsakes the shore,
and shrinks away for fear;
The wild beasts flee into the Sea,
so soon as he draws near. 120

Whose Glory bright, whose wondrous
might,
whose power Imperial,
So far surpass whatever was
in Realms Terrestrial;
That tongues of men (nor angels pen)
cannot the same express,
And therefore I must pass it by,
lest speaking should transgress.

Before his Throne a Trump is blown,
Proclaiming the day of Doom: 130
Forthwith he cries, Ye dead arise,
and unto Judgment come.
No sooner said, but 'tis obey'd;
Sepulchres opened are:
Dead bodies all rise at his call,
and 's mighty power declare.

Both Sea and Land, at his Command,
their Dead at once surrender:
The Fire and Air constrained are
also their dead to tender. 140

The mighty word of this great Lord
links Body and Soul together
Both of the Just, and the unjust,
to part no more for ever.

The same translates, from Mortal states
to Immortality,
All that survive, and be alive,
i' th' twinkling of an eye:
That so they may abide for ay
to endless weal or woe; 150
Both the Renate and Reprobate
are made to dy no moe.

His winged Hosts flie through all Coasts,
together gethering
Both good and bad, both quick and dead,
and all to Judgment bring.
Out of their holes those creeping Moles,
that hid themselves for fear,
By force they take, and quickly make
before the Judge appear. 160

Thus every one before the Throne
of Christ the Judge is brought,
Both righteous and impious
that good or ill hath wrought.
A separation, and diff'ring station
by Christ appointed is
(To sinners sad) 'twixt good and bad,
'twixt Heirs of woe and bliss.

SENTENCE AND TORMENT OF THE CONDEMNED

Where tender love mens hearts did move
unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others smart
in their anxiety;
Now such compassion is out of fashion,
and wholly laid aside:
No Friends so near, but Saints to hear
their Sentence can abide.

One natural Brother beholds another
in his astoned fit, 170
Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit.
The godly wife conceives no grief,
nor can she shed a tear
For the sad state of her dear Mate,
when she his doom doth hear.

He that was erst a Husband pierc't
with sense of Wives distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part
of all her grievances, 20

Shall mourn no more as heretofore
because of her ill plight;
Although he see her now to be
a damn'd forsaken wight.

The tender Mother will own no other
of all her numerous brood,
But such as stand at Christ's right hand
acquitted through his Blood.
The pious father had now much rather
his graceless son should ly 30
In Hell with Devils, for all his evils,
burning eternally.

Then God most high should injury,
by sparing him sustain;
And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice
adjudging him to pain.
Who having all both great and small,
convinc'd and silenced,
Did then proceed their Doom to read,
and thus it uttered. 40

Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprights,
that work iniquity,
Depart together from me for ever
to endless Misery;
Your portion take in yonder Lake,
where Fire and Brimstone flameth:
Suffer the smart, which your desert
as it's due wages claimeth.

Oh piercing words more sharp than
swords!
what, to depart from thee, 50
Whose face before for evermore
the best of Pleasures be!
What? to depart (unto our smart)
from thee Eternally:
To be for aye banish'd away,
with Devils company!

What? to be sent to Punishment,
and flames of Burning Fire,
To be surrounded, and eke confounded
with Gods Revengeful ire! 60
What? to abide, not for a tide
these Torments, but for Ever:
To be released, or to be eased,
not after years, but Never.

Oh fearful Doom! now there's no room
for hope of help at all:
Sentence is past which aye shall last,
Christ will not it recall.
There might you hear them rent and tear
the Air with their out-cries: 70
The hideous noise of their sad voice
ascendeth to the Skies.

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terrour;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horror.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry:
Depart to Hell, there may you yell,
and roar Eternally. 80

That word, Depart, maugre their heart,
drives every wicked one,
With mighty pow'r, the self-same hour,
far from the Judge's Throne.
Away they're chast'd by the strong blast
of his Death-threatning mouth:
They flee full fast, as if in haste,
although they be full loath.

As chaff that's dry, and dust doth fly
before the Northern wind: 90
Right so are they chased away,
and can no Refuge find.
They hasten to the Pit of Woe,
guarded by Angels stout;
Who to fulfil Christ's holy will,
attend this wicked Rout.

Whom having brought as they are taught,
unto the brink of Hell,
(That dismal place far from Christ' face,
where Death and Darkness dwell: 100
Where God's fierce Ire kindleth the fire,
and vengeance feeds the flame
With piles of Wood and Brimstone Flood.
that none can quench the same.)

With iron bands they bind their hands,
and cursed feet together,
And cast them all both great and small,
into the Lake for ever,
Where day and night, without respite,
they wail, and cry, and howl 110
For tort'ring pain which they sustain
in body and in Soul.

For day and night, in their despight,
their torments smoak ascendeth.
Their pain and grief have no relief,
their anguish never endeth.
There must they ly, and never dy,
though dying every day:
There must they dying ever ly,
and not consume away. 120

Dy fain they would, if dy they could,
but death will not be had.
God's direful wrath their bodies hath
for ev'r Immortal made.

They live to ly in misery,
and bear eternal wo;
And live they must whilst God is just,
that he may plague them so.

But who can tell the plagues of Hell,
and torments exquisite? ¹³⁰
Who can relate their dismal state,
and terrours infinite?
Who fare the best, and feel the least,
yet feel that punishment
Whereby to nought they should be brought,
if God did not prevent.

The least degree of misery
there felt's incomparable,
The lightest pain they there sustain
more than intolerable. ¹⁴⁰
But God's great pow'r from hour to hour
upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot,
nor by it's force expire.

THE SAINTS ASCEND TO HEAVEN

The Saints behold with courage bold,
and thankful wonderment,
To see all those that were their foes
thus sent to punishment:
Then do they sing unto their King
a Song of endless Praise:
They praise his Name, and do proclaim
that just are all his ways.

Thus with great joy and melody
to Heav'n they all ascend, ¹⁰
Him there to praise with sweetest layes,
and Hymns that never end.
Where with long rest they shall be blest,
and nought shall them annoy:
Where they shall see as seen they be,
and whom they love enjoy.

O glorious Place! where face to face
Jehovah may be seen,
By such as were sinners while here
and no dark veil between. ²⁰
Where the Sun shine and light Divine,
of Gods bright countenance.
Doth rest upon them every one,
with sweetest influence.

O blessed state of the Renate!
O wond'rous Happiness,
To which they're brought beyond what
thought
can reach, or words express!

Griefs water-course, and sorrows source,
are turn'd to joyful streams. ³⁰
Their old distress and heaviness
are vanished like dreams.

For God above in arms of love
doth dearly them embrace,
And fills their sprights with such delights,
and pleasures in his grace;
As shall not fail, nor yet grow stale
through frequency of use:
Nor do they fear Gods favour there,
to forfeit by abuse. ⁴⁰

For there the Saints are perfect Saints,
and holy ones indeed,
From all the sin that dwelt within
their mortal bodies freed:
Made Kings and Priests to God through
Christs
dear loves transcendancy,
There to remain and there to reign
with him Eternally.

1662.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

I walk'd and did a little Mole-hill-view
Full peopled with a most industrious crew
Of busie Ants, where each one labour'd
more
Than if he were to bring home Indian Ore;
Here wrought the Pioneers, there march'd
the Bands,
Here Colonies went forth to plant new
Lands:
These hasted out, and those supplies
brought in,
As if they had some sudden Seige fore-
seen:
Until there came an angry spade, and cast
Country and People to a Pit at last. ¹⁰
Again, I viewed a Kingdom in a Hive,
Where every one did work, and so all
thrive;
Some go, some come, some war, some
watch and ward
Some make the works, and some the
works do guard.
These frame their curious waxen cells,
and those
Do into them their Nectar drops dispose:
Until the greedy Gardner brought his
smoke,
And, for their work, did all the workmen
choke.
So here, frail Mortals may fit Emblems
see
Of their great toil and greater vanity. ²⁰

They weary out their brains, their strength,
 their time,
 While some to Arts, and some to Honours
 climb:
 They search earth's bowels, cross the rag-
 ing seas,
 Mortgage their Souls, and forfeit all their
 ease,
 Grudge night her sleep, and lengthen out
 the day,
 To fat those bags, and cram those chests
 with clay,
 They rack and charm each creature to
 explore
 Some latent Quintessence, not known be-
 fore:
 Torture and squeeze out all its juice and
 blood,
 To try if they can now find out that
 Good
 Which Solomon despair'd of, but at last
 On the same shore of Vanity are cast;
 The spade stops their career of Pride and
 Lust,
 And calls them from their Clay into their
 Dust.
 Leave off your Circles, Archimede, away,
 The King of Terrour calls, and will not
 stay:
 Miser, kiss all your Bags, and then ly
 down;
 Scholar, your Books; Monarch, yield up
 your Crown:
 Give way, Wealth, Honour, Arts, Thrones,
 back, make room,
 That these pale souls may come into their
 doom.
 No[w] shew vain men the fruit of all
 that pain
 Which in the end nothing but Loss did
 gain:
 Compute your lives, and all your hours
 up cast,
 So here's the total sum of all at last.
 I rose up early, sat up late, to know,
 As much as man, as tongues, as books
 could show;
 I toil'd to search all Science and all Art,
 But dièd ignorant of mine own Heart.
 I got great Honour, and my Fame did
 stream,
 As far as doth the Mornings shining
 Beam;
 My Name into a page of Titles swell'd,
 My head a Crown, my hand a Scepter
 held:
 Ador'd without, but shameful lusts within;
 With anxious thoughts, with saddest
 cares and cost

I gain'd these Lordships, and this Soul I
 lost,
 My greedy Heir now hovers o're my pelf,
 I purchase Land for him, Hell for myself.
 Go on you noble Brains, and fill your
 sight
 As full of learning as the Sun's of light;
 Expand your Souls to Truth as wide as
 Day,
 Know all that Men, know all that Angels
 say:
 Write shops of Volumns, and let every
 Book
 Be fill'd with lustre as was Moses look:
 Yet know, all this is but a better kind
 Of sublime vanity, and more refin'd:
 Except a saving knowledge crown the rest
 Devils know more, and yet shall ne'r be
 blest.
 Go on, ambitious worms, yet, yet aspire,
 Lay a sure scene how you may yet rise
 higher:
 March forward, Macedonian Morn, add
 on
 Gaza to Tyre, Indies to Babylon;
 Make stirrups of the peoples backs and
 bones,
 Climb up by them to Diadems and
 Thrones:
 Thy crowns are all but grass, thine was
 the toil,
 Thy captains come, and they divide the
 spoil.
 Except one heav'nly Crown crown all the
 rest
 Devils are Poutentates, and yet not blest.
 Go on, base dunghil-souls, heap gold as
 mire,
 Sweep silver as the dust, emulate Tyre,
 Fill every Ware-house, purchase every
 Field,
 Add house to house, Pelion on Ossa build
 Get Mida's vote to transubstantiate
 Whate're you please all into golden plate;
 Build wider barns, sing requiem to your
 heart,
 Feel your wealths pleasures only, not their
 smart.
 Except his Riches who for us was poor,
 Do sweeten those which Mortals so adore;
 Except sublimer wealth crown all the
 rest,
 Devils have nobler Treasures, yet not blest.
 Cease then from vain delights, and let
 your mind
 That solid and enduring Good to find,
 Which sweetens life and death, which will
 encrease
 On an immortal Soul, immortal peace;

Which will replenish and advance you
 higher
 Then e're your own Ambition could as-
 pire.
 Fear your great Maker with a child-like
 aw,
 Believe his Grace, love and obey his Law.
 This is the total work of man, and this,
 Will crown you here with Peace, and there
 with Bliss.
 Be kind unto your selves, believe and
 try: 100
 If not, go on, fill up your lusts and die.
 Sing peace unto your selves; 't will once
 be known
 Whose word shall stand your judg's or
 your own.
 Crown thee with Rose-buds, satiate thine
 eyes

Glut every sense with her own vanities:
 Melt into pleasures, until that which Lust
 Did not before co[n]sume, rot into dust:
 The Thrones are set, the Books will strait
 be read,
 Hell will her souls, and graves give up
 their dead;
 Then there will be (and the time is not
 far) 110
 Fire on the Bench, and Stubble at the Bar.
 O sinners ruminate these thoughts agen
 You have been Beasts enough, at last be
 Men
 Christ yet entreats, but if you will not
 turn
 Where grace will not convert, there fire
 will burn.

1673.

R. LEWIS

(DATES UNKNOWN)

A JOURNEY FROM PATAPSCO IN MARYLAND TO ANNAPOLIS,

APRIL 4, 1730

At length the *wintry* Horrors disappear,
And *April* views with Smiles the infant
Year;

The grateful Earth from frosty Chains
unbound,

Pours out its *vernal* Treasures all around,
Her Face bedeckt with Grass, with Buds
the Trees are crown'd.

In this soft Season, 'ere the Dawn of Day,
I mount my Horse, and lonely take my
Way,

From woody Hills that shade *Patapsco's*
Head

(In whose deep Vales he makes his stony
Bed,

From whence he rushes with resistless
Force,

Tho' huge rough Rocks retard his rapid
Course,)

Down to *Annapolis*, on that smooth
Stream

Which took from fair *Anne-Arundel* its
Name.

And now the Star¹ that ushers in the
Day,

"Begins to pale her ineffectual Ray ["]].

The *Moon* with blunted Horns, now
shines less bright,

Her fading Face eclips'd with growing
Light;

The fleecy Clouds with streaky Lustre
glow,

And day quits Heav'n to view the Earth
below.

O'er yon tall *Pines* the *Sun* shews half
his Face,

And fires their floating Foliage with his
Rays:

Now sheds aslant on earth his lightsome
Beams.

That trembling shine in many-colour'd
Streams.

Slow-rising from the Marsh, the Mist re-
cedes,

The Trees, emerging, rear their dewy
Heads;

Their dewy Heads the *Sun* with Pleasure
views,

¹ *Venus*.

And brightens into Pearls the pendent
Dews.

The Beasts uprising, quit their leafy
Beds,

And to the cheerful *Sun* erect their
Heads;

All joyful rise, except the filthy *Swine*,³⁰
On obscene Litter stretch'd they snore
supine:

In vain the Day awakes, Sleep seals their
Eyes,

Till Hunger breaks the Band and bids
them rise.

Meanwhile the *Sun* with more exalted
Ray,

From cloudless Skies distributes riper
Day;

Thro' sylvan Scenes my Journey I pursue,
Ten thousand Beauties rising to my View;

Which kindle in my Breast poetic Flame,
And bid me my *Creator's* Praise proclaim;

Tho' my low Verse ill-suits the noble
Theme.

Here various Flourets grace the teem-
ing Plains;

Adorn'd by Nature's Hand with beauteous
Stains.

First born of *Spring*, here the *Paeon* ap-
pears,

Whose golden Root a silver Blossom rears.
In spreading Tufts, see there the *Crow-*

foot blue,

On whose green Leaves still shines a
globous Dew;

Behold the *Cinque-foil*, with its dazzling
Dye

Of flaming Yellow, wounds the tender
Eye.

But there enclos'd the grassy *Wheat* is
seen,

To heal the aching Sight with cheerful
Green.

Safe in yon Cottage dwells the *Monarch*
Swain,

His *Subject Flocks*, close-grazing hide the
Plain;

For him they live; and die t' uphold his
Reign.

Viands unbought his well-till'd Lands
afford,

And smiling *Plenty* waits upon his Board;
Health shines with sprightly Beams

around his Head,

And *Sleep*, with downy Wings, o'ershades
his bed,
His *Sons* robust his daily Labours share,
Patient of Toil, Companions of his
Care.

And all their Toils with sweet Success
are crown'd. 60

In graceful Banks there *Trees* adorn the
Ground,

The *Peach*, the *Plum*, the *Apple*, here are
found

Delicious Fruits!—Which from their Ker-
nels rise,

So fruitful is the Soil—so mild the Skies.
The lowly *Quince* yon sloping Hill o'er-
shades,

Here lofty *Cherry-Trees* erect their
Heads;

High in the Air each spiry Summit waves,
Whose Blooms thick-springing yield no
Space for Leaves;

Evolving Odours fill the ambient Air, 69
The *Birds* delighted to the Groves repair:

On ev'ry Tree behold a tuneful Throng,
The vocal Vallies echo to their Song.

But what is *He*,¹ who perch'd above the
rest,

Pours out such various Musick from his
Breast!

His Breast, whose Plumes a cheerful
White display.

His quiv'ring Wings are dress'd in sober
Grey.

Sure all the *Muses*, this their Bird in-
spire!

And he, alone, is equal to the Choir
Of warbling Songsters who around him
play,

While, Echo like, *He* answers ev'ry Lay. 80
The chirping *Lark* now sings with
sprightly Note

Responsive to her Strain *He* shapes his
Throat,

Now the poor widow'd *Turtle* wails her
Mate,

While in soft Sounds *He* cooes to mourn
his Fate.

Oh sweet Musician, thou dost far excel
The soothing Song of pleasing *Philomel*!

Sweet is her Song, but in few Notes con-
fin'd;

But thine, thou *Mimic* of the feath'ry
Kind,

Runs thro' all Notes!—*Thou* only know'st
them *All*,

At once the *Copy*—and th' *Original*. 90
My *Ear* thus charm'd, my *Eye* with
Pleasure sees

¹ *The Mock-Bird*.

Hov'ring about the Flow'rs th' industrious
Bees.

Like them in Size, the *Humming Birds* I
view,

Like them, *He* sucks his Food, the Honey
Dew,

With nimble Tongue, and Beak of jetty
Hue.

He takes with rapid Whirl his noisy
Flight,

His gemmy Plumage strikes the Gazer's
Sight;

And as he moves his ever-flutt'ring Wings,
Ten thousand Colours he around him
flings. 99

Now I behold the Em'rald's vivid Green,
Now scarlet, now a purple Die is seen;

In brightest Blue, his Breast *He* now
arrays,

Then strait his Plumes emit a golden
Blaze.

Thus whirring round he flies, and vary-
ing still

He mocks the *Poet's* and the *Painter's*
Skill;

Who may forever strive with fruitless
Pains,

To catch and fix those beauteous change-
ful Stains;

While Scarlet now, and now the Purple
shines,

And Gold to Blue its transient Gloss re-
signs.

Each quits, and quickly each resumes its
Place, 110

And ever-varying Dies each other chase.
Smallest of Birds, what Beauties shine in
thee!

A living *Rainbow* on thy Breast I see.
Oh had that *Bard*,² in whose heart-pleas-
ing Lines,

The *Phoenix* in a Blaze of Glory shines,
Beheld those Wonders which are shewn
in Thee,

That Bird had lost his Immortality!
Thou in His verse hadst stretch'd thy
flutt'ring Wing

Above all other Birds,—their beauteous
King.

But now th' enclos'd Plantation I for-
sake, 120

And onwards thro' the Woods my Jour-
ney take;

The level Road, the longsome Way be-
guiles,

A blooming Wilderness around me smiles;
Here hardy *Oak*, there fragrant *Hick'ry*
grows

² *Claudian*.

Their bursting Buds the tender Leaves
 disclose;
 The tender Leaves in downy Robes ap-
 pear,
 Trembling, they seem to move with cau-
 tious Fear,
 Yet new to Life, and Strangers to the Air.
 Here stately *Pines* unite their whisp'ring
 Heads,
 And with a solemn Gloom embrown the
 Glades.
 See there a green Savana opens wide,
 Thro' which smooth Streams in wanton
 Mazes glide;
 Thick-branching Shrubs o'erhang the sil-
 ver Streams,
 Which scarcely deign t' admit the solar
 Beams.
 While with Delight on this soft Scene
 I gaze,
 The *Cattle* upward look, and cease to
 graze,
 But into Covert run thro' various Ways.
 And now the Clouds in black Assemblage
 rise,
 And dreary Darkness overspreads the
 Skies,
 Thro' which the Sun strives to transmit
 his Beams,
 "But sheds his sickly Light in straggling
 Streams.
 Hush'd is the Musick of the wood-land
 Choir,
 Fore-knowing of the Storm, the Birds
 retire
 For Shelter, and forsake the shrubby
 Plains,
 And a dumb Horror, thro' the Forest
 reigns;
 In that lone House which opens wide
 its Door,
 Safe may I tarry till the Storm is o'er.
 Hark how the *Thunder* rolls with solemn
 Sound!
 And see the forceful *Lightning* dart a
 Wound
 On yon tall Oak!—Behold its Top laid
 bare!
 Its Body rent, and scatter'd thro' the Air
 The Splinters fly!—Now—now the *Winds*
 arise,
 From different Quarters of the low'ring
 Skies;
 Forth issuing fierce, the *West* and *South*
 engage,
 The waving Forest bends beneath their
 Rage:
 'ut where the winding Valley checks their
 Course,

They roar and ravage with redoubled
 Force;
 With circling sweep in dreadful Whirl-
 winds move
 And from its Roots tear up the gloomy
 Grove,
 Down rushing fall the Trees, and beat the
 Ground
 In Fragments flie the shatter'd Limbs
 around;
 Tremble the Underwoods, the Vales re-
 sound.
 Follows, with patt'ring Noise the icy
 Hail,
 And *Rain*, fast falling, floods the lowly
 Vale.
 Again the *Thunders* roll, the *Lightnings*
 fly,
 And as they first disturb'd, now clear
 the Sky;
 For lo! the *Gust* decreases by Degrees,
 The dying *Winds* but sob amidst the
 Trees;
 With pleasing Softness falls the silver
 Rain,
 Thro' which at first faint gleaming o'er
 the Plain,
 The Orb of Light scarce darts a wat'ry
 Ray
 To gild the Drops that fall from ev'ry
 Spray;
 But soon the dusky Vapours are dispell'd,
 And thro' the Mist that late his Face
 conceal'd,
 Bursts the broad *Sun*, triumphant in a
 Blaze
 Too keen for Sight—Yon Cloud refracts
 his Rays;
 The mingling Beams compose th' *ethereal*
Bow,
 How sweet, how soft, its melting Colours
 glow!
 Gaily they shine, by heav'nly Pencils laid,
 Yet vanish swift—How soon does *Beauty*
 fade!
 The *Storm* is past, my Journey I renew,
 And a new Scene of Pleasure greets my
 View:
 Wash'd by the copious Rain the gummy
Pine,
 Does cheerful, with unsully'd Verdure
 shine!
 The *Dogwood* Flow'rs assume a snowy
 white,
 The *Maple* blushing gratifies the Sight:
 No verdant leaves the lovely *Red-Bud*
 grace,
Carnation Blossoms. now supply their
 Place.

The *Sassafras* unfolds its fragrant Bloom,
The *Vine* affords an exquisite Perfume.
These grateful Scents wide-wafting thro'
the Air

The smelling Sense with balmy Odours
cheer.

And now the *Birds*, sweet singing, stretch
their Throats,

And in one Choir unite their Various
Notes,

Nor yet displeasing is the *Turtle's* Voice,
Tho' he complains while other Birds re-
joice.

These vernal Joys, all restless Thoughts
controul,

And gently soothing calm the troubled Soul.

While such Delights my Senses enter-
tain,

I scarce perceive that I have left the
Plain;

'Till now the Summit of a *Mount* I gain:
Low at whose sandy Base the *River*
glides,

Slow-rolling near their Height his languid
Tides;

Shade above Shade, the Trees in rising
Ranks,

Cloath with eternal Green his steepy
Banks:

The Flood, well pleas'd, reflects their ver-
dant Gleam

From the smooth Mirror of his limpid
Stream.

But see the *Hawk*, who with acute Sur-
vey,

Tow'ring in Air predestinates his Prey ²¹⁰
Amid the Floods!—Down dropping from
on high,

He strikes the *Fish*, and bears him thro'
the Sky.

The Stream disturb'd no longer shews
the Scene

That lately stain'd its silver Waves with
green;

In spreading Circles roll the troubled
Floods,

And to the Shores bear off the pictur'd
Woods.

Now looking round I view the out-
stretch'd Land,

O'er which the Sight exerts a wide Com-
mand;

The fertile Vallies, and the naked Hills,
The Cattle feeding near the chrystal Rills;

The Lawns wide-op'ning to the sunny Ray,
And mazy Thickets that exclude the Day.

Awhile the Eye is pleas'd these Scenes to
trace,

Then hurrying o'er the intermediate space,

Far-distant Mountains drest in Blue ap-
pear,

And all their Woods are lost in empty Air.

The *Sun* near setting now arrays his
Head

In milder Beams, and lengthens ev'ry
Shade.

The rising Clouds usurping on the Day
A bright variety of Dies display;

About the wide Horizon swift they fly, ²³⁰
"And chase a Change of Colours round
the Sky.

And now I view but half the *flaming*
Sphere,

Now one faint Glimmer shoots along the
Air,

And all his golden Glories disappear.

Onwards the *Ev'ning* moves in Habit
grey,

And for her Sister *Night* prepares the
way.

The plummy People seek their secret Nests,
To Rest repair the ruminating Beasts;

Now deep'ning Shades confess th' Ap-
proach of Night,

Imperfect Images elude the Sight:
From earthly Objects I remove mine Eye.

And view with Look erect the vaulted
Sky,

Where dimly shining now the Stars ap-
pear,

At first thin-scatt'ring thro' the misty
Air;

Till Night confirm'd, her jetty Throne as-
cends,

On her the *Moon* in clouded State attends,
But soon unveil'd her lovely Face is seen.

And *Stars* unnumber'd wait around their
Queen;

Rang'd by their *Maker's* Hand in just
Array,

They march majestic thro' th' etherial
Way.

Are these bright Luminaries hung on
high

Only to please with twinkling Rays our
Eye?

Or may we rather count each *Star* a *Sun*,
Round which *full peopled Worlds* their

Courses run?

Orb above Orb harmoniously they steer
Their various Voyages thro' Seas of Air.

Snatch me some *Angel* to those high
Abodes,

The Seats perhaps of *Saints* and *Demi-*
gods!

Where such as bravely scorn'd the galling
Yoke

Of *vulgar Error*, and her Fetters broke;
 Where *Patriots*, who to fix the publick
 Good,
 In Fields of Battle sacrific'd their Blood;
 Where *pious Priests*, who Charity pro-
 claim'd,
 And *Poets* whom a virtuous *Muse* en-
 flam'd;
Philosophers who strove to mend our
 Hearts,
 And such as polish'd Life with *useful*
 Arts,
 Obtain a Place; when by the Hand of
 Death
 Touch'd, they retire from this poor Speck
 of Earth;
 Their Spirits freed from bodily Alloy, ²⁶⁹
 Perceive a Fore-tast of that endless Joy,
 Which from Eternity hath been prepar'd,
 To crown their Labours with a vast Re-
 ward.

While to these Orbs my wand'ring
 Thoughts aspire,
 A falling *Meteor* shoots his lambent Fire;
 Thrown from the heav'nly Space he seeks
 the Earth,
 From whence he first deriv'd his humble
 Birth.

The *Mind* advis'd by this instructive
 Sight,
 Descending sudden from th' aerial Height,
 Obliges me to view a different Scene, ²⁷⁹
 Of more importance to myself, tho' mean.
 These distant Objects I no more pursue,
 But turning inward my reflective View,
 My working Fancy helps me to survey
 In the just Picture of this *April Day*,
 My Life o'er past,—a Course of thirty
 Years,
 Blest with few joys, perplex'd with num'-
 rous Cares.

In the dim Twilight of our *Infancy*,
 Scarce can the Eye surrounding Objects
 see.

Then thoughtless *Childhood* leads us
 pleas'd and gay. ²⁸⁹

In life's fair morning thro' a flow'ry Way:
 The *Youth* in Schools inquisitive of Good,
Science pursues thro' *Learning's* mazy
 Wood;

Whole lofty Trees, he, to his Grief per-
 ceives,
 Are often bare of *Fruit*, and only fill'd
 with *Leaves*:

Thro' lonely Wilds his tedious Journey lies.
 At last a brighter Prospect cheers his
 Eyes.

Now the gay Fields of *Poetry* he views,
 And joyous listens to the *tuneful Muse*;

Now *History* affords him vast Delight,
 And opens lovely Landscapes to his Sight:
 But ah! too soon this Scene of Pleasure
 flies; ³⁰¹

And o'er his Head tempestuous Troubles
 rise.

He hears the Thunders roll, he feels the
 Rains,

Before a friendly shelter he obtains;
 And thence beholds with Grief the furious
 Storm

The *noontide* Beauties of his *Life* deform:
 He views the *painted Bow* in distant
 Skies;

Hence, in his heart some Gleams of Com-
 fort rise;

He hopes the *Gust* has almost spent its
 Force,

And that he safely may pursue his Course.

Thus far my *Life* does with the *Day*
 agree, ³¹¹

Oh! may its coming Stage from Storms
 be free,

While passing thro' the World's most
 private Way,

With Pleasure I my *Maker's* Works sur-
 vey;

Within my Heart let *Peace* a Dwelling
 find,

Let my *Good-will* extend to all *Mankind*:
 Freed from *Necessity*, and blest with
 Health;

Give me *Content*, let others toil for
 Wealth.

In busy Scenes of Life let me exert
 A *careful Hand*, and wear an *honest*
 Heart; ³²⁰

And suffer me my *leisure* Hours to spend,
 With chosen *Books*, or a well-natur'd
 Friend,

Thus journeying on, as I advance in Age
 May I look back with Pleasure on my
 Stage;

And as the setting *Sun* withdrew his
 Light

To rise on other Worlds serene and
 bright,

Cheerful may I resign my vital Breath,
 Nor anxious tremble at th' Approach of
 Death;

Which shall (I hope) but strip me of
 my Clay.

And to a better World my Soul convey. ³³⁰
 Thus musing, I my silent Moments
 spend.

Till to the *River's* Margin I descend.
 From whence I may discern my Journey's
 End:

Annapolis adorns its further Shore,
 To which the *Boat* attends to bear me o'er.
 And now the moving *Boat* the Flood
 divides,
 While the *Stars* "tremble on the floating
 Tides, ["]].
 Pleas'd with the Sight, again I raise mine
 Eye
 To the bright Glories of the azure Sky;
 And while these Works of God's creative
 Hand,
 The *Moon* and *Stars*, that move at his
 Command
 Obedient thro' their circling Course on
 high,
 Employ my Sight,—struck with amaze I
 cry,
Almighty Lord! whom Heav'n and Earth
 proclaim
 The *Author* of their universal Frame.
 Wilt thou vouchsafe to view the *Son* of
Man,
 The *Creature*, who but *Yesterday* began,
 Thro' animated Clay to draw his Breath,
Tomorrow doom'd a Prey to ruthless
 Death!
Tremendous God! may I not justly
 fear,
 That I, unworthy Object of thy Care,
 Into this World from thy bright Presence
 tost,
 Am in th' Immensity of *Nature* lost!
 And that my Notions of the *World above*,
 Are but Creations of my own *Self-Love*!
 To feed my coward Heart, afraid to die,
 With *fancied* Feasts of *Immortality*!
 These Thoughts, which thy amazing
 Works suggest,
 Oh glorious *Father*, rack my troubled
 Breast.
 Yet *Gracious God*, reflecting that my
 Frame
 From *Thee* deriv'd in animating Flame,

And that what e'er I am, however mean,
 By thy Command I enter'd on this Scene
 Of Life—thy wretched *Creature of a Day*,
 Condemn'd to travel thro' a tiresome Way;
 Upon whose Banks (perhaps to cheer my
 Toil!)
 I see thin *Verdures* rise, and *Daisies*
 smile:
 Poor Comforts these, my Pains t' allevi-
 ate!
 While on my Head tempestuous Troubles
 beat.
 And must I, when I quit this Earthly
 Scene,
 Sink total into *Death*, and never rise
 again?
 No sure,—These *Thoughts* which in my
 Bosom roll,
 Must issue from a *never-dying Soul*;
 These active *Thoughts*, that penetrate the
 Sky,
 Excursive into dark Futurity;
 Which hope eternal Happiness to gain,
 Could never be bestow'd on *Man* in vain.
 To *Thee*, O *Father*, fill'd with fervent
 Zeal,
 And sunk in humble Silence I appeal;
 Take me, my great *Creator*, to *Thy Care*.
 And gracious listen to my ardent Prayer!
Supreme of Beings, omnipresent Pow'r,
 My great Preserver from my natal Hour.
 Fountain of Wisdom, boundless Deity,
Omniscient God, my wants are known
 to *Thee*,
 With Mercy look on mine Infirmary!
 Whatever State thou shalt for me ordain.
 Whether my Lot in Life be *Joy* or *Pain*;
 Patient let me sustain thy wise Decree,
 And learn to know *myself*, and honour
Thee.

THE ALMANACKS OF NATHANIEL AMES (1726-1775)

(The text is taken from "The Essays, Humor, and Poems of Nathaniel Ames, Father and Son" from their Almanacks, 1726-1775, ed. by Sam Briggs, 1891.)

FROM THE ALMANACK FOR 1733

Time works a Change on all material
Things
Each Year new Cause of Admiration
brings,
Perhaps you'll wonder e'er this Year
goes out,
Because an Egypt Plague 'twil bring
about;
And would you know which of those
Plagues 'twill be,
Wait but a while, and you shall really see.

JANUARY

What feeble Accents faulter on my
Tongue?
When I but think how ancient Poets Sung;
Who lavish'd Art, to magnify the Fame
Of silly gods which their own hands did
Frame
My Muse inspir'd with Nobler Themes
defies
Such Old, forsaken, Threadbare, Grecian
Lies.

The Winter's milder than last year,
Your Hay will last, what need you
fear?

FEBRUARY

Attempt ye Singers but in humble Lays,
With Fear and Trembling Sound your
Maker's Praise
Enable me to Celebrate a right.
Creation, and the Wonders of His Might.
O! Think how Loud the vast Empyren
Rung!
When all the bright Angelic Nature Sung.

MARCH

To see how Thousands of New Worlds
were made,
And how the Basis of this World was
laid,
How Chaos yielded to the powerful Word,
And moving Spirit of the Mighty God,

Who Silenc'd Discord, and establis'd
Peace;
The Elements Eternal jangle cease.

Art thou back-bited?
Rejoice, if guiltless,
If guilty, amend.

APRIL

Like things to like cohear, all Atome's
Bright
Or Luminous, combin'd in one great Light
Which Rules the Day, and keeps in Exile
Night.
With an Almighty Arm He now stretch'd
forth
Upon the Empty Place the Spacious
North
The Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center
hung,
Into the Mighty Seas the Waters run.

MAY

And left the smooth and level Surface dry.
Some part of which aspir'd to Mountains
high,
Whose Concave Heads do serve to feed
the Springs,
And for a Womb to precious hidden
things:
Some Portion into humble Vales subside.
And Campaign Plains (where Bloody
Fights are tri'd)

JUNE

He Cloath'd the Fertile Surface o're with
Vines
With Shady Palms, Great Oakes, and
Stately Pines
And various useful Woods, Balsamic
Shrubs,
Grac'd with sweet scented Flowers and
wholsome Herbs,
Effluvia that with each Flower dwells
Affects the sense with Oderiferous Smells.

JULY

The Eye delighted with a Wondrous
Scene,
Of Colors, and among the rest the Green

That's painted on the Grass, for niter
 Blew,
 And Yellow Sulphur, casts that Pleasant
 Hue,
 The fertile Vales with Crystal Streams
 supply'd,
 Which Cool the Air, and quench the Thirst
 beside.

Love is a frantick Frenzy,
 That so infects the minds of men
 that under this taste of Nectar
 they are poisoned with the Water of
 Styx.

AUGUST

Of Man and Beast: whose pearly Drops
 supply,
 The wing'd Musicians that inhabit nigh, ⁶⁰
 The spacious Seas in Equilibrio Stand,
 Or in a due proportion to the Land,
 For lo they serve for many uses more
 Than to Convey the Ships from Shoar to
 Shoar

SEPTEMBER

And from the Dark and Gloomy Vaults
 below
 The Surface of the Earth, great Riches
 flow.
 The Subterraneous Streams concrete to
 Mines
 Which serve in deep Medicinal designs.
 His Voice in Air with Harmony inspires
 From the sweet warbling of the winged
 Choirs. ⁷⁰

OCTOBER

The Scaley Tribe amidst the Liquid Seas
 Nor Stormes, nor driftings fear, they Sail
 with ease
 O're all His Works that Sublunary be,
 He cast a Saphire Glittering Canopy,
 Thunder and Lightning, Rain and painted
 Bow
 The spangling Stars, nay glaring Comets
 too
 Adore the Ample Theater below.

☉ 23 = The Jarring Lovers are Reconcil'd.

NOVEMBER

He made (having His six Days Wonders
 done)
 The Sum of all His Works compriz'd in
 One, ⁸⁰
 The noble Creature, Man, High Priest and
 King
 Over this World, and every Living thing,

And brought these glorious Scenes before
 His eyes,
 Which fil'd his Son, with joy and with
 surprise.

DECEMBER

But heedless Man! He from the Hight
 of all
 Through Satan's Wiles Received a fatal
 fall:
 Vast Throngs of Wondering Angels Hast
 to see,
 The dire Event of this Catastrophe.
 Wonder Augmented still! for thro' free
 Grace
 He's Raised Sublime above his former
 Place. ⁹⁰

FROM THE ALMANACK FOR 1738

FOREWORDS FOR 1738

Had Adam stood in Innocence till Now,
 And his blest Sons had deign'd to hold
 the Plough
 No Labour had fatigu'd, nor Time had
 spoil'd
 His Youth: but Spring had ever bloom-
 ing smil'd,
 No Lust for Pelf, nor Heart distressing
 Pain
 Had seiz'd the Miser, nor the rural Swain:
 Nor Vice as now with Vertue ne'er had
 vi'd
 And Heaven's Omnipotence is self defy'd.
 Nor *Lawyers*, *Priests* nor *Doctors* n'er
 had been
 If Man had stood against th' Assaults of
 Sin. ¹⁰
 But oh, He fell! and so accurs'd we be
 The World is now oblig'd to use all Three.

When once our Friends do quit the living
 Shore
 We hear from them no more.
 Do any curious Minds desire to know
 Where 'tis they go,
 Or how they fare
 Let them be pleas'd to die
 Only to trie,
 Or else remain in Ignorance as they were. ²⁰

Thus whether they fare ill or well
 Since not allow'd to tell.
 Who'd voluntary enter Charon's Boat.
 So Masonry¹ and Death are both the same
 Tho' of a different Name.

¹ The spread of the Masonic orders was a
 subject of frequent comment in the almanacs
 of the period.

If Good there is in their Society
 'Tis free for those that try;
 But like the Grave let not the Living
 know't.

FROM THE ALMANACK FOR 1743

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the Sun
 At Gods Command ascends the Skies,
 Wide o'er the World with vast Survey,
 He bid the wond'rous planet rise,
 Around his Orb in measur'd dance
 The circling Hours and Months appear,
 The swift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
 And mark the Periods of the rolling Year.

JANUARY

—— Uncomfortable Rain
 A snowy Inundation hides the Plain: 10
 Bent with the weight the nodding Woods
 are seen,
 And one bright Waste hides all the Works
 of Men:
 The circling Seas alone absorbing all;
 Drink the dissolving Fleeces as they fall.

FEBRUARY

The lovely Queen of silent Shades,
 The Moon in trembling streams of Light
 Wheels her pale Chariot slowly on
 O'er the soft Bosom of the Night:
 Millions of bright refulgent Worlds,
 Heavens glitt'ring Lamps are seen to
 rise: 20
 They as her Virgin Train appear,
 And she the fair Vicegerent of the
 Skies.

MARCH

—— Are we depriv'd of Will;
 Must we not wish for fear of wishing Ill?
 Receive my Counsel and securely move,
 Entrust thy Fortune to the Powers above;
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to
 grant
 What their unerring Wisdom sees thee
 want.

APRIL

Curst is the Man, and void of Law and
 Right,
 Unworthy Property, unworthy Light, 30
 Unfit for publick Rule, or private Care
 That Wretch, that does unjustly move a
 War
 Whose Lust is Murder, and whose horrid
 Joy

To tear his Country, and his Kind de-
 stroy.

MAY

Now Winters rage abates, now chearful
 Hours
 Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the
 Flowers.
 The opening Buds salute the welcome Day,
 And Earth relenting, feels the genial Ray.
 The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes
 sing;
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the
 Spring. 40

JUNE

Now from on high Sol darts his Fires;
 The glowing Breast to transport
 Warms;
 Life bounds afresh with soft desires,
 And rosy Beauty sweetly charms:
 His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
 And to the bottom bake the Mud.

JULY

The early Fields are now in plight,
 To yield the Harvester Delight:
 The ripened Grain on rising Fields,
 A most delightful Prospect yields; 50
 In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
 Bend with the fruitful Load and crown
 the lusty Year.

AUGUST

God! The small Ants do thy Protection
 share,
 By thee advis'd to save their Wintry
 Store;
 Their little Commonwealth employs thy
 Care,
 Too wise to want, too frugal to be poor;
 Well may they shame the puzzled Schemes
 of Man,
 Since from thy Thought divine, they drew
 the wond'rous Plan.

SEPTEMBER

Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor
 care
 What rot the Sheep for southern Winds
 prepare: 60
 Survey the neighbouring Fields, and not
 repine
 When I behold a larger Crop than mine
 To see a Beggars Brat in Riches flow,
 Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

OCTOBER

The Sun now shoots his milder Ray,
And downward drives the falling Day;
Cool Evening now its Beauty rears
And blushes in its dewy Tears.
The wand'ring Flocks no longer Rove,
But seek the Covert of the Grove. 70

NOVEMBER

Beauty and Strength, and Wit, and
Wealth, and Power,
Have their short flourishing Hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence awhile;
E'en so in the same Land,
Poor Weed, Rich Corn, gay Flowers to-
gether stand:
Alas! Death mows down all with an im-
partial hand.

DECEMBER

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
And thro' the boundless waste the Tem-
pests roar,
O Gracious God, do thou their Wrath as-
swage; 80
And bid the frightning Whirlwinds
storm no more.
Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breast,
Oh! Chear his melting soul, and give the
wearied Sailor rest.

FROM THE ALMANACK FOR 1751
Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the
Year,
How the four Seasons in four Forms ap-
pear:
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her
Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Proceeding onward whence the Year be-
gan,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into
Man:
Autumn succeeds a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into
Rage:
Last Winter sweeps along with tardy
Pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his
Face. 10

Courteous Reader,
The Verses at the Head of each
Monthly Page were written at my Desire,

and presented to me by a young Gentle-
man, then at the Age of twelve Years.—

JANUARY

If fraught with Snow the gath'ring Clouds
impend,
Hov'ring in Air the fleecy Flakes descend
Smooth as th' unruffled Surface of the Sea:
But if the furious Winds with Hail agree,
The furious Winds the batter'd Case-
ments crack,
Level the hoary Grove, the tot'ring Build-
ings rack.

FEBRUARY

Now hoary Winter shivers o'er the Plains,
And binds the frozen Floods in adaman-
tine Chains;
Th' advancing Sun by his prolific Ray
Warms the cold Air, and drives the damps
away; 20
A gen'ral Thaw ensues, the Waters rore,
Break their cold Bands, and lash the
sounding Shore.

MARCH

The trembling Sailor views with anxious
Eyes
The gloomy Storm slow-sailing up the
Skies,
Hoarse Whirlwinds thunder o'er the dis-
tant Deep,
And the white foaming Waves majestick
sweep,
Up to the Skies the Shat'red Ship is tost,
Then down the bottomless Abyss is lost.

APRIL

In Clouds array'd now Heav'n indulgent
low'rs,
The fat'ned Fields confess the frequent
Show'rs, 30
'Till at the Close of the declining Day,
The setting Sun directs his level Ray,
While flying Iris draws the painted Bow,
And in the dropping Cloud the blended
Colours glow.

MAY

The fragrant Fields are cloth'd in rich
Array,
The Groves rejoice, and all the World is
gay,
While tuneful Birds their various An-
thems sing,
And with their Notes the vocal Forests
ring;

The painted Blossoms charm th' admiring
Eyes,
And send their grateful Odours to the
skies. 40

JUNE

The murm'ring Thunder at a Distance
rolls,
And vivid Lightnings burn about the
Poles,
C'er the high Arch the flaming Torrents
play,
And turn the Darkness to the Blaze of
Day.
Heav'n's everlasting Pillars groan aloud,
And the hoarse Thunder rattles thro' the
Cloud.

JULY

The Flocks, retiring from the burning
Heat,
Seek the cool Covert of a green Retreat,
The silver Stream invites the thirsty
Swain,
While sultry *Syrius* fires the glowing
Plain; 50
The parcht Earth cracks, the Oxen low
for Food,
And *Phæbus* rages o'er the sapless Wood.

AUGUST

Bear me to some cool Arbour's pleasing
Shade,
By curling Vines and lofty Poplars made,
Or, in the Covert of some lonely Grove,
Fan'd by refreshing *Zephyr's* may I rove,
Where some still Stream it's silver Cur-
rent pours
Thro' mossy Banks adorn'd with various
Flow'rs.

SEPTEMBER

While *Ceres* pours the Joys of Plenty
round,
The bearded Harvest whitens o'er the
Ground, 60

The tumid Grape bears down the slender
Vine,
And ev'ry thick'ning Cluster swells with
Wine,
With various Fruits the loaded Orchards
blush,
And the gay Berry blazes on the Bush.

OCTOBER

Sulphureous Flames th' unwary Bees as-
sail,
And spite of all their little Arts prevail;
Fam'd Architects all perish in the Doom,
Who rear'd by Rules exact the curious
Comb;
Statesmen and Gen'als undistinguish'd
lie,
And Monarchs and their Slaves promiscu-
ous die. 70

NOVEMBER

The silver Current murmur'd thro' the
Grove,
Sacred to *Flora* and the Queen of Love;
But am'rous *Hymen* seiz'd the blooming
Maid,
The Flow'rs all dropt, the Verdure all de-
cay'd.
The silver Current stiffen'd as it roll'd,
And all the Forest shiver'd with the
Cold.

DECEMBER

Distant *Apollo* with his slanting Ray
Makes a faint Effort to produce the Day,
To the short Days the long long Nights
succeed;
While twinkling Stars the chrystal Vault
o'erspread; 80
And the fair Moon rules o'er the dusky
Night,
The hoary Vale reflects the silver Light.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

(1737-1791)

(The text is taken from "The Miscellaneous
Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis
Hopkinson, Esq., Vol. III, 1792.)

ODE ON MUSIC

Hark! hark! the sweet vibrating lyre
Sets my attentive soul on fire;
Thro' all my frame with pleasures thrill
Whilst the loud treble warbles shrill,
And the more slow and solemn bass
Adds charm to charm and grace to grace.

Sometimes in sweetly languid strains
The guilty trembling string complains:
How it delights my ravished ear
When the expiring notes I hear
Vanish distant and decay!—
They steal my yielding soul away.

Neatly trip the merry dance,
And lightly touch and swiftly glance;
Let boundless transport laugh aloud
Sounds madly ramble mix and crowd,
Till all in one loud rapture rise,
Spread thro' the air and reach the skies.

But when you touch the solemn air,
Oh! swell each note distinct and clear;
In ev'ry strain let sorrow sigh,
Languish soft and sweetly die.

So shall th' admir'd celestial art,
Raise and transport my ravish'd heart;
Exalt my soul, and give my mind
Ideas of sublimer kind.
So great the bliss it seems to prove
There must be music too above,
That from the trumpets silver sound
Of wing'd arch-angels plac'd around
Thy burning throne—Oh! king of Heaven!
Most perfect harmony is giv'n:
Whilst happy saints in concert join
To make the music more divine,
And with immortal voices sing
HOSANNAHS to their glorious KING.

SONG

I

Beauty and merit now are join'd,
An angel's form, an angel's mind
Are sweetly met in thee;
Thy soul, which all the virtues grace,
Shines forth with lustre in thy face,
From affectation free.

II

Who in thy form, too lovely maid!
Can read thy temper there display'd;
Can look and calmly see?
The face that with such beauty charms,
The breast which so much virtue warms,
Is sure too much for me!

ADVICE TO AMANDA

I

Amanda, since thy lovely frame,
Of ev'ry charm possest,
Hath power to raise the purest flame
And warm the coldest breast:

II

Oh! think that heav'n could ne'er design,
Thou too reserved maid,
That ever beauties, such as thine,
Like unknown flow'rs should fade.

III

When next you see your faithful swain,
Your *Strephon* at your feet;
When next you hear him sigh his pain
And tend'rest vows repeat,

IV

Then think 'tis fit a love so true
Should meet a kind regard;
And think 'tis given alone to you
His virtue to reward.

V

If constancy, with merit join'd,
Hath any charms for thee,
Let *Strephon* thy acceptance find,
For such a swain is he.

VI

No longer then, too cruel fair,
Defer the happy day;
But with thy love reward his care,
His tenderness repay.

VII

So shall th' indulgent eye of Heav'n
Thy worthy choice approve,
When such victorious charms are giv'n
A prize to faithful love.

A MORNING HYMN

I

Arise! and see the glorious sun
Mount in the eastern sky:
See with what majesty he comes,
What splendor strik[e]s the eye!

II

Life, light, and heat he spreads abroad
In ever bounteous streams;
This day shall joyful myriads own
The influence of his beams.

III

How fresh the healthful morning air!
What fragrance breaths around! 10
New lustre paints each op'ning flow'r
New verdure cloaths the ground.

IV

No ruffling storms of wind or rain
Disturb the calm serene:
But gentle nature far abroad
Displays her softest scene.

V

Thro' chequer'd groves and o'er the plains
Refreshing breezes pass,
And play with ev'ry wanton leaf,
And wave the slender grass. 20

VI

See yonder silver gliding stream;
The sun's reflected ray,
Doth in its wat'ry bosom sport,
And on its surface play.

VII

The trees that shade its flow'ry banks,
Are nourish'd by the flood;
Whilst from their branches songsters
sweet,
Re-echo thro' the wood.

VIII

They with their little warbling throats, 30
Salute the rising day;
And in untaught, but pleasing strains
Their grateful homage pay.

IX

Oh! let us then with souls sincere
Adore that pow'r Divine!
Who makes that orb move thus complete,
Who makes his rays to shine.

X

Who causes ev'ry rising day
In beauty to return;
And Bids the sun's meridian height
With brighter glories burn. 40

XI

Who morning, noon, and evening, too,
Has with his blessing blest;
And kindly gives the night's still shades
For wearied man to rest.

VERSES

*Inscribed to the officers of the 35th regi-
ment on their embarkation for the
expedition against Louisbourg¹*

Now warmer suns, once more bid nature
smile,
The new-born spring, peeps from the
teaming soil:
From ice the streams, the fields from
snow are free,
And blossoms swell on every pregnant tree:
The softened season melts in sudden
show'rs,
And April all her flow'ry treasures pours;
Well might I sing the early warbling lay
Of rural songsters at the dawn of day;
The riv'let winding thro' the long drawn
vale,
The new cloth'd mountain, the green
tufted dale; 10
Or shepherd's pipe, that in melodious
strains,
Welcomes the spring to valleys, hills and
plains.
But these I leave, and for the aspiring
muse,
A nobler theme, a loftier subject choose.
This is the season whose warm rays in-
spire,
Heroic bosoms with a martial fire:
To war's alarms all softer pleasures yield,
And ev'ry Briton burns to take the field.
The drums loud beat, the fire's shrill
soaring lay.

¹ Louisbourg had an interesting history in the border contests between the French and English in the first half of the 18th century. This strong fortress on Capé Breton Island was captured from the French by New England troops in 1745 and surrendered to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The expedition mentioned in the two poems of Hopkinson left in the spring of 1758 under Lord Amherst. The siege lasted from June 8 to July 26. The town was demolished, and the fortress badly breached.

The trumpet's clangor, the dread cannon's
 play;
 All, all conspire to bid the heroes go
 And thunder vengeance on the daring foe.
 Ye who have roll'd the winter months
 away,
 In scenes of pleasure and in pastimes gay;
 At home endow'd with ev'ry art to please,
 Of free politeness and becoming ease;
 Abroad, the noble champions of our cause,
 Protectors of our liberties and laws.

Long have you known the gently thrill-
 ing fires
 Which beauty kindles and which love in-
 spires;
 Long have enjoy'd the graces of the fair,
 To please and to be pleas'd was all your
 care:
 Far other transports now your bosoms
 warm,
 Far other glories your ambition charm.—
 Go, seek for conquest where loud tumults
 reign,
 Where death runs liquid o'er the im-
 purpled plain;
 Where victor's shouts, and vanquish'd
 warriors' cries
 In clouds of smoke promiscuously arise,
 And undistinguish'd reach the vaulted
 skies;
 Where desolation stalks the tragic field,
 Where Britons conquer, and where
 Frenchmen yield.

See on the surface of that rolling tide
 Fast moor'd the proud expecting navies
 ride:
 They loose their streamers from each top
 mast height,
 And spread their wings, impatient for the
 fight;
 Eager thro' seas, to waft you hence away,
 Where laurels strew the field, and hon-
 ours crown the day.

Oh! may indulgent heav'n assistance
 to lend!
 Oh! may success Britannia's arms attend:
 Let ev'ry sword a keen destruction wear;
 Each well aim'd spear a pointed vengeance
 bear;
 And may each hero, that we send from
 home,
 Back to our wishing arms a glorious con-
 queror come.

1758.

On the late successful expedition against
 LOUISBOURG

At length 'tis done, the glorious conflict's
 done,
 And British valour hath the conquest
 won:
 Success our arms, our heroes, honour
 crowns,
 And Louisbourg an English monarch
 owns!
 Swift, to the scene where late the valiant
 fought,
 Waft me, ye muses, on the wings of
 thought—
 That awful scene, where the dread god
 of war
 O'er fields of death roll'd his triumphant
 car:
 There yet, with fancy's eye, methinks I
 view
 The pressing throng, the fierce assault
 renew:
 With dauntless front advance, and boldly
 brave
 The cannon's thunder, and th' expecting
 grave.

On yonder cliff, high hanging o'er the
 deep,
 Where trembling joy climbs the dark-
 some steep;
 Britannia lonely sitting, from afar
 Waits the event, and overlooks the war;
 Thence, roll her eager wand'ring eyes
 about,
 In all the dread anxiety of doubt;
 Sees her fierce sons, her foes with ven-
 geance smite,
 Grasp deathless honours, and maintain
 the fight.
 Whilst thus her breast alternate passions
 sway,
 And hope and fear wear the slow hours
 away.
 See! from the realms of everlasting light,
 A radiant form wings her aerial flight.
 The palm she carries, and the crown she
 wears,
 Plainly denotes 'tis *Victory* appears:
 Her crimson vestment loosely flows be-
 hind,
 The clouds her chariot, and her wings
 the wind:
 Trumpets shrill sounding all around her
 play.
 And laurell'd honours gild her azure
 way—

30

Now she alights—the trumpets cease to
sound,
Her presence spreads expecting silence
round:—

And thus she speaks; whilst from her
heav'nly face
Effulgent glories brighten all the place—

“Britannia, hail! thine is at length the
day,
And lasting triumphs shall thy cares re-
pay;

Thy godlike sons, by *this*, their names
shall raise,
And tongues remote shall joy to swell
their praise.

I to the list'ning world will soon proclaim
Of Wolfe's brave deeds, the never-dying
fame,

And swell with glory *Amherst's* patriot
name.

Such are the heroes that shall ever bring
Wealth to their country, honour to their
king:

Opposing foes, in vain attempts to quell
The native fires that in such bosoms dwell.
To thee, with joy, this laurel I resign,
Smile, smile, *Britannia!* victory is thine.
Long may it flourish on thy sacred brow!
Long may thy toes a forc'd subjection
know!

See, see their pow'r, their boasted pow'r
decline!

Rejoice *Britannia!* victory is thine.”

Give your loose canvas to the breezes
free,
Ye floating thund'ers, bulwarks of the
sea:

Go, bear the joyful tidings to your king,
And, in the voice of war, declare 'tis
victory you bring:

Let the wild croud that catch the breath
of fame,

In mad huzzas their ruder joy proclaim:
Let their loud thanks to heav'n in flames
ascend,

While mingling shouts the azure concave
rend.

But let the few, whom reason makes
more wise,

With glowing gratitude uplift their eyes:
Oh! let their breasts dilate with sober joy.
Let pious praise their hearts and tongues
employ;

To bless our *God* with me let all unite,
He guides the conq'ring sword, *he* gov-
erns in the fight.

1758.

TO CELIA

On her wedding day

Whilst Heav'n with kind propitious ray,
Smiles, *Celia*, on thy nuptial day,
And ev'ry sympathising breast
With transport glows to see thee blest;
Whilst present joys the hours beguile,
And future prospects seem to smile.
Shall not my muse her tribute bring
And gladly touch the trembling string?
I know 'tis usual at such times
To pay respect in pompous rhymes; 10
To bid the whole celestial race
With brightest glories fill the place,
And from their mansions hasten down
The nuptial rites with bliss to crown:
As if each goddess might be said
To be the poet's waiting maid:
But I who have no power at all,
Such high divinities to call,
Must lay those stratagems aside
And with plain fable treat the bride. 20

As *Cupid* thro' the azure way
Did late with wand'ring pinion stray,
The little urchin chanc'd to spy;
His master *Hymen* passing by;
Surpris'd with conscious guilt and shame,
Knowing his conduct much to blame,
With nimble haste he strove to shroud
His presence in a fleecy cloud.
But *Hymen* saw, nor could *he* fail
To see a wing—oh! piteous tale! 30
Peep from behind the misty veil.
Th' observing god with eager joy,
Rush'd on and seiz'd th' affrighted boy.—
“Well, master *Cupid*, are you caught
At last, he cry'd, I almost thought
You, far from hence, had taken flight,
And quite forsook the realms of light;
For whereso'er I choose to stray,
I seldom meet you in my way.—
Wherefore so shy? since well you know 40
It is not very long ago
Since *Jove* in council did decree,
Yourself and services to me;
That it might ever be your care,
To warm those breasts whom I would
pair
With mutual love, and bless my bonds,
By mingling hearts with joining hands.
Instead of which, you rambling go,
And sad confusions make below:”
Whilst my softest bondage often falls, 50
Where custom points or int'rest calls.
But *Jove* himself shall quickly hear,
How much his dictates you revere;
Yet e'er we part, 'tis my desire,

You kindle love's celestial fire
 In the fair *Celia's* peaceful breast,
 And make her am'rous *Strephon* blest."
 With piteous tone, and tear-full eye,
 Thus did the little god reply:
 "This, *Hymen*, this I must deny, 60
 Do—any other service choose,
 There's nought but this I can refuse;
 I have my word and honour giv'n,
 And firmly sworn by earth and Heav'n,
 That love shall *Celia* ne'er molest,
 No dart of mine e'er wound her breast."
Hymen, first made an angry pause,
 Then spake—"Thou traitor to my cause!
 Is't thus with mortals you conspire,
 To break my torch and quench my fire; 70
 I oft have wonder'd why that maid
 My soft encircling bands delay'd;
 The wonder ceases now; I find
 That *you* and *Celia* have combin'd,
 My pow'r celestial to dispise
 And rob me of my fairest prize.
 But *Celia* soon in wedlock's chain
 Shall shine the fairest of my train:
 Virtue her days with peace shall crown,
 And I will show'r my blessings down; 80
 Her happy state shall others move,
 To seek the joys of wedded love."
 Much would the weeping boy have said;
 But *Hymen* urg'd, and love obey'd:
 A shaft he chose from out the rest,
 And sunk it deep in *Celia's* breast.
 Soft thro' her frame the poison crept;
 And *Hymen* laugh'd and Cupid wept.
 Then upwards, far from human fight,
 They wing'd their way in speedy flight, 90
 Wrapt in a glorious blaze of light.

THE WASP

Wrapt in Aurelian filth and slime,
 An infant wasp neglected lay;
 Till having doz'd the destin'd time,
 He woke, and struggl'd into day.
 Proud of his venom bag and sting,
 And big with self-approved worth:
 Mankind, he said, and stretch'd his wing,
 Should tremble when I sally forth.
 In copious streams my spleen shall flow,
 And satire all her purses drain; 10
 A critic born, the world shall know
 I carry not a sting in vain.
 This said, from native cell of clay,
 Elate he rose in airy flight;
 Thence to the city chang'd his way,
 And on a steeple chanc'd to light.

Ye gods, he cry'd, what horrid pile
 Presumes to rear its head so high—
 This clumsy cornice—see how vile:
 Can this delight a critic's eye? 20

With pois'nous sting he strove to wound
 The substance firm: but strove in vain;
 Surpris'd he sees it stands its ground,
 Nor starts thro' fear, nor writhes with
 pain.

Away th' enraged insect flew;
 But soon with aggravated pow'r,
 Against the walls his body threw,
 And hop'd to shake the lofty tow'r.

Firm fix'd it stands; as stand it must,
 Nor heeds the wasp's unpitied fall: 30
 The humbled *critic* rolls in dust,
 So stunn'd, so bruise'd, he scarce can
 crawl.

POLITICAL BALLADS

DATE OBOLUM BELLESARIO¹

Written in the year 1777

As I travell'd o'er the plain,
 About the close of day,
 I chanc'd to wander in a lane,
 A lane of mire and clay.

'Twas there a dirty drab I saw,
 All seated on the ground,
 With oaken staff and hat of straw,
 And tatters hanging round.

At my approach she heav'd a sigh,
 And due obeisance paid, 10
 First wip'd a tear from either eye,
 Then her petition made.

"A wretch forlorn, kind sir, you see,
 That begs from door to door;
 Oh! stop and give for charity,
 A penny to the poor!

"Tho' now in tatters I appear,
 Yet know the time hath been,
 When I partook the world's good cheer,
 And better days have seen." 20

Proceed, said I, whilst I attend
 The story of thy woe;
 Proceed, and charity shall lend
 Some help before I go.

¹ Written after the defeat of Burgoyne in October, 1777.

"If blooming honours men delight,
If charms in wealth they see,
My fame once soar'd a glorious height,
And who more rich than me.

"Of sons and daughters I can boast
A long illustrious line; 30
Of servants could command a host,
For large domains were mine.

"But George my youngest faithless boy,
Hath all my powers o'erthrown;
And in the very beds of joy
The seeds of sorrow sown.

"He thirsting for supreme command,
Contemn'd my wise decrees,
And with a sacrilegious hand,
My dearest rights did seize. 40

"A magic wand I once possess,
A cap aloft it bore;
Of all my treasures this the best,
And none I value more.

"Ruthless he broke the sacred rod,
The cap he tumbled down;
Destroying thus, what with their blood
His ancestors had won.

"An orphan child fell to my care,
Fair as the morn was she, 50
To large possessions she was heir,
And friendly still to me.

"But George, my son, beheld the maid,
With fierce lascivious eye;
To ravish her a plan he laid,
And she was forc'd to fly.

"She's young and will no more depend
On cruel George or me;
No longer now my boasted friend,
Nor of my family. 60

"Bad measures often end in worse,
His fell intent to gain;
He sent in rage a mighty force,
To bring her back again.

"But to defend the injur'd maid,
Her faithful household came,
In battle strong they stood array'd,
And gain'd immortal fame.

"'Mongst these a god-like hero rose
Wise, generous and brave, 70
He check'd the frenzy of her foes,
His arm was strong to save.

"So near perfection, that he stood
Upon the bound'ry line,
Of infinite from finite good,
Of human from divine.

"Defeated thus in all his schemes,
My foolish, wick'd son,
Awak'd from his delusive dreams,
And found himself undone. 80

"Mean time I suffer'd, in disgrace,
No comfort could I find,
I saw distress come on a pace,
With ruin close behind.

"At length distracted quite with grief,
I left my native home,
Depending now on chance relief,
Abroad for bread I roam.

"A shield and lance once grac'd these
hands, 90
Perhaps you've heard my fame,
For I was known in distant lands,
Britannia is my name.

"*Britannia* now in rags you see;
I beg from door to door—
Oh! give, kind sire for charity,
A penny to the poor."

✓ 1777.
THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

(January 5, 1778)

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir, 10
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town.
In this new way of ferrying. 20

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked; 30
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran thro' the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dream'd of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. L——g.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter? 40

At his bed-side he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motly crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir. 50
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir. 60

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter; 70
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage. 80

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir.
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wick'd kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

Pennsylvania Packet, Mar. 4, 1778.

This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charg'd with gun powder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide. (Note in 1792 edition.)

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT *A fable*

A War broke out in former days,
If all is true that Æsop says,
Between the birds that haunt the grove,
And beasts that wild in forests rove:
Of fowl that swim in waters clear,
Of birds that mount aloft in air;
From ev'ry tribe vast numbers came,
To fight for freedom, as for fame:
The beasts from dens and caverns deep,
From valleys low and mountains steep; 10
In motly ranks determin'd stood,
And dreadful howlings shook the wood.
The bat, half bird, half beast was there,
Nor would for *this* or *that* declare;
Waiting till conquest should decide,
Which was the strongest, safest side:
Depending on this doubtful form,
To screen him from th' impending storm.

With sharpen'd beaks and talons long.
With horny spurs and pinions strong, 20

The birds in fierce assault, 'tis said,
 Amongst the foe such havoc made,
 That panic struck, the beasts retreat
 Amaz'd, and victory seem'd complete.
 Th' observant bat, with squeaking tone,
 Cries, "*Bravo*, birds the day's our own;
 For now I'm proud to claim a place
 Amongst your bold aspiring race;
 With leathern wings I skim the air,
 And am a bird tho' clad in hair." 30

But now the beasts ashamed of flight,
 With rallied force renew the fight,
 With threatening teeth, uplifted paws,
 Projecting horns and spreading claws,
 Enrag'd advance—push on the fray,
 And claim the honours at the day.

The bat still hov'ring to and fro,
 Observ'd how things were like to go,
 Concludes those best who best can fight,
 And thinks the strongest party right; 40
 "Push on, quoth he, our's is the day
 We'll chase these rebel birds away,
 And reign supreme—for who but we
 Of earth and air the Lords should be;
 That I'm a beast I can make out,
 By reasons strong beyond a doubt,
 With teeth and fur 'twould be absurd,
 To call a thing like me a bird:
 Each son and daughter of my house;
 Is stil'd at least a flying mouse." 50

Always uncertain is the fate,
 Of war and enterprises great:
 The beasts exulting push'd too far
 Their late advantage in the war;
 Sure of success, insult the foe,
 Despise their strength and careless grow;
 The birds not vanquish'd, but dismay'd,
 Collect their force, new pow'rs display'd;
 Their chief, the eagle, leads them on,
 And with fierce rage the war's begun. 60
 Now in their turn the beasts must yield,
 The bloody laurels of the field;
 Routed they fly, disperse, divide,
 And in their native caverns hide.

Once more the bat with courtly voice,
 "Hail, noble birds! much I rejoice

In your success, and come to claim
 My share of conquest and of fame."
 The birds the faithless wretch despise;
 Hence, traitor, hence the eagle cries; 70
 No more, as you just vengeance fear,
 Amongst our honour'd ranks appear.
 The bat, disown'd in some old shed,
 Now seeks to hide his exil'd head;
 Nor dares his leathern wings display,
 From rising morn to setting day:
 But when the gloomy shades of night,
 Screens his vile form from every sight,
 Despisd, unnotic'd, flits about;
 Then to his dreary cell returns, 80
 And his just fate in silence mourns.

1778(?).

MY GENEROUS HEART DISDAINS

1

My generous heart disdains
 The slave of love to be;
 I scorn his servile chains,
 And boast my liberty.
 This whining
 And pining
 And wasting with care,
 Are not to my taste, be she ever so fair.

2

Shall a girl's capricious frown
 Sink my noble spirits down? 10
 Shall a face of white and red
 Make me droop my silly head?
 Shall I set me down and sigh
 For an eyebrow or an eye?
 For a braided lock of hair,
 Curse my fortune and despair?
 My generous heart disdains, etc.

3

Still uncertain is tomorrow,
 Not quite certain is to-day—
 Shall I waste my time in sorrow?
 Shall I languish life away? 20
 All because a cruel maid
 Hath not love with love repaid?
 My generous heart disdains, etc.

JOHN TRUMBULL

(1750-1831)

(The text and notes are from "The Poetical Works of John Trumbull" in two volumes, 1820.)

THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS¹

PART III

OR THE ADVENTURES OF MISS HARRIET SIMPER

"Come hither, HARRIET, pretty Miss,
Come hither; give your aunt a kiss.
What, blushing? fye, hold up your head,
Full six years old and yet afraid!
With such a form, an air, a grace,
You're not ashamed to show your face!
Look like a lady—bold—my child!
Why ma'am, your HARRIET will be spoil'd.
What pity 'tis, a girl so sprightly
Should hang her head so unpolitely? 10
And sure there's nothing worth a rush in
That odd, unnatural trick of blushing;
It marks one ungenteelly bred,
And shows there's mischief in her head.
I've heard Dick Hairbrain prove from
Paul,

Eve never blush'd before the fall.
'Tis said indeed, in latter days,
It gain'd our grandmothers some praise;
Perhaps it suited well enough
With hoop and farthingale and ruff; 20
But this politer generation
Holds ruffs and blushes out of fashion.

"And what can mean that gown so odd?
You ought to dress her in the mode,
To teach her how to make a figure;
Or she'll be awkward when she's bigger,
And look as queer as Joan of Nokes,
And never rig like other folks;
Her clothes will trail, all fashion lost,
As if she hung them on a post, 30
And sit as awkwardly as Eve's
First pea-green petticoat of leaves.

"And what can mean your simple whim
here
To keep her poring on her primer?
'Tis quite enough for girls to know,
If she can read a billet-doux,
Or write a line you'd understand
Without a cypher of the hand.

¹ Part I of the *Progress of Dulness* is entitled "On the Adventures of Tom Brainless"; Part II, "On the Life and Character of Dick Hairbrain." Both of these characters appear in Part III. These appeared, Part I, Aug., 1772; Part II, Jan., 1773; Part III, July, 1773.

Why need she learn to write, or spell?
A pothook scrawl is just as well; 40
Might rank her with the better sort,
For 'tis the reigning mode at court.
And why should girls be learn'd or wise?
Books only serve to spoil their eyes.
The studious eye but faintly twinkles,
And reading paves the way to wrinkles.
In vain may learning fill the head full;
'Tis beauty that's the one thing needful;
Beauty, our sex's sole pretence,
The best receipt for female sense, 50
The charm that turns all words to witty,
And makes the silliest speeches pretty.
Ev'n folly borrows killing graces
From ruby lips and roseate faces.
Give airs and beauty to your daughter,
And sense and wit will follow after."

Thus round the infant Miss in state
The council of the ladies meet,
And gay in modern style and fashion
Prescribe their rules of education. 60
The mother once herself a toast,
Prays for her child the self-same post;
The father hates the toil and pother,
And leaves his daughters to their mother;
From whom her faults, that never vary,
May come by right hereditary,
Follies be multiplied with quickness,
And whims keep up the family likeness.

Ye parents, shall those forms so fair,
The graces might be proud to wear, 70
The charms those speaking eyes display,
Where passion sits in ev'ry ray,
Th' expressive glance, the air refined,
That sweet vivacity of mind,
Be doom'd for life to folly's sway,
By trifles lur'd, to fops a prey?
Say, can ye think that forms so fine
Were made for nothing but to shine,
With lips of rose and cheeks of cherry,
Outgo the works of statuary, 80
And gain the prize of show, as victors,
O'er busts and effigies and pictures?
Can female sense no trophies raise,
Are dress and beauty all their praise,
And does no lover hope to find
An angel in his charmer's mind?
First from the dust our sex began,
But woman was refined from man;
Received again, with softer air,
The great Creator's forming care. 90
And shall it no attention claim
Their beauteous infant souls to frame?

Shall half your precepts tend the while
 Fair nature's lovely work to spoil,
 The native innocence deface,
 The glowing blush, the modest grace,
 On follies fix their young desire,
 To trifles bid their souls aspire,
 Fill their gay heads with whims of
 fashion,

And slight all other cultivation, 100
 Let every useless, barren weed
 Of foolish fancy run to seed,
 And make their minds the receptacle
 Of every thing that's false and fickle;
 Where gay caprice with wanton air,
 And vanity keep constant fair,
 Where ribbons, laces, patches, puffs,
 Caps, jewels, ruffles, tippets, muffs,
 With gaudy whims of vain parade,
 Crowd each apartment of the head; 110
 Where stands, display'd with costly pains,
 The toyshop of coquettish brains,
 And high-crown'd caps hang out the sign,
 And beaux as customers throng in;
 Whence sense is banish'd in disgrace,
 Where wisdom dares not show her face;
 Where the light head and vacant brain
 Spoil all ideas they contain,
 As th' air-pump kills in half a minute
 Each living thing you put within it? 120

It must be so; by ancient rule
 The fair are nursed in folly's school,
 And all their education done
 Is none at all, or worse than none;
 Whence still proceed in maid or wife,
 The follies and the ills of life.
 Learning is call'd our mental diet,
 That serves the hungry mind to quiet,
 That gives the genius fresh supplies,
 Till souls grow up to common size: 130
 But here, despising sense refined,
 Gay trifles feed the youthful mind.
 Chameleons thus, whose colours airy
 As often as coquettes can vary,
 Despise all dishes rich and rare,
 And diet wholly on the air;
 Think fogs blest eating, nothing finer,
 And can on whirlwinds make a dinner;
 And thronging all to feast together,
 Fare daintily in blust'ring weather. 140

Here to the fair alone remain
 Long years of action spent in vain;
 Perhaps she learns (what can she less?)
 The arts of dancing and of dress.
 But dress and dancing are to women,
 Their education's mint and cummin;
 These lighter graces should be taught,
 And weightier matters not forgot.
 For there, where only these are shown,
 The soul will fix on these alone. 150

Then most the fineries of dress,
 Her thoughts, her wish and time possess;
 She values only to be gay,
 And works to rig herself for play;
 Weaves scores of caps with diff'rent
 spires,

And all varieties of wires;
 Gay ruffles varying just as flow'd
 The tides and ebbings of the mode;
 Bright flow'rs, and topknots waving high,
 That float, like streamers in the sky; 160
 Work'd catgut handkerchiefs, whose flaws
 Display the neck, as well as gauze;
 Or network aprons somewhat thinnish,
 That cost but six weeks time to finish,
 And yet so neat, as you must own
 You could not buy for half a crown.
 Perhaps in youth (for country fashion
 Prescribed that mode of education,)
 She wastes long months in still more
 tawdry,

And useless labours of embroid'ry; 170
 With toil weaves up for chairs together,
 Six buttons, quite as good as leather;
 A set of curtains tapestry-work,
 The figures frowning like the Turk;
 A tentstitch picture, work of folly,
 With portraits wrought of Dick and
 Dolly;

A coat of arms, that mark'd her house,
 Three owls rampant, the crest a goose;
 Or shows in waxwork goodman Adam,
 And serpent gay, gallanting madam, 180
 A woful mimicry of Eden,
 With fruit, that needs not be forbidden;
 All useless works, that fill for beauties
 Of time and sense their vast vacuities;
 Of sense, which reading might bestow,
 And time, whose worth they never know.

Now to some pop'lous city sent,
 She comes back prouder than she went;
 Few months in vain parade she spares,
 Nor learns, but apes, politer airs; 190
 So formal acts, with such a set air,
 That country manners far were better.
 This springs from want of just discerning,
 As pedantry from want of learning;
 And proves this maxim true to sight,
 The half-genteel are least polite.

Yet still that active spark, the mind
 Employment constantly will find,
 And when on trifles most 'tis bent,
 Is always found most diligent; 200
 For weighty works men show most sloth in,
 But labour hard at doing nothing,
 A trade, that needs no deep concern,
 Or long apprenticeship to learn,
 To which mankind at first apply
 As naturally as to cry,

Till at the last their latest groan
Proclaims their idleness is done.
Good sense, like fruits, is rais'd by toil;
But follies sprout in ev'ry soil, ²¹⁰
Nor culture, pains, nor planting need,
As moss and mushrooms have no seed.

Thus HARRIET, rising on the stage,
Learns all the arts, that please the age,
And studies well, as fits her station,
The trade and politics of fashion:
A judge of modes in silks and satins,
From tassels down to clogs and pattens;
A genius, that can calculate
When modes of dress are out of date, ²²⁰
Cast the nativity with ease
Of gowns, and sacks and negligees,
And tell, exact to half a minute,
What's out of fashion and what's in it;
And scanning all with curious eye,
Minutest faults in dresses spy;
(So in nice points of sight, a flea
Sees atoms better far than we;)
A patriot too, she greatly labours,
To spread her arts among her neigh-
bours, ²³⁰

Holds correspondences to learn
What facts the female world concern,
To gain authentic state-reports
Of varied modes in distant courts,
The present state and swift decays
Of tuckers, handkerchiefs and stays,
The colour'd silk that beauty wraps,
And all the rise and fall of caps.
Then shines, a pattern to the fair,
Of mien, address and modish air, ²⁴⁰
Of every new, affected grace,
That plays the eye, or decks the face
The artful smile, that beauty warms,
And all th' hypocrisy of charms.

On sunday, see the haughty maid
In all the glare of dress array'd,
Deck'd in her most fantastic gown,
Because a stranger's come to town.
Heedless at church she spends the day,
For homelier folks may serve to pray, ²⁵⁰
And for devotion those may go,
Who can have nothing else to do.
Beauties at church must spend their care
in

Far other work, than pious hearing;
They've beaux to conquer, bells to rival;
To make them serious were uncivil.
For, like the preacher, they each Sunday
Must do their whole week's work in one
day.

As though they meant to take by blows
Th' opposing galleries of beaux. ²⁶⁰

¹ Young people of different sexes used then
to sit in the opposite galleries.

To church the female squadron move,
All arm'd with weapons used in love.
Like colour'd ensigns gay and fair,
High caps rise floating in the air;
Bright silk its varied radiance flings,
And streamers wave in kissing-strings;
Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,
Like training bands at viewing arms.

So once, in fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meet-
ing, ²⁷⁰

Each man equipp'd on Sunday morn,
With psalm-book, shot and powder-horn;
And look'd in form, as all must grant.
Like th' ancient, true church militant;
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

Or let us turn the style and see
Our belles assembled o'er their tea;
Where folly sweetens ev'ry theme,
And scandal serves for sugar'd cream. ²⁸⁰

"And did you hear the news? (they cry)
The court wear caps full three feet high,
Built gay with wire, and at the end on't,
Red tassels streaming like a pendant.

Well sure, it must be vastly pretty;
'Tis all the fashion in the city.
And were you at the ball last night?
Well, Chloe look'd like any fright;
Her day is over for a toast;
She'd now do best to act a ghost. ²⁹⁰

You saw our Fanny; envy must own
She figures, since she came from Boston.
Good company improves one's air—
I think the troops were station'd there.
Poor Cœlia ventured to the place;
The small-pox quite has spoil'd her face,
A sad affair, we all confest:

But providence knows what is best.
Poor Dolly too, that writ the letter
Of love to Dick; but Dick knew better; ³⁰⁰
A secret that; you'll not disclose it;
There's not a person living knows it.
Sylvia shone out, no peacock finer;
I wonder what the fops see in her.
Perhaps 'tis true what Harry maintains,
She mends on intimate acquaintance."

Hail British lands! to whom belongs
Unbounded privilege of tongues,
Blest gift of freedom, prized as rare
By all, but dearest to the fair; ³¹⁰
From grandmother of loud renown,
Thro' long succession handed down,
Thence with affection kind and hearty,
Bequeath'd unlesse'd to poster'ty!
And all ye powers of slander, hail,
Who teach to censure and to rail!
By you, kind aids to prying eyes,
Minutest faults the fair one spies,

And specks in rival toasts can mind,
Which no one else could ever find; 320
By shrewdest hints and doubtful guesses,
Tears reputations all in pieces;
Points out what smiles to sin advance,
Finds assignations in a glance;
And shews how rival toasts (you'll think)
Break all commandments with a wink.

So priests¹ drive poets to the lurch
By fulminations of the church,
Mark in our title-page our crimes,
Find heresies in double rhymes, 330
Charge tropes with damnable opinion,
And prove a metaphor, Arminian,
Peep for our doctrines, as at windows,
And pick out creeds of inuendoes.

And now the conversation sporting
From scandal turns to trying fortune.
Their future luck the fair foresee
In dreams, in cards, but most in tea.
Each finds of love some future trophy
In settlings left of tea, or coffee; 340
There fate displays its book, she believes,
And lovers swim in form of tea-leaves;
Where oblong stalks she takes for beaux,
And squares of leaves for billet-doux;
Gay balls in parboil'd fragments rise,
And specks for kisses greet her eyes.

So Roman augurs wont to pry
In victim's hearts for prophecy,
Sought from the future world advices,
By lights and lungs of sacrifices, 350
And read with eyes more sharp than wizards'

The book of fate in pigeon's gizzards;
Could tell what chief would be survivor,
From aspects of an ox's liver,
And cast what luck would fall in fights,
By trine and quartile of its lights.

Yet that we fairly may proceed,
We own that ladies sometimes read,
And grieve, that reading is confin'd
To books that poison all the mind; 360
Novels and plays, (where shines display'd
A world that nature never made,)
Which swell their hopes with airy fancies,
And amorous follies of romances;
Inspire with dreams the witless maiden
On flowery vales and fields Arcadian,
And constant hearts no chance can sever,
And mortal loves, that last for ever.

For while she reads romance, the fair
one

¹ On the appearance of the first part of this poem, some of the clergy, who supposed themselves the objects of the satire, raised a clamor against the author, as the calumniator of the sacred order, and undertook, from certain passages in it, to prove that he was an infidel, or what they viewed as equally heretical, an Arminian. (Author's note, 1820 Edition.)

Fails not to think herself the heroine; 370
For every glance, or smile, or grace,
She finds resemblance in her face,
Expects the world to fall before her,
And every fop she meets adore her.
Thus HARRIET reads, and reading really
Believes herself a young Pamela,
The high-wrought whim, the tender strain
Elate her mind and turn her brain:
Before her glass, with smiling grace,
She views the wonders of her face; 380
There stands in admiration moveless,
And hopes a Grandison, or Lovelace.²

Then shines she forth, and round her
hovers

The powder'd swarm of bowing lovers;
By flames of love attracted thither,
Fops, scholars, dunces, cits, together.
No lamp exposed in nightly skies,
E'er gather'd such a swarm of flies;
Or flame in tube electric draws
Such thronging multitudes of straws. 390
(For I shall still take similes
From fire electric when I please.³)

With vast confusion swells the sound,
When all the coxcombs flutter round.
What undulation wide of bows!
What gentle oaths and am'rous vows!
What double entendres all so smart!
What sighs hot-piping from the heart!
What jealous leers! what angry brawls
To gain the lady's hand at balls! 400
What billet-doux, brimful of flame!
Acrostics lined with HARRIET's name!
What compliments, o'er-strain'd with tell-
ing

Sad lies of Venus and of Helen!
What wits half-crack'd with common-
places

On angels, goddesses and graces!
On fires of love what witty puns!
What similes of stars and suns!
What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,
What languishing for love, and dying! 410

For lovers of all things that breathe
Are most exposed to sudden death,
And many a swain much famed in rhymes
Hath died some hundred thousand times:
Yet though love oft their breath may
stifle,

'Tis sung it hurts them but a trifle;
The swain revives by equal wonder,
As snakes will join when cut asunder,

² Richardson's novels were then in high request. Young misses were enraptured with the love-scenes, and beaux admired the character of Lovelace.

³ Certain small critics had triumphed on discovering that the writer had several times drawn his similes from the phenomena of electricity. (Author's notes, 1820 Edition.)

And often murder'd still survives;
No cat hath half so many lives. 420

While round the fair, the coxcombs
throng,

With oaths, cards, billet-doux, and song,
She spread her charms and wish'd to gain
The heart of every simple swain;

To all with gay, alluring air,
She hid in smiles the fatal snare,

For sure that snare must fatal prove,
Where falsehood wears the form of love;

Full oft with pleasing transport hung,
On accents of each flattering tongue, 430

And found a pleasure most sincere
From each erect, attentive ear;

For pride was her's, that oft with ease
Despised the man she wish'd to please.

She loved the chace, but scorn'd the prey,
And fish'd for hearts to throw away;

Joy'd at the tale of piercing darts,
And tort'ring flames and pining hearts,

And pleased perused the billet-doux,
That said, "I die for love of you;" 440

Found conquest in each gallant's sighs
And blest the murders of her eyes.

So doctors live but by the dead,
And pray for plagues, as daily bread;

Thank providence for colds and fevers,
And hold consumptions special favors;

And think diseases kindly made,
As blest materials of their trade.

'Twould weary all the pow'rs of verse
Their amorous speeches to rehearse, 450

Their compliments, whose vain parade
Turns Venus to a kitchen-maid;

With high pretence of love and honor,
They vent their folly all upon her,

(Ev'n as the scripture precept saith,
More shall be given to him that hath;)

Tell her how wond'rous fair they deem
her,

How handsome all the world esteem her;
And while they flatter and adore,

She contradicts to call for more. 460

"And did they say I was so handsome?
My looks—I'm sure no one can fancy 'em.

'Tis true we're all as we were framed,
And none have right to be ashamed;

But as for beauty—all can tell
I never fancied I look'd well;

I were a fright, had I a grain less
You're only joking, Mr. Brainless."

Yet beauty still maintain'd her sway,
And bade the proudest hearts obey; 470

Ev'n sense her glances could beguile,
And vanquish'd wisdom with a smile;

While merit bow'd and found no arms,
To oppose the conquests of her charms,

Caught all those bashful fears, that place

The mask of folly on the face,
That awe, that robs our airs of ease,

And blunders, when it hopes to please;
For men of sense will always prove

The most forlorn of fools in love. 480

The fair esteem'd, admired, 'tis true,
And praised—'tis all coquettes can do.

And when deserving lovers came,
Believed her smiles and own'd their flame,

Her bosom thrill'd, with joy affected
T' increase the list, she had rejected;

While pleased to see her arts prevail,
To each she told the self-same tale.

She wish'd in truth they ne'er had seen her,
And feign'd what grief it oft had giv'n

her, 490
And sad, of tender-hearted make,
Grieved they were ruined for her sake.

'Twas true, she own'd on recollection,
She'd shown them proofs of kind affec-

tion:
But they mistook her whole intent,

For friendship was the thing she meant.
She wonder'd how their hearts could

move 'em
So strangely as to think she'd love 'em;

She thought her purity above
The low and sensual flames of love; 500

And yet they made such sad ado,
She wish'd she could have loved them too.

She pitied them, and as a friend
She prized them more than all mankind,

And begg'd them not their hearts to vex,
Or hang themselves, or break their necks,

Told them 'twould make her life uneasy,
If they should run forlorn, or crazy;

Objects of love she could not deem 'em;
But did most marv'lously esteem 'em. 510

For 'tis esteem, coquettes dispense
Tow'rd learning, genius, worth and sense,

Sincere affection, truth refined,
And all the merit of the mind.

But love's the passion they experience
For gold, and dress, and gay appearance.

For ah! what magic charms and graces
Are found in golden suits of laces!

What going forth of hearts and souls
Tow'rd glare of gilded button-holes! 520

What lady's heart can stand its ground
'Gainst hats with glittering edging bound?

While vests and shoes and hose conspire,
And gloves and ruffles fan the fire,

And broadcloths, cut by tailor's arts,
Spread fatal nets for female hearts.

And oh, what charms more potent shine,
Drawn from the dark Peruvian mine!

What spells and talismans of Venus
Are found in dollars, crowns and

guineas! 530

In purse of gold, a single stiver
 Beats all the darts in Cupid's quiver,
 What heart so constant, but must veer,
 When drawn by thousand pounds a year!
 How many fair ones ev'ry day
 To houses fine have fall'n a prey,
 Been forced on stores of goods to fix,
 Or carried off in coach and six!
 For Cœlia, merit found no dart;
 Five thousand sterling broke her heart, 540
 So witches, hunters say, confound 'em,
 For silver bullets only wound 'em.

But now the time was come, our fair
 Should all the plagues of passion share,
 And after ev'ry heart she'd won,
 By sad disaster lose her own.
 So true the ancient proverb sayeth,
 'Edge-tools are dang'rous things to play
 with;'

The fisher, ev'ry gudgeon hooking, 549
 May chance himself to catch a ducking;
 The child that plays with fire, in pain
 Will burn its fingers now and then;
 And from the dutchess to the laundress,
 Coquettes are seldom salamanders.

For lo! Dick Hairbrain heaves in sight,
 From foreign climes returning bright;
 He danced, he sung to admiration,
 He swore to gen'ral acceptance,
 In airs and dress so great his merit,
 He shone—no lady's eyes could bear it. 560
 Poor HARRIET saw; her heart was stouter;
 She gather'd all her smiles about her;
 Hoped by her eyes to gain the laurels,
 And charm him down, as snakes do squir-
 rels.

So prized his love and wish'd to win it,
 That all her hopes were center'd in it;
 And took such pains his heart to move,
 Herself fell desp'rately in love;
 Though great her skill in am'rous tricks,
 She could not hope to equal Dick's; 570
 Her fate she ventured on his trial,
 And lost her birthright of denial.

And here her brightest hopes miscarry;
 For Dick was too gallant to marry.
 He own'd she'd charms for those who
 need 'em,

But he, be sure, was all for freedom;
 So, left in hopeless flames to burn,
 Gay Dick esteem'd her in her turn.
 In love, a lady once given over
 Is never fated to recover, 580
 Doom'd to indulge her troubled fancies,
 And feed her passion by romances;
 And always amorous, always changing,
 From coxcomb still to coxcomb ranging,
 Finds in her heart a void, which still
 Succeeding beaux can never fill:

As shadows vary o'er a glass,
 Each holds in turn the vacant place;
 She doats upon her earliest pain,
 And following thousands loves in vain. 590

Poor HARRIET now hath had her day;
 No more the beaux confess her sway;
 New beauties push her from the stage;
 She trembles at th' approach of age,
 And starts to view the alter'd face,
 That wrinkles at her in her glass:
 So Satan, in the monk's tradition,
 Fear'd, when he met his apparition.

At length her name each coxcomb can-
 cels 599

From standing lists of toasts and angels;
 And slighted where she shone before,
 A grace and goddess now no more,
 Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
 Her lovers at her rival's feet,
 She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
 And cries out, vanity, on all;
 Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
 Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;
 Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
 The tracks of age upon her face. 610

Now careless grown of airs polite,
 Her noonday nightcap meets the sight;
 Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
 With ornaments of many a feather;
 Her stays for easiness thrown by,
 Her rumpled handkerchief awry,
 A careless figure half undress'd,
 (The reader's wits may guess the rest;)
 All points of dress and neatness carried,
 As though she'd been a twelvemonth
 married; 620

She spends her breath, as years prevail,
 At this sad wicked world to rail,
 To slander all her sex *impromptu*,
 And wonder what the times will come to.

Tom Brainless, at the close o' last year,
 Had been six years a rev'rend Pastor,
 And now resolved, to smooth his life,
 To seek the blessing of a wife.

His brethren saw his amorous temper,
 And recommended fair Miss Simper, 630
 Who fond, they heard, of sacred truth,
 Had left her levities of youth,
 Grown fit for ministerial union,
 And grave, as Christian's wife in Bun-
 yan.

On this he rigg'd him in his best,
 And got his old grey wig new dress'd,
 Fix'd on his suit of sable stuffs,
 And brush'd the powder from the cuffs,
 With black silk stockings, yet in being,
 The same he took his first degree in; 640
 Procured a horse of breed from Europe,
 And learn'd to mount him by the stirrup,

And set forth fierce to court the maid;
 His white-hair'd Deacon went for aid;
 And on the right, in solemn mode,
 The Reverend Mr. Brainless rode.
 Thus grave, the courtly pair advance,
 Like knight and squire in famed romance.
 The priest then bow'd in sober gesture,
 And all in scripture terms address'd her;
 He'd found, for reasons amply known, ⁶⁵
 It was not good to be alone,
 And thought his duty led to trying
 The great command of multiplying;
 So with submission, by her leave,
 He'd come to look him out an Eve,
 And hoped, in pilgrimage of life,
 To find an helpmate in a wife.
 A wife discreet and fair withal,
 To make amends for Adam's fall. ⁶⁶

In short, the bargain finish'd soon,
 A reverend Doctor made them one.

And now the joyful people rouse all
 To celebrate their priest's espousal;
 And first, by kind agreement set,
 In case their priest a wife could get,
 The parish vote him five pounds clear,
 T' increase his salary every year.
 Then swift the tag-rag gentry come
 To welcome Madam Brainless home; ⁶⁷
 Wish their good Parson joy; with pride
 In order round salute the bride;
 At home, at visits and at meetings,
 To Madam all allow precedence;
 Greet her at church with rev'rence due,
 And next the pulpit fix her pew.

July, 1773.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MESSRS. DWIGHT AND BARLOW

*On the projected publication of their
 Poems in London* ¹

December, 1775

Pleased with the vision of a deathless
 name,
 You seek perhaps a flowery road to fame;
 Where distant far from ocean's stormy
 roar,
 Wind the pure vales and smiles the tran-
 quil shore,
 Where hills sublime in vernal sweetness
 rise,

¹ Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, and Barlow's Vision of Columbus, afterwards enlarged and entitled, The Columbiad. This designed publication was prevented by the Revolutionary war. (This and the other notes to the poem were supplied by the author in the edition of 1820.)

And opening prospects charm the wan-
 d'ring eyes,
 While the gay dawn, propitious on your
 way,
 Crimsons the east and lights the orient
 day.

Yet vain the hope, that waits the prom-
 ised bays,
 Though conscious merit claim the debt of
 praise; ¹⁰
 Still sneering Folly wars with every art,
 Still ambush'd Envy aims the secret dart.
 Through hosts of foes the course of
 glory lies,
 Toil wins the field and hazard gains the
 prize.

For dangers wait, and fears of un-
 known name,
 The long, the dreary pilgrimage of fame;
 Each bard invades, each judging dunce
 reviews,
 And every critic wars with every Muse.
 As horror gloom'd along the dark'ning
 path,
 When famed Ulysses² trod the vales of
 death; ²⁰

Terrific voices rose, and all around
 Dire forms sprang flaming from the rock-
 ing ground;
 Fierce Cerberus lour'd, and yawning o'er
 his way,
 Hell flash'd the terrors of infernal day;
 The scornful fiends opposed his bold
 career,
 And sung in shrieks the prelude of his
 fear.

Thus at each trembling step, the Poet
 hears
 Dread groans and hisses murmur in his
 ears;

In every breeze a shaft malignant flies,
 Cerberean forms in every rival rise; ³⁰
 There yawning wide before his path ex-
 tends

Th' infernal gulph, where Critics are the
 fiends;
 From gloomy Styx pale conflagrations
 gleam,
 And dread oblivion rolls in Lethe's
 stream.

And see, where yon proud Isle³ her
 shores extends

² Homer's Odyssey, Book II.

³ Great Britain.—See the British Reviewers,
 for the fulfilment of this prediction.

The English scribblers began their abuse, by
 asserting that all the Americans were cowards.
 Subsequent events have taught them a reverent
 silence on that topic. They now labour, with
 equal wit and eloquence, to prove our univer-

The cloud of Critics on your Muse descends!
 From every side, with deadly force, shall steer
 The fierce Review, the censuring Gazetteer,
 Like Magazines, that pointless jests supply,
 And quick Gazettes, that coin the current lie.⁴⁰
 Each coffee-house shall catch the loud alarms,
 The Temple swarm, and Grub-street wake to arms.
 As vultures, sailing through the darken'd air,
 Whet their keen talons, and their beaks prepare,
 O'er warring armies wait th' approaching fray,
 And state their wishes on the future prey;
 Each cens'rer thus the tempting lure pursues,
 And hangs o'er battles of your Epic muse,
 The pamper'd critic feeds on slaughter'd names,
 And each new bard a welcome feast proclaims,⁵⁰
 Such men to charm, could Homer's muse avail,
 Who read to cavil, and who write to rail;
 When ardent genius pours the bold sublime,
 Carp at the style, or nibble at the rhyme;
 Misstate your thoughts, misconstrue your design,
 And cite, as samples, every feebl' line?
 To praise your muse be your admirer's care;
 Her faults alone the critics make their share.
 Where you succeed, beyond their sphere you've flown,
 But where you fail, the realm is all their own.⁶⁰
 By right they claim whatever faults are found,
 For nonsense trespasses on critic ground;
 By right they claim the blunders of your lays,
 As lords of manors seize on waifs and strays.
 Yet heed not these, but join the sons of song,

- sal ignorance and stupidity. The present writers in the Quarterly Review have made it the vehicle of insult and slander upon our genius and manners. Whether they will be more successful with the pen, than with the sword, in prostrating America at their feet, Time, the ancient arbiter, will determine in due season.

And scorn the censures of the envious throng;
 Prove to the world, in these new-dawning skies,
 What genius kindles and what arts arise;
 What fav'ring Muses lent their willing aid,
 As gay through Pindus' flowery paths you stray'd;⁷⁰
 While in your strains the purest morals flow'd,
 Rules to the great, and lessons to the good.
 All Virtue's friends are yours. Disclose the lays;
 Your country's heroes claim the debt of praise;
 Fame shall assent, and future years admire
 Barlow's strong flight, and Dwight's Homeric fire.

1785.

M'FINGAL

CANTO III

THE LIBERTY POLE¹

Now warm with ministerial ire,
 Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
 And on his striding steps attends
 His desperate clan of Tory friends.
 When sudden met his wrathful eye
 A pole ascending through the sky,
 Which numerous throngs of whiggish race
 Were raising in the market-place.
 Not higher school-boy's kites aspire,¹⁰
 Or royal mast, or country spire;
 Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
 Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton.
 And on its top, the flag unfurl'd
 Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,
 Inscribed with inconsistent types
 Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.²
 Beneath, the crowd without delay
 The dedication-rites essay,
 And gladly pay, in antient fashion,
 The ceremonies of libation;²⁰

¹The first two cantos, originally published as one in 1776, tell of the debate between Honorius, the Whig, and M'Fingal, the Loyalist. The fourth, published with the third in 1782, concluded the story with the forced flight of M'Fingal.

²The American flag. It would doubtless be wrong to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade. (This and the other notes to the poem were supplied by the author in the edition of 1820.)

While briskly to each patriot lip
 Walks eager round the inspiring flip:¹
 Delicious draught! whose powers inherit
 The quintessence of public spirit;
 Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
 To nobler politics refined;
 Or roused to martial controversy,
 As from transforming cups of Circe;
 Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
 That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.³⁰
 At hand for new supplies in store,
 The tavern opes its friendly door,
 Whence to and fro the waiters run,
 Like bucket-men at fires in town.
 Then with three shouts that tore the sky,
 'Tis consecrate to Liberty.

To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
 A grand Committee cull'd of four is;
 Who foremost on the patriot spot,
 Had brought the flip, and paid the shot.⁴⁰

By this, M'Fingal with his train
 Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,
 And full with loyalty possest,
 Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired his breast.

"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commis-
 sion,

To raise this May-pole of sedition?
 Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,
 With like confusion too of tongues,
 To point at heaven and summon down
 The thunders of the British crown?⁵⁰

Say, will this paltry Pole secure
 Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?
 Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
 Is this to stand your ark of safety;
 Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
 Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
 When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
 And balls rush hissing through the sky,
 Will this vile Pole, devote to freedom,
 Save like the Jewish pole in Edom;⁶⁰
 Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
 Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?

"Ye dupes to every factious rogue
 And tavern-prating demagogue,
 Whose tongue but rings, with sound more
 full,

On th' empty drumhead of his scull;
 Behold you not what noisy fools
 Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
 For Liberty, in your own by-sense,
 Is but for crimes a patent license,⁷⁰
 To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
 And throw the world in common stock;
 Reduce all grievances and ills
 To Magna Charta of your wills;

¹ Flip, a liquor composed of beer, rum, and
 sugar; the common treat at that time in the
 country towns of New England.

Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,
 Framed to the model of your conscience;
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
 And fix its scale of depreciation;²

Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
 And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;⁸⁰
 Drive judges out,³ like Aaron's calves,
 By jurisdiction of white staves,
 And make the bar and bench and steeple
 Submit t' our Sovereign Lord, The People;
 By plunder rise to power and glory,
 And brand all property, as Tory;
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures
 By mobbers or monopolizers;

Break heads and windows and the peace,
 For your own interest and increase;⁹⁰

Dispute and pray and fight and groan
 For public good, and mean your own;
 Prevent the law by fierce attacks

From quitting scores upon your backs;
 Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
 And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,
 And turn them to convenient engines

To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
 While all, your rights who understand,
 Confess them in their owner's hand;¹⁰⁰

And when by clamours and confusions,
 Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
 Cry "Liberty," with powerful yearning,
 As he does "Fire!" whose house is burning;
 Though he already has much more
 Than he can find occasion for.

While every clown, that tills the plains,
 Though bankrupt in estate and brains,
 By this new light transform'd to traitor,
 Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,¹¹⁰
 Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
 And drags you by the ears, like pigs.
 All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,
 New-born at once to politicians.

Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,
 Presents his forward face t' advise,
 And tatter'd legislators meet,
 From every workshop through the street.
 His goose the tailor finds new use in,
 To patch and turn the Constitution;¹²⁰
 The blacksmith comes with sledge and
 grate

To iron-bind the wheels of state;
 The quack forbears his patients' souse,
 To purge the Council and the House;

² Alluding to the depreciation of the Conti-
 nental paper money. Congress finally ascertained
 the course of its declension at different periods,
 by what was called, A Scale of Depreciation.

³ On the commencement of the war, the courts
 of justice were every where shut up. In some
 instances, the judges were forced to retire, by
 the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed
 with white staves.

The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assembly-men and proxies.
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,
To wealth and power and honors rise,
Like new-wing'd maggots changed to
flies, 130

And fluttering round in high parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See Arnold quits, for ways more certain,
His bankrupt-perj'ries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his store,
Jockey and skipper now no more,
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the pox;¹
And cleansed by patriotism from shame,
Grows General of the foremost name. 140
For in this ferment of the stream
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topsy-turvies,
The sum stands foaming on the surface.
You've caused your pyramid t' ascend,
And set it on the little end.

Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head.
You've push'd and turn'd the whole world
up-

Side down, and got yourself at top, 150
While all the great ones of your state
Are crush'd beneath the popular weight;
Nor can you boast, this present hour,
The shadow of the form of power.
For what's your Congress² or its end?
A power, t' advise and recommend;
To call forth troops, adjust your quotas—
And yet no soul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it; 160
And when in want no more in them lies,
Than begging from your States-Assem-
blies,

Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head,
But when a faction dares dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em:

¹ Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune; and his curious lawsuit against a brother skipper, who had charged him with having caught the above-mentioned disease, by his connection with a certain African princess in the West Indies, were among the early promises of his future greatness, and honors.

² The author here, in a true strain of patriotic censure, pointed out the principal defects in the first federal constitution of the United States; all which have been since removed in the new Constitution, established in the year 1789. So that the prophecy below, *You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it*, must be ranked among the other sage blunders of his second-sighted hero. *Lond. Edit.*

As tho' you chose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators.
You've but pursued the self-same way
With Shakespeare's Trinc'lo³ in the play;
"You shall be Viceroy's here, 'tis true, 171
"But we'll be Viceroy's over you."
What wild confusion hence must ensue?
Tho' common danger yet cements you:
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
Is held up by surrounding waters,
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls by its rottenness to pieces.
And fall it must! if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend
it: 180

But creeping on, by low intrigues,
Like vermin of a thousand legs,⁴
'Twill find as short a life assign'd,
As all things else of reptile kind.
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of every varlet;
Which now in taste, and full employ,
All sorts admire, as all enjoy:
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,
You'll curse and drum her out of town. 190
Such is the government you chose;
For this you bade the world be foes;
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British Constitution,
That constitution form'd by sages,
The wonder of all modern ages;
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And merely proves the adage just, 199
That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst:
So man supreme in earthly station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corse is dead as herring,
Becomes the most offensive carrion,
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beasts rotting on the ground.
Yet with republics to dismay us,
You've call'd up Anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar and Rage and wild Misrule: 210
For whom this rout of Whigs distracted,
And ravings dire of every crack'd head:
These new-cast legislative engines
Of County-meetings and Conventions;
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs, whose tricks have almost un-
done's:

While reason fails to check your course,
And Loyalty's kick'd out of doors,

³ This political plan of Trinculo in the "Tempest," may be found in the old folio edition of Shakespeare. It has since been expunged by some of his wise commentators.

⁴ Millepedes.

And Folly, like inviting landlord, ²¹⁹
Hoists on your poles her royal standard;
While the king's friends, in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the stumps,
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny their master.

What furies raged when you, in sea,
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea;¹
When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,
Assumed the moggison and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,
And like their sweethearts, primed² their
faces: ²³⁰

While not a red-coat dared oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson,³ for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country seat,
And thence affrighted, in the suds,
Stole off bareheaded through the woods.

"Have you not roused your mobs to join,
And make Mandamus-men resign, ²³⁸
Call'd forth each duffil-drest curmudgeon,
With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,
Forced all our Councils through the land,
To yield their necks at your command;
While paleness marks their late disgraces,
Through all their rueful length of faces?

"Have you not caused as woeful work
In our good city of New-York,
When all the rabble, well cockaded,
In triumph through the streets paraded,
And mobb'd the Tories, scared their
spouses,
And ransack'd all the custom-houses;⁴ ²⁵⁰

¹ The cargo of tea sent to Boston, after being guarded for twenty nights, by voluntary parties of the Whigs, to prevent its being clandestinely brought ashore, was thrown into the sea, by a party of about two hundred young men, dressed, armed and painted like Indians; but many a ruffled shirt and laced vest appeared under their blankets.

² Primed, i.e., painted.

³ When the leading Whigs in Boston found it impossible to procure the Tea to be sent back, they secretly resolved on its destruction and prepared all the necessary means. To cover the design, a meeting of the people of the whole Country was convened on the day appointed, and spent their time in grave consultation on the question, what should be done to prevent its being landed and sold. The arrival of the Indians put an end to the debate, at the moment, when one of the foremost of the whig-orators was declaiming against all violent measures. Hutchinson was alarmed at the meeting, and retired privately in the morning, to his country seat at Milton. Whether from mistake or design, information was sent to him, that the mob was coming to pull down his house. He escaped in the utmost haste across the fields. The story of the day was, that the alarm was given, at the time, when he sat half-shaved under the hands of his barber.

⁴ The custom-house was broken open at New York, and all public monies seized.

Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
That mid the clash of tempests warring,
Smith's⁵ weather-cock, in veers forlorn,
Could hardly tell which way to turn?
Burn'd effigies of higher powers,
Contrived in planetary hours;
As witches with clay-images
Destroy or torture whom they please:
Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club
Spared not your best friend, Beelzebub, ²⁶⁰
O'erlook'd his favors, and forgot
The reverence due his cloven foot,
And in the selfsame furnace frying,
Stew'd him, and North and Bute and
Tryon?⁶

Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
Your Congress, when the loyal ribald
Belied, berated and bescribbled?

What ropes⁷ and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end, ²⁷⁰
Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?

Now rising in progression fatal,
Have you not ventured to give battle?
When Treason chaced our heroes trou-
bled,

With rusty gun,⁸ and leathern doublet;
Turn'd all stone-walls and groves and
bushes,
To batteries arm'd with blunderbusses;
And with deep wounds, that fate por-
tend,

Gaul'd many a Briton's latter end; ²⁸⁰
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
Confined without mainprize or bail.

⁵ William Smith, an eminent Lawyer in New York. He at first opposed the claims of Britain, but after wavering some time, at last joined our enemy. He has since been Chief Justice in Canada.

⁶ Tryon was Governor of New York and a British General during the war. He had the glory of destroying the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk. Burnings in effigy were frequently the amusements of the mob at that period, and in imitation of the former custom of the English in burning annually the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, Beelzebub, with his usual figure and accoutrements, was always joined in the conflagration with the other obnoxious characters.

⁷ Galloway began by being a flaming patriot; but being disgusted at his own want of influence, and the greater popularity of others, he turned Tory, wrote against the measures of Congress, and absconded. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, to be delivered to Joseph Galloway, Esquire. On opening it, he found it contained only, as Shakespeare says, "A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself."

⁸ At the battle of Lexington.

Were not these deeds enough betimes,
To heap the measure of your crimes:
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
'Tis done! fair Mercy shuts her door;
And Vengeance now shall sleep no more.
Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
And sweep this scandal from the skies. ²⁹⁰
You'll see their Dagon, though well
jointed,

Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;¹
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before your ram's horns prostrate fall,"

This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the Constable to aid,
And bade him read, in nearer station,
The Riot-act and Proclamation.
He swift, advancing to the ring, ²⁹⁹
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord, the King"—
When thousand clam'rous tongues he
hears,

And clubs and stones assail his ears.
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;
By foes encompass'd in the middle,
His hope, in stratagems, he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
'Then crept to seek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Wheresoon the conqu'ring crew espied him,
And where he lurk'd, they caught and
tied him. ³¹⁰

At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.
Instead of weapons, either band
Seized on such arms as came to hand.
And as famed Ovid² paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head;
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and shovels:
So clubs and billets, staves and stones ³²¹
Met fierce, encountering every scone,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;
Their clamours rend the skies around,
The hills rebellow to the sound;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From batter'd nose and broken shin.
M'FINGAL, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword; ³³⁰
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in
distress,
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;

¹ The Tory clergy always stiled the King, the Lord's Anointed. The language of Cromwell's and Charles' days was yet frequent in New England.

² See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book 12th.

And brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he
press'd,

(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march) ³⁴⁰

And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole volleys, in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.

And now perhaps with glory crown'd
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,
Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;³ ³⁵⁰

(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late used to set their pole in ground,
And urged, with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'Squire to single fight. ³⁶⁰
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanced tremendous to the field:

Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gazed, suspended
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove⁴ in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam. ³⁷⁰
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonor
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its
ground,

By huge trainbands encircled round;
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,⁵ ³⁸⁰

³ The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene, to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and the Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

⁴ Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet & fata imponit diversa duorum,
Quem damnet labor, &c.—*Ænid*, 12.

⁵ It was the fashion in New England at that time, for judges to wear swords on the bench.

Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
 Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.¹
 The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
 Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
 Now met it, from his arm of might,
 Descending with steep force to smite;
 The blade snapp'd short—and from his
 hand,
 With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
 Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,
 And call'd to aid th' attendant crew, 390
 In vain; the Tories all had run,
 When scarce the fight was well begun;
 Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
 Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
 Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
 And saw no refuge, but in flight:
 But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
 Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
 For not a trifling prize at stake;
 No less than great M'FINGAL'S back.² 400
 With legs and arms he work'd his course,
 Like rider that outgoes his horse,
 And labor'd hard to get away, as
 Old Satan³ struggling on through chaos;
 'Till looking back, he spied in rear
 The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near:
 Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that lay
 An ancient landmark near the way;
 Nor shall we as old bards have done,
 Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;⁴ 410
 But such a stone, as at a shift
 A modern might suffice to lift,
 Since men, to credit their enigmas,
 Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
 And giants exiled with their cronies
 To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
 But while our Hero turn'd him round,
 And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
 The fatal spade discharged a blow
 Tremendous on his rear below: 420
 His bent knee fail'd,⁵ and void of strength
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,

¹ Postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
 Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
 Dissiluit; fulva resplendent fragmina arena.
 —Virgil.

—The sword

Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge; it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending and in half cut sheer.—Milton.

² nec enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
 Præmia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine
 certant.—Virgil. ³ In Milton.

⁴ This thought is taken from Juvenal, Satire 15.

⁵ Genua labant . . . incidit ictus,
 Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
 —Virgil.

Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
 Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,
 And more things else—but all men know
 'em,

If slightly versed in epic poem.
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises; 430
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole.
 When now the mob in lucky hour
 Had got their en'mies in their power,
 They first proceed, by grave command,
 To take the Constable in hand.
 Then from the pole's sublimest top
 The active crew let down the rope,
 At once its other end in haste bind,
 And make it fast upon his waistband; 440
 Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
 He hung self-balanced on his centre.⁶
 Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
 They swung him, like a keg of ale,
 Till to the pinnacle in height
 He vaulted, like balloon or kite.
 As Socrates⁷ of old at first did
 To aid philosophy get hoisted,
 And found his thoughts flow strangely
 clear,

Swung in a basket in mid air: 450
 Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
 With like advantage raised his eye,
 And looking forth in prospect wide,
 His Tory errors clearly spied,
 And from his elevated station,
 With bawling voice began addressing.

"Good Gentlemen and friends and kin,
 For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
 I here renounce the Pope, the Turks, 459
 The King, the Devil and all their works;
 And will, set me but once at ease,
 Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
 And always mind your rules so justly,
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
 I'll never join in British rage,
 Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,
 Nor take away your Charter-rights;
 Nor overcome your new-raised levies,
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your
 navies; 470

Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
 Though raised more thick than hatchel-
 teeth:

But leave King George and all his elves—
 To do their conq'ring work themselves."

⁶ And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.
 —Milton.

⁷ In Aristophanes' Comedy of the Clouds.
 Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket
 to aid contemplation.

They said, they lower'd him down in
state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favor,
Restore him on his good behaviour. 480

Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood, heroic as a mule.
"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
"To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments, the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will gains strength from treatment
horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're cur-
ried.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law; 490
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray¹ look less big,
Or smoked old Williams¹ to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver² quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington,³ in dread of stripes,
Ceased lying since you stole his types? 500
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompense
I trust King George and Providence.
And when with conquest gain'd I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day, when ye were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his pa-
tience." 510

Meanwhile beside the pole the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,⁴
Were sitting round in awful sort
The grand Committee hold their Court;

¹ Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed. The victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

² Thomas Oliver, Esq., Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

³ Rivington was a Tory Printer in New York. Just before the commencement of the war, a party from New Haven attacked his press, and carried off or destroyed the types.

⁴ An imitation of legal forms was universally practiced by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree; 520
"That 'Squire M'FINGAL having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie around the neck of said M'FINGAL,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs; 530
Then through the town attendant ride him
In cart with Constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to creak
With halter'd noose M'FINGAL's neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar. 540
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (So Claudian⁵ sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed, 550
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various cur-
rents;

His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood; 560
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles descend;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar, adhesive: 570

⁵ Claudian's Gigantomachia.

Not Maia's¹ son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd² angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's³ plan
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature. 580

Then on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome⁴ a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And least infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat: 590
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And trebel creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the croud, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout; 600
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd 'confusion to the Tories.'
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.⁵

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down; 610
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.

¹ Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.

² An angel wing'd—six wings he wore.
—Milton.

³ Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—a two-legged animal without feathers.

⁴ Livy's History.

⁵ Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

The constable with rueful face
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'FINGAL 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side. 620
But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in jail without mainprize
View every thing with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'FINGAL'S Second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomier light; 630
His visual nerve, well purged with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer.
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he
utter'd.

"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain 639
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!
Behold my doom! this feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.
I hear a voice,⁶ that calls away,
And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land;
Where changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution, 650
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.

"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I⁷—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose; 660
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready.

END OF CANTO THIRD

1782.

⁶ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
That says, I must not stay.—*Tickell's Ballad.*
⁷ Quos Ego—sed motos præstat componere
fluctus.—*Virgil.*

POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION

FROM "BRADDOCK'S FATE AND AN ENCITEMENT TO REVENGE"

HIS EPITAPH

Beneath this stone brave Braddock lies,
Who always hated cowardice,
But fell a savage sacrifice;

Amidst his Indian foes.

I charge you, heroes, of the ground,
To guard his dark pavilion round,
And keep off all obtruding sound,
And cherish his repose.

Sleep, sleep, I say, brave valiant man,
Bold death, at last, has bid thee stand, ¹⁰
And to resign thy great demand,

And cancel thy commission:

Altho' thou didst not much incline,
Thy post and honors to resign;
Now iron slumber doth confine;
None envy's thy condition.

.

Their skulking, scalping, murdering tricks
Have so enraged old sixty-six,¹
With legs and arms like withered sticks,
And youthful vigor gone; ²⁰

That if he lives another year,
Complete in armor he'll appear,
And laugh at death, and scoff at fear,
To right his country's wrong.

Let young and old, both high and low,
Arm well against this savage foe,
Who all around environ us so;

The sons of black delusion.

New England's sons, you know their way,
And how to cross them in their play, ³⁰
And drive these murdering dogs away,
Unto their last confusion.

One bold effort O let us make,
And at one blow behead the snake;
And then these savage powers will break,
Which long have us oppress'd.

And this, brave soldiers, will we do,
If Heaven and George shall say so too:
And if we drive the matter thro'

The land will be at rest. ⁴⁰

¹ The author.

Come, every soldier, charge your gun,
And let your task be killing one;
Take aim until the work is done:

Don't throw away your fire;

For he that fires without an aim,
May kill his friend, and be to blame,
And in the end come off with shame,
When forced to retire.

O mother land, we think we're sure
Sufficient is thy marine powers, ⁵⁰
To dissipate all eastern showers:

And if our arms be blest,

Thy sons in *North America*
Will drive these hell-born dogs away
As far beyond the realms of day,
As east is from the west.

Forbear, my muse, thy barbarous song,
Upon this theme thou'st dwelt too long,
It is too high and much too strong,

The learned won't allow: ⁶⁰

Much honor should accrue to him,
Who ne'er was at their Academ,
Come, blot out every telesem;²
Go home unto thy plow.

Aug. 20, 1755.

Tilden's Miscellaneous Poems on Divers Occasions, chiefly to animate and rouse the Soldiers.—1756.

TO ARMS, TO ARMS! MY JOLLY GRENADIERS³

To arms, to arms! my jolly grenadiers!
Hark, how the drums do roll it along!
To horse, to horse, with valiant good
cheer;

We'll meet our proud foe before it is
long.

Let not your courage fail you;
Be valiant, stout, and bold;
And it will soon avail you,
My loyal hearts of gold.

² A name the author gives to this sort of meter.—*Author's Note.*

³ "This jingling provincial ballad was composed in Chester county, Pennsylvania, while the army was on its march in the spring or early summer of 1755."—*Winthrop Sargent.*

Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again
 I say huzzah!
 'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—
 huzzah, huzzah! 10

March on, march on, brave Braddock
 leads the foremost;
 The battle is begun as you may fairly
 see.
 Stand firm, be bold, and it will soon be
 over;
 We'll soon gain the field from our
 proud enemy.
 A squadron now appears, my boys;
 If that they do but stand!
 Boys, never fear, be sure you mind
 The word of command!
 Huzzah, my valiant countrymen! again I
 say huzzah!
 'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—
 huzzah, huzzah! 20

See how, see how, they break and fly be-
 fore us!
 See how they are scattered all over the
 plain!
 Now, Now,—now, now, our country will
 adore us!
 In peace, and in triumph, boys, when
 we return again!
 Then laurels shall our glory crown
 For all our actions told:
 The hills shall echo all around
 My loyal hearts of gold.
 Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I
 say Huzzah!
 'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—
 huzzah, huzzah! 30

"The History of an Expedition to Fort Du
 Quesne."—1755.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

GENERAL WOLFE(?)

How stands the glass around?
 For shame ye take no care, my boys,
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground. 10

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die!
 What, sighing? fie!
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly! 20

'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and a kind landlady
 Cure all again. 30

1759.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

(Anon)

Thy merits, Wolfe, transcend all human
 praise,
 The breathing marble or the muses' lays.
 Art is but vain—the force of language
 weak,
 To paint thy virtues, or thy actions
 speak.
 Had I Duché's or Godfrey's magic skill,
 Each line to raise, and animate at will—
 To rouse each passion dormant in the
 soul,
 Point out its object, or its rage control—
 Then, Wolfe, some faint resemblance
 should we find
 Of those great virtues that adorn'd thy
 mind. 10
 Like Britain's genius shouldst thou then
 appear,
 Hurling destruction on the Gallic rear—
 While France, astonish'd, trembled at thy
 sight,
 And placed her safety in ignoble flight.
 Thy last great scene should melt each
 Briton's heart,
 And rage and grief alternately impart.
 With foes surrounded, midst the shades
 of death,
 These were the words that closed the
 warrior's breath—
 "My eyesight fails!—but does the foe re-
 treat?
 If they retire, I'm happy in my fate!" 20

A generous chief, to whom the hero spoke,
Cried, "Sir, they fly!—their ranks entirely
broke:

Whilst thy bold troops o'er slaughter'd
heaps advance,
And deal due vengeance on the sons of
France."

The pleasing truth recalls his parting soul,
And from his lips these dying accents
stole:—

"I'm satisfied!" he said, then wing'd his
way,

Guarded by angels to celestial day.

An awful band!—Britannia's mighty
dead,
Receives to glory his immortal shade. ³⁰
Marlborough and Talbot hail the warlike
chief—

Halket and Howe, late objects of our
grief,

With joyful song conduct their welcome
guest

To the bright mansions of eternal rest—
For those prepared who merit just ap-
plause

By bravely dying in their country's cause.

Pennsylvania Gazette, Nov. 8, 1759.

SURE NEVER WAS PICTURE DRAWN MORE TO THE LIFE

Sure never was picture drawn more to
the life

Or affectionate husband more fond of his
wife,

Than America copies and loves Britain's
sons,

Who, conscious of Freedom, are bold as
great guns.

'Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're
sons of those Men

Who always are ready, steady, boys,
steady,

To fight for their freedom again and
again."

Tho' we feast and grow fat on America's
soil,

Yet we own ourselves subjects of Brit-
ain's fair isle;

And who's so absurd to deny us the
name? ¹⁰

Since true British blood flows in every
vein.

"Hearts of Oak, etc."

Then cheer up, my lads, to your country
be firm,

Like kings of the ocean, we'll weather
each storm;

Integrity calls out, fair liberty, see,
Waves her Flag o'er our heads and her
words are *be free*.

"Hearts of Oak, etc."

To King George, as true subjects, we
loyal bow down,

But hope we may call Magna Charta our
own.

Let the rest of the world slavish worship
decree, ²⁰

Great Britain has ordered her sons to be
free.

"Hearts of Oak, etc."

Poor Esau his birth-right gave up for a
bribe,

Americans scorn th' mean soul-selling
tribe;

Beyond life our freedom we chuse to
possess,

Which, thro' life we'll defend, and abjure
a broad S.¹

"Hearts of Oak are we still, and we're
sons of those men,

Who fear not the ocean, brave roarings
of cannon,

To stop all oppression, again and
again."

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd
Liberty wear, ³⁰

What Englishmen ought we Americans
dare;

Though tempests and terrors around us
we see,

Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts
that are free.

"Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're
sons of those men.

Who always are ready, steady, boys,
steady,

To fight for their freedom again and
again."

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine,
Our blood shall for both flow as free as
our wine;

Let us set an example, what all men
should be,

And a Toast give the World, "Here's to
those dare be free." ⁴⁰

"Hearts of Oak, etc."

Virginia Gazette, May 2, 1766.

¹ A gold sovereign.

COME JOIN HAND IN HAND,
BRAVE AMERICANS ALL

To the tune of "Hearts of Oak"

JOHN DICKINSON (?)

Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous act shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonour America's name.
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live!
Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady;
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.
In freedom we're born, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely their birthrights they prized;
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
No: frustrate their toils on the land and the deep.
In freedom we're born, etc.

The tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered,
With transport then cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom we're born, etc.

How sweet are the labours that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure—
No more such sweet labours Americans know
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.
In freedom we're born, etc.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners¹ soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge, for what others shall spend.
In freedom we're born, etc.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By *uniting*, we stand, by *dividing*, we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.
In freedom we're born, etc.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom we're born, etc.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and if we are but free.
In freedom we're born, etc.

Pennsylvania Chronicle, July 4, 1768.

A TORY PARODY OF THE ABOVE

Come, shake your dull noddles, ye pumpkins and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call.
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame!
In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live,
To madness still ready,
And stupidly steady,
Not as men but as monkies, the tokens you give.

¹ The ministry have already begun to give away in pensions the money they lately took out of our pockets without our consent.
—(Author's Note.)

Your grandsire, old Satan—now give him
a cheer!—
Would act like yourselves, and as wildly
would steer.¹⁰
So great an example in prospect still keep;
Whilst you are alive, old Belzee may
sleep.
In folly, etc.

Such villains, such rascals, all dangers de-
spise,
And stick not at mobbing, when mischief's
the prize:
They burst through all barriers, and
piously keep,
Such chattels and goods the vile rascals
can sweep.
In folly, etc.

The tree which the wisdom of justice hath
rear'd,
Should be stout for their use, and by no
means be spared,²⁰
When fuddled with rum, the mad sots to
restrain;
Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.
In folly, etc.

Your brats and your bunters by no means
forget,
But feather your nests, for they're bare
enough yet;
From the insolent rich sure the poor
knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of
a meal.
In folly, etc.

When in your own cellars you've quaffed
a regale,
Then drive, tug and stink the next house
to assail.³⁰
For short is your harvest, nor long shall
you know
The pleasure of reaping what other men
sow.
In folly, etc.

Then plunder, my lads, for when red
coats appear,
You'll melt like the locusts when winter
is near.
Gold vainly will glow; silver vainly will
shine;
But faith you must skulk, you no more
shall purloin.
In folly, etc.

Then nod your poor numbskulls, ye pump-
kins, and bawl!
The De'il take such rascals, fools, whore-
sons and all.⁴⁰
Your cursed old trade of purloining must
cease,
The curse and the dread of all order and
peace.
In folly, etc.

All ages shall speak with contempt and
amaze,
Of the vilest Banditti that swarm'd in
those days;
In defiance of halters, of whips, and of
chains,
The rogues would run riot, damn'd fools
for their pains.
In folly, etc.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gal-
lows now groans,
And order depress'd her lost empire be-
moans;⁵⁰
While we quite transported and happy
shall be,
From snobs, knaves and villains, pro-
tected and free.
In folly, etc.

Boston Gazette, Sept. 26, 1768.

THE PARODY PARODIZED

OR THE MASSACHUSETTS SONG OF LIBERTY
Come, swallow your bumpers, ye Tories,
and roar,
That the sons of fair freedom are ham-
per'd once more;
But know that no cut-throat our spirits
can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother
the flame.

Chorus

In freedom we're born, and like sons of
the brave,
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive if unable to save.

Our grandsires, blest heroes! we'll give
them a tear,
Nor sully their honors by stooping to
fear;¹⁰
Thro' deaths and thro' dangers their
trophies they won,
We dare be their rivals, nor will be out-
done.

Chorus.

Let tyrants and minions presume to de-
spise,
Encroach on our rights and make free-
dom their prize;
The fruits of their rapine they never
shall keep—
Tho' vengeance may nod, yet how short
is her sleep.

Chorus.

The tree which proud Haman for Mor-
decai rear'd,
Stands recorded, that virtue endanger'd is
spar'd;
That rogues, whom no bonds and no laws
can restrain,
Must be stript of their honors and
humbled again.

Chorus.

Our wives and our babes still protected,
shall know
Those who dare to be free shall for ever
be so;
On these arms and these hearts they may
safely rely,
For in freedom we'll live, or like heroes
we'll die.

Chorus.

Ye insolent tyrants, who wish to enthrall,
Ye minions! ye placemen! pimps, pen-
sioners, all!
How short is your triumph, how feeble
your trust!
Your honors must wither and nod to the
dust.

Chorus.

When oppress and reproach'd, our king
we implore,
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll re-
store;
When our hearts beat to arms to defend
a just right,
Our monarch rules there, and forbids us
to fight.

Chorus.

Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of
a fray,
Could make us submit to their chains for
a day;
Withheld by affection, on Britons we call,
Prevent the fierce conflict which threatens
your fall.

Chorus.

All ages shall speak with amaze and ap-
plause,
Of the prudence we show in support of
our cause.
Assur'd of our safety a Brunswick still
reigns,
Whose free, loyal subjects are strangers
to chains.

Chorus.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans
all,
To be free is to live; to be slaves is to
fall;
Has the land such a dastard as scorns
not a lord?
Who dreads not a fetter much more than
a sword?

Chorus.

Handbill, Boston, early October 1768.

THE LIBERTY POLE SATIRIZED

(Anon.)

To the tune of "Derry Down."

Come, listen, good neighbors of every
degree,
Whose hearts, like your purses, are open
and free,
Let this pole a monument ever remain,
Of the folly and arts of the time-serving
train.

Derry down, etc.

Its bottom, so artfully fix'd under ground,
Resembles their scheming, so low and
profound;
The dark underminings, and base dirty
ends,
On which the success of the faction de-
pends.

Derry down, etc.

The vane, mark'd with freedom, may put
us in mind,
As it varies, and flutters, and turns, with
the wind,
That no faith can be plac'd in the words
of our foes,
Who change as the wind of their interest
blows.

Derry down, etc.

The iron clasp'd around it, so firm and
so neat,
Resembles too closely their fraud and de-
ceit,

If the outside's but guarded, they care not
a pin,
How rotten and hollow the heart is within.
Derry down, etc. 20

Then away, ye pretenders to freedom,
away,
Who strive to cajole us in hopes to be-
tray;
Leave the pole for the stroke of the light-
ening to sever,
And, huzzah for King George and our
country for ever!
Derry down, etc.

From "The Procession with the Standard
of a Faction. A Cantata." March 5, 1770.

A SONG

JOSEPH STANSBURY

Ye Sons of St. George, here assembled
today,
So honest and hearty, so chearful and gay,
Come join in the chorus, and loyally sing
In praise of your patron, your country
and king.

Tho' plac'd at a distance from Britain's
bold shore,
From thence either we or our fathers
came o'er:
And in will, word and deed, we are En-
glishmen all;
Still true to her cause and awake to her
call.

Let Cressy, Poitiers, and let Agincourt
show
How our ancestors acted some ages ago: 10
While Minden's red field and Quebec shall
proclaim
That their sons are unchanged or in
nature or name.

Should the proud Spanish dons but ap-
pear on the main,
The island they pilfered, by force to main-
tain,
The brave sons of thunder our wrongs
will redress,
And teach them again what they learn'd
of Queen Bess.

Tho' the proud Roman eagle to Britain
was borne,
Both talons and feathers got plaguily
torn;

And Cæsar himself, both with foot and
with horse,
Was glad to sneak off with—"It's well
'twas no worse." 20

Tho' party contentions awhile may run
high,
When danger advances they'll vanish and
die:
While all with one heart, hand and spirit
unite,
Like Englishmen think and like English-
men fight.

Then here's to our king, and oh, long
may he reign—
The lord of those men who are lords of
the main!
While all the contention among us shall
be
To make him as happy as we are made
free.

And here's to the daughters of Britain's
fair isle—
May freedom and they ever crown with
a smile 30
The Sons of St. George, our good knight
so profound—
The Sons of St. George, men all the
world round.

Sung at the second anniversary meeting
of the Sons of St. George in New York,
April 23, 1771.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY ✓

(Anon.)

As near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed, 10
Toward the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll
banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish
Ere the deathless deed be done." 20

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made.

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers 31
When they thought to cheat the brave.

Pennsylvania Packet, 1773.

A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA-TABLE

Farewell the tea-board, with its gaudy
equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-buckets,
sugar-tongs,
The pretty tea-chest also, lately stor'd
With Hyson, Congou, and best double
fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat
by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk
scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at—may
be—nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once lov'd
liquor,
Though now detestable,
Because I am taught (and I believe it
true) 10
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon
my country,
And LIBERTY's the goddess I would choose
To reign triumphant in AMERICA.

1774.

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA

By a Lady

Begone, pernicious baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possess'd;
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee,
My noble sons shall be oppress'd.

To Britain fly, where gold enslaves
And venal men their birth-right sell;
Tell North and his brib'd clan of knaves
Their bloody acts were made in hell.
In Henry's reign those acts began,
Which sacred rules of justice broke; 10
North now pursues the hellish plan,
To fix on us his slavish yoke.
But we oppose, and will be free,
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree,
Shall make us "at his feet to bend."
From Anglia's ancient sons we came,
Those heroes who for freedom fought;
In Freedom's cause we'll match their
fame,
By their example greatly taught. 20
Our king we love, but North we hate,
Nor will to him submission own;
If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

Pennsylvania Journal, Sept. 14, 1774.

WHEN GOOD QUEEN ELIZABETH GOVERNED THE REALM

JOSEPH STANSBURY

When good Queen Elizabeth govern'd the
realm,
And Burleigh's sage counsels directed the
helm,
In vain Spain and France our conquests
oppos'd,—
For valor conducted what wisdom pro-
pos'd.
Beef and beer was their food;
Love and truth armed their band;
Their courage was ready—
Steady, boys, steady—
To fight and to conquer by sea and by
land.

But since tea and coffee, so much to our
grief, 10
Have taken the place of strong beer and
roast beef,
Our laurels have wither'd, our trophies
been torn,
And the lions of England French tri-
umphs adorn.
Tea and slops are their food—
Which unnerve every hand;
Their courage unsteady
And not always ready—
They often are conquered by sea and by
land.

St. George views with transport our generous flame:—

"My sons, rise to glory, and rival my fame;²⁰

Ancient manners again in my sons I behold,

And this age must eclipse all the ages of gold."

Beef and beer are our food;

Love and truth arm our band;

Our courage is steady,

And always is ready

To fight and to conquer by sea and by land.

While thus we regale, as our fathers of old,—

Our manners as simple, our courage as bold—

May vigor and prudence our freedom secure,³⁰

Long as rivers, or oceans, or stars shall endure.

Beef and beer are our food;

Love and truth arm our band;

Our courage is steady,

And always is ready

To fight and to conquer by sea and by land.

1774? 5?

LIBERTY TREE

✓ THOMAS PAINE

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,

The Goddess of Liberty came;

Ten thousand celestials directed the way,

And hither conducted the dame.

A fair budding branch from the gardens above,

Where millions with millions agree,

She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,

And the plant she named *Liberty Tree*.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,

Like a native it flourished and bore;¹⁰

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,

To seek out this peaceable shore.

Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,

For freemen like brothers agree;

With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,

And their temple was *Liberty Tree*.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,

Their bread in contentment they ate

Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,

The cares of the grand and the great.²⁰

With timber and tar they Old England supplied,

And supported her power on the sea;

Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,

For the honor of *Liberty Tree*.

But hear, O ye swains, 'tis a tale most profane,

How all the tyrannical powers,

Kings, Commons and Lords, are uniting amain,

To cut down this guardian of ours;

From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,

Through the land let the sound of it flee,³⁰

Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,

In defence of our *Liberty Tree*.

Pennsylvania Packet, 1775.

A SONG

To the tune of "The Echoing Horn"

Hark! 'tis Freedom that calls, come, patriots, awake!

To arms, my brave boys, and away:

'Tis Honour, 'tis Virtue, 'tis Liberty calls,

And upbraids the too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing our foes,

Thro' blood and thro' carnage we'll fly;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake them, huzza!

The tyrants are seized on, they die.

Triumphant returning with Freedom secur'd,

Like men, we'll be joyful and gay—¹⁰

With our wives and our friends, we'll sport, love and drink,

And lose the fatigues of the day.

'Tis freedom alone gives a relish to mirth,

But oppression all happiness sours;

It will smooth life's dull passage, 'twill slope the descent,

And strew the way over with flowers.

Pennsylvania Journal, May 31, 1775.

THE BALLAD OF NATHAN HALE

The breezes went steadily through the
tall pines,
A-saying "oh! hu-sh!" a-saying "oh!
hu-sh!"

As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the
bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she
nestled her young
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the
road,

"For the tyrants are near, and with them
appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us
no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought
of his home
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the
brook.

With mother and sister and memories
dear,
He so gayly forsook; he so gayly for-
sook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming
apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had
beat.

The noble one sprang from his dark
lurking-place,
To make his retreat; to make his re-
treat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood; as he
passed through the wood;
And silently gained his rude launch on
the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she
played with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark,
dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murder-
ous will.

They took him and bore him afar from
the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the
hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who
could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little
stone cell.

But he trusted in love, from his Father
above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart,
all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass
voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard
by:
"The Tyrant's proud minions most gladly
rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must
soon die."

The brave fellow told them, nothing re-
strained,—
The cruel general! the cruel general!
His errand from camp, of the ends to be
gained,
And said that was all; and said that
was all.

They took him and bound him and bore
him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the
hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal
array,
His cause did deride; his cause did de-
ride.

Five minutes were given, short moments,
no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother, he asked not
another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he
went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy
showed,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod
the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's
blood,
As his words do presage, as his words
do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's
gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the
slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they
owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for
the brave."

INDEPENDENCE

Come all you brave soldiers, both valiant
and free,

It's for Independence we all now agree,
Let us gird on our swords, and prepare
to defend

Our liberty, property, ourselves and
our friends.

In a cause that's so righteous, come let
us agree,

And from hostile invaders set America
free;

The cause is so glorious we need not to
fear

But from merciless tyrants we'll set
ourselves clear.

Heaven's blessing attending us, no tyrant
shall say

That Americans e'er to such monsters
gave way;

But, fighting, we'll die in America's cause,
Before we'll submit to tyrannical laws.

George the Third, of Great Britain, no
more shall he reign,

With unlimited sway o'er these free
states again;

Lord North, nor old Bute, nor none of
their clan,

Shall ever be honor'd by an American.

May heaven's blessing descend on our
United States,

And grant that the union may never
abate;

May love, peace and harmony ever be
found

For to go hand in hand America round.

Upon our grand Congress, may heaven
bestow

Both wisdom and skill our good to
pursue;

On heaven alone dependent we'll be,

But from all earthly tyrants we mean
to be free.

Unto our brave generals may heaven give
skill,

Our armies to guide and the sword for
to wield;

May their hands taught to war and their
fingers to fight,

Be able to put British armies to flight.

And now, brave Americans, since it is so,
That we are independent we'll have
them to know,

That united we are, and united we'll be,
And from all British tyrants we'll try
to keep free.

May heaven smile on us in all our en-
deavors,

Safe guard our sea-ports, our towns
and our rivers;

Keep us from invaders, by land and by
sea,

And from all who'd deprive us of our
liberty.

*Freeman's Journal, or New Hampshire
Gazette, Aug. 17, 1776.*

A BALLAD

To the tune of "Smile Britannia"

Rise, rise, bright genius rise,

Conduct thy sons to war;

Thy spear pois'd to the skies,

Whirl, whirl thy rapid car;

Fire each firm breast with noble zeal,

To conquer for the common weal.

For years the iron rod

Has hover'd o'er our heads,

Submit to George's nod,

Whose power all Europe dreads;

The slavish minion cries,

But Freedom's sons all fears despise.

All means for peace we've tried,

But found those measures vain;

North's ministerial pride

Thought fear made us complain.

But in the end, convinc'd he'll see,

We dread not death, but slavery.

Tho' fatal lust of pow'r

Has steel'd the tyrants soul;

Though in an ill-tim'd hour

He bids his thunders roll,

Great LIBERTY, inspired by thee,

We fly to death or victory.

Great Nature's law inspires,

And free-born souls unite,

While common interest fires

Us to defend our right

Against corruption's boundless claim,

And firmly fix great Freedom's reign.

They foreign troops employ,
 For mercenary hire;
 Their weakness we enjoy,
 Each pulse new ardors fire,
 Convinc'd the *wretch* who fights for pay,
 Will never bear the palm away.

They boast their power by sea,
 The ruin of our trade;
 Our navy soon they'll see,
 Wide o'er the ocean spread; 40
 Britain not long shall boast her reign
 O'er the wide empire of the main.

Throughout the universe
 Our commerce we'll extend,
 Each power on the reverse
 Shall seek to be our friend,
 Whilst our sons crown'd with wealth im-
 mense,
 Sing WASHINGTON and COMMON SENSE.

*Freeman's Journal, or New Hampshire
 Gazette, Oct. 22, 1776.*

SONG

JONATHAN ODELL

How sweet is the season, the sky how
 serene;
 On Delaware's banks how delightful the
 scene;
 The prince of the rivers, his waves all
 asleep,
 In silence majestic glides on to the deep.

Away from the noise of the fife and the
 drum,
 And all the rude din of Bellona we come,
 And a plentiful store of good humor we
 bring
 To season our feast in the shade of Cold
 Spring.

A truce then to all whig and tory debate;
 True lovers of freedom, contention we
 hate: 10
 For the demon of discord in vain tries his
 art
 To possess or inflame a true Protestant¹
 heart.

True Protestant friends to fair liberty's
 cause,
 To decorum, good order, religion and
 laws,

¹ "Protestant was a term adopted by a circle
 of Loyalists." (Author's note.)

From avarice, jealousy, perfidy, free:
 We wish all the world were as happy as
 we.

We have wants, we confess, but are free
 from the care
 Of those that abound, yet have nothing to
 spare:
 Serene as the sky, as the river serene,
 We are happy to want envy, malice and
 spleen. 20

While thousands around us, misled by a
 few,
 The phantoms of pride and ambition pur-
 sue,
 With pity their fatal delusion we see;
 And wish all the world were as happy as
 we.

For a fishing party near Burlington on
 the Delaware in 1776.

THE CONGRESS

Ye Tories all rejoice and sing
 Success to George our gracious king
 The faithful subjects tribute bring
 And execrate the Congress.

These hardy knaves and stupid fools,
 Some apish and pragmatic mules,
 Some servile acquiescing tools,—
 These, these compose the Congress!

When Jove resolved to send a curse,
 And all the woes of life rehearse, 10
 Not plague, not famine, but much worse—
 He cursed us with a Congress.

Then peace forsook this hapless shore,
 Then cannons blazed with horrid roar;
 We hear of blood, death, wounds, and
 gore,
 The offspring of the Congress.

Imperial Rome from scoundrels rose,
 Her grandeur's hailed in verse and prose;
 Venice the dregs of sea compose;
 So sprung the mighty Congress. 20

When insects vile emerge to light,
 They take their short inglorious flight,
 Then sink again to native night,
 An emblem of the Congress.

With freemen's rights they wanton play;
 At their command, we fast and pray;
 With worthless paper they us pay,
 A fine device of Congress.

With poverty and dire distress,
 With standing armies us oppress, 30
 Whole troops to Pluto swiftly press,
 As victims to the Congress.

Time serving priests to zealots preach,
 Who king and parliament impeach;
 Seditious lessons to us teach
 At the command of Congress.

Good Lord! disperse this venal tribe;
 Their doctrine let no fools imbibe—
 Let Balaam no more asses ride,
 Nor burdens bear to Congress. 40

With puffs, and flams, and gasconade.
 With stupid jargon they bravade;
 We transports take—Quebec invade—
 With laurels crown the Congress.

Our mushroom champions they dragoon,
 We cry out hero, not poltroon,
 The next campaign we'll storm the moon,
 And there proclaim the Congress.

In shades below, Montgomery's ghost
 Is welcomed to the Stygian coast; 50
 Congenial traitors see and boast
 Th' unhappy days of Congress.

Old Catiline, and Cromwell too,
 Jack Cade, and his seditious crew,
 Hail brother-rebel at first view,
 And hope to meet the Congress.

The world's amazed to see the pest
 The tranquil land with wars infest;
 Britannia puts them to the test,
 And tries the strength of Congress. 60

O goddess, hear our hearty prayers;
 Confound the villains by the ears;
 Disperse the plebeians—try the peers,
 And execute the Congress.

See, see, our hope begins to dawn!
 Bold Carleton scours the Northern lawn,
 The sons of faction sigh forlorn,
 Dejected is the Congress.

Clinton, Burgoyne and gallant Howe,
 Will soon reward our conduct true, 70
 And to each traitor give his due,
 Perdition waits the Congress.

See noble Dunmore keeps his post;
 Maraudes and ravages the coast;
 Despises Lee and all his host,
 That hair brain tool of Congress.

There's Washington and all his men—
 Where Howe had one, the goose had ten—
 March'd up the hill, and down again
 And sent returns to Congress. 80

Prepare, prepare, my friends, prepare
 For scenes of blood, the field of war;
 To royal standard we'll repair,
 And curse the haughty Congress.

Huzza! Huzza! we thrice huzza!
 Return peace, harmony, and law!
 Restore such times as once we saw,
 And bid adieu to Congress.

Towne's Evening Post, No. 435, 1776

BOLD HAWTHORNE¹

The twenty-second of August,
 Before the close of day,
 All hands on board of our privateer,
 We got her under weigh;
 We kept the Eastern shore along,
 For forty leagues or more,
 Then our departure took for sea,
 From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
 A man of real worth, 10
 Old England's cruel tyranny
 Induced him to go forth;
 She, with relentless fury,
 Was plundering all our coast,
 And thought, because her strength was
 great,
 Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
 Of power and dignity,
 By land thy conquering armies,
 Thy matchless strength at sea; 20
 Since taught by numerous instances
 Americans can fight,
 With valor can equip their stand,
 Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
 Farewell our friends and wives;
 We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
 For to protect their lives;
 To prosper our intended cruise
 Upon the raging main, 30
 And to preserve our dearest-friends
 Till we return again.

¹ The Surgeon's record of the Cruise of the "Fair American," Captain Daniel Hawthorne, Commander.—1777.

The wind it being leading,
 It bore us on our way,
 As far unto the southward
 As the Gulf of Florida;
 Where we fell in with a British ship,
 Bound homeward from the main;
 We gave her two bow-chasers,
 And she returned the same. 40

We hauled up our courses,
 And so prepared for fight;
 The contest held four glasses,
 Until the dusk of night;
 Then having sprung our main-mast,
 And had so large a sea,
 We dropped astern and left our chase
 Till the returning day.

Next morn we fished our main-mast,
 The ship still being nigh, 50
 All hands made for engaging
 Our chance once more to try;
 But wind and sea being boisterous
 Our cannon would not bear,
 We thought it quite imprudent
 And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
 Near the coast of Portugal,
 In longitude of twenty-seven
 We saw a lofty sail; 60
 We gave her chase, and soon perceived
 She was a British snow
 Standing for fair America,
 With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
 With glasses, and he said,
 "My boys, she means to fight us,
 But be you not afraid;
 All hands repair to quarters,
 See everything is clear, 70
 We'll give a broadside, my boys,
 As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
 And her men were well secured,
 And bore directly for us,
 And put us close on board;
 When the cannon roared like thunder,
 And the muskets fired amain,
 But soon we were along-side
 And grappled to her chain. 80

And now the scene it altered,
 The cannon ceased to roar,
 We fought with swords and boarding
 pikes
 One gladd or something more,

Till British pride and glory
 No longer dared to stay,
 But cut the Yankee grapplings,
 And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desparate
 As plainly might appear; 90
 Yet sudden death did enter
 On board our privateer.
 Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
 The valiant and the brave,
 Fell glorious in the contest,
 And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
 Among our warlike crew,
 With them our noble captain,
 To whom all praise is due; 100
 To him and all our officers
 Let's give a hearty cheer;
 Success to fair America
 And our good privateer.

Cir. 1777.

A BIRTHDAY SONG

JONATHAN ODELL

Composed at New York, in honour of the anniversary of the King's birthday, June 4th, 1777: and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year.

Time was when America hallow'd the
 morn
 On which the lov'd monarch of Britain
 was born
 Hallow'd the day, and joyfully chanted
 God save the King!
 Then flourish'd the blessings of freedom
 and peace
 And plenty flow'd in with a yearly in-
 crease.
 Proud of our lot we chanted merrily
 Glory and joy crown the King!

With envy beheld by the nations around,
 We rapidly grew, nor was anything found
 Able to check our growth while we chanted
 God save the King! 12
 O blest beyond measure, had honour and
 truth
 Still nursed in our hearts what they
 planted in youth!
 Loyalty still had chanted merrily
 Glory and joy crown the King!

But see! how rebellion has lifted her
 head!
 How honour and truth are with loyalty
 fled!

Few are there now who join us in chanting

God save the King! 20

And see! how deluded the multitude fly
To arm in a cause that is built on a lye!
Yet are we proud to chant thus merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!

Though faction by falsehood awhile may prevail!

And loyalty suffers a captive in jail;
Britain is rous'd, rebellion is falling:

God save the King!

The captive shall soon be releas'd from his chain:

And conquest restore us to Britain again,
Ever to join in chanting merrily, 31

Glory and joy crown the King!

June 4, 1777.

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE

When Jack the king's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crowned
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs; 10
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sate mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those away he goes
Straightway to Saratoga. 20

With great parade his march he made
To gain his wished-for station,
While far and wide his minions hied
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as stayed he offers made
Of "pardon on submission:
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!

This boasted son of Britain, 30
When mounting his triumphal car,
With sudden fear was smitten.

To sons of Freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turned their back
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled;
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender. 40

Brave St. Clair, when he first retired,
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honor be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

1777.

A PASTORAL SONG

JOSEPH STANSBURY

When war with his bellowing sound
Pervades each once happy retreat
And friendship no longer is found
With those who her praises repeat;
The good from the crowd may retire
And follow sweet peace to the grove
Where virtue rekindles her fire
And raises an altar to love.

There blest with a sociable few—
The few that are just and sincere— 10
We bid the ambitious adieu,
And drop them, in pity, a tear.
We grieve at the fury and rage
Which burn in the breasts of our foes.
We fain would that fury assuage;
We dare not that fury oppose.

With peace and simplicity blest,
No troubles our pleasures annoy;
We quaff the pure stream with a zest
The temp'rate alone can enjoy. 20
Thus innocent, chearful and gay
The swift-fleeting moments secure:
An age would seem short as a day
With pleasures as simple and pure.

Summer, 1778.

THE EPILOGUE

Our farce is now finished, your sport's
at an end,
But ere you depart, let the voice of a
friend,
By way of a chorus the evening crown,
With a song to the tune of a hey derry
down.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Old Shakespeare, a poet who should not
be spit on,
Altho' he was born in the island called
Briton,
Hath said that mankind are all players
at best,
A truth we'll admit of, for the sake of
the jest.

Derry down, etc. 10

On this puny stage we have strutted our
hour,
And have acted our parts to the best of
our power.
That the farce has concluded not perfectly
well

Was surely the fault of the Devil in Hell.
Derry down, etc.

This Devil, you know, out of spleen to
the church,
Will often times leave his best friends in
the lurch,
And turn them adrift in the midst of
their joy;
'Tis a difficult matter to cheat the old
boy.

Derry down, etc. 20

Since this is the case, we must e'en make
the best
Of a game that is lost; let us turn it to
jest,
We'll smile, nay, we'll laugh, we'll carouse
and we'll sing,
And cheerfully drink life and health to
the King.

Derry down, etc.

Let Washington now from his mountains
descend,
Who knows but in George he may still
find a friend.
A Briton, although he loves bottle and
wench,
Is an honester fellow than *parlez vous*
French.

Derry down, etc. 30

Our great *Independence* we give to the
wind,
And pray that Great Britain may once
more be kind,
In this jovial song all hostility ends,
And Britons and we will for ever be
friends.

Derry down, etc.

Boy, fill me a bumper, now join in the
chorus,
There's happiness still in the prospect be-
fore us;
In this sparkling glass all hostility ends,
And Britons and we will for ever be
friends.

Derry down, etc. 40

Good night, my good people, retire to
your houses,
Fair ladies, I beg you convince your fair
spouses,
That Britons and we are united in bliss,
And ratify all with a conjugal kiss.

Derry down, etc.

Once more, here's a health to the King
and the Queen,
Confusion to him who in rancor and
spleen,
Refuses to drink with an English friend,
Immutable amity to the world's end.

Derry down, etc. 50

*A Broadside, Philadelphia and New
York, Oct. 24, 1778.
Rivington's Royal Gazette, Oct. 24,
1778.*

YANKEE DOODLE¹

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

¹ See "The Origin of Yankee Doodle," by
B. J. Lossing, *Littell's Living Age* (July, 1861).
This gives the complete poem with its history
and its ballad origins.

And there we see a thousand men,
 As rich as 'Squire David;
 And what they wasted every day
 I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
 Would keep an house a winter;
 They have as much that, I'll be bound,
 They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
 It takes a horn of powder,
 And makes a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
 As Siah's underpinning;
 And father went as nigh again,
 I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
 I thought he would have cocked it;
 It scared me so, I shrunk it off,
 And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis has a gun,
 He kind of clapt his hand on't,
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
 Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
 As big as mother's bason;
 And every time they touched it off,
 They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
 The heads were made of leather,
 They knocked upon 't with little clubs
 And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
 And gentlefolks about him,
 They say he's grown so tarnal proud
 He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
 Upon a slapping stallion.
 He set the world along in rows,
 In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
 They looked so tearing fine ah,
 I wanted pockily to get,
 To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
 A digging graves, they told me,
 So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
 They 'tended they should hold me. 60

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
 Nor stopped, as I remember,
 Nor turned about, till I got home,
 Locked up in mother's chamber.

(Undated.)

YANKEE DOODLE'S EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND

From Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came,
 To Congress in this town, sir,
 They bowed to him, and he to them,
 And then they all sat down, sir.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup
 You shall bientot behold, sir;
 This was believed as gospel true,
 And Jonathan felt bold, sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
 The sound of British drum, sir, 10
 How oft it made him quake and sweat,
 In spite of Yankee rum, sir.

He took his wallet on his back,
 His rifle on his shoulder,
 And veowed Rhode Island to attack,
 Before he was much older.

In dread array their tattered crew
 Advanced with colors spread, sir,
 Their fifes played Yankee doodle, doo,
 King Hancock at their head, sir. 20

What numbers bravely crossed the seas,
 I can not well determine,
 A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
 And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they
 thought,
 For all flesh only grass is,
 A plenteous store they therefore brought
 Of whiskey and molasses.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot
 squeak,
 So did their good ally, sir, 30
 And take him prisoner in a week,
 But that was all my eye, sir.

As Jonathan so much desired
 To shine in martial story,
 D'Estaing with politeness retired,
 To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet,
At least it was more use, sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuse, sir.

To stay, unless he ruled the sea,
He thought would not be right, sir,
And Continental troops, said he,
On islands should not fight, sir.

Another cause with these combined,
To throw him in the dumps, sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind,
And made him stir his stumps, sir.

Rivington's Gazette, Oct. 3, 1778.

A FABLE

DAVID MATTHEWS(?)

Rejoice, Americans, rejoice!
Praise ye the Lord with heart and voice!
The treaty's signed with faithful France,
And now, like Frenchmen, sing and dance!

But when your joy gives way to reason,
And friendly hints are not deemed treason,
Let me, as well as I am able,
Present your Congress with a fable.

Tired out with happiness, the frogs
Sedition croaked through all their bogs; 10
And thus to Jove the restless race,
Made out their melancholy case.

"Famed, as we are, for faith and prayer,
We merit sure peculiar care;
But can we think great good was meant
us,
When logs for Governors were sent us?"

"Which numbers crushed they fell upon,
And caused great fear,—till one by one,
As courage came, we boldly faced 'em,
Then leaped upon 'em, and disgraced 'em!"

"Great Jove," they croaked, "no longer
fool us, 21
None but ourselves are fit to rule us;
We are too large, too free a nation,
To be encumbered with taxation!"

"We pray for peace, but wish confusion,
Then right or wrong, a—revolution!
Our hearts can never bend to obey;
Therefore no king—and more we'll pray."

Jove smiled, and to their fate resigned
The restless, thankless, rebel kind; 30
Left to themselves, they went to work,
And signed a treaty with king Stork.

He swore that they, with his alliance,
To all the world might bid defiance;
Of lawful rule there was an end on't,
And frogs were henceforth—independent.

At which the croakers, one and all,
Proclaimed a feast, and festival!
But joy to-day brings grief to-morrow;
Their feasting o'er, now enter sorrow! 40

The Stork grew hungry, longed for fish;
The monarch could not have his wish;
In rage he to the marshes flies,
And makes a meal of his allies.

Then grew so fond of well-fed frogs,
He made a larder of the bogs!
Say, Yankees, don't you feel compunction,
At your unnatural rash conjunction?

Can love for you in him take root,
Who's Catholic, and absolute? 50
I'll tell these croakers how he'll treat 'em;
Frenchmen, like storks, love frogs—to
eat 'em.

Rivington's Royal Gazette, 1778.

A CRY TO BATTLE

J. M. SEWALL

Ye see mankind the same in every age;
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,
And hoary treason, and untainted youth,
Have deeply marked all periods and all
climes:

The noblest virtues, and the blackest
crimes!

Britannia's daring sins and virtues both,
Perhaps once marked the Vandal and the
Goth,

And what now gleams with dawning ray
at home

Once blazed in full-orbed majesty at
Rome. 10

Did Cæsar, drunk with power, and
madly brave,

Insatiate burn, his country to enslave?
Did he for this lead forth a servile host,
And spill the choicest blood that Rome
could boast?

Our British Cæsar too has done the same,
And damned this age to everlasting fame.
Columbia's crimsoned fields still smoke
with gore!

Her bravest heroes cover all the shore!
The flower of Britain too in martial
bloom,
In one sad year sent headlong to the
tomb! 20

.
Rise then, my countrymen! for fight
prepare,
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush
to war!
For your grieved country nobly dare to
die,
And empty all your veins for liberty.
No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is
yours!

Epilogue to "Cato," 1778.

WAR AND WASHINGTON

J. M. SEWALL

Vain Britons, boast no longer with proud
indignity,
By land your conquering legions, your
matchless strength at sea.
Since we, your braver sons incensed, our
swords have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for war and
Washington.

Urged on by North and vengeance those
valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing Tea and Treason, and
George was all on flame,
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels
still live on,
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza
for Washington.

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind
to England's good,
You have for thirty pieces betrayed your
country's blood. 10
Like Esop's greedy cur you'll gain a
shadow for your bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, in-
spired by Washington.

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehen-
sible!
The blundering schemes of Britain their
folly, pride, and zeal,

Like lions how ye growl and threat! mere
asses have you shown,
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and
drudge for Washington!

Your dark unfathomed councils our
weakest heads defeat,
Our children rout your armies, our boats
destroy your fleet,
And to complete the dire disgrace, cooped
up within a town,
You live the scorn of all our host, the
slaves of Washington. 20

Great Heavens! is this the nation whose
thundering arms were hurled,
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose
navy ruled the world?
The luster of your former deeds, whole
ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transferred to us
and Washington!

Yet think not thirst of glory unsheaths
our vengeful swords
To rend your bands asunder, and cast
away your cords.
'Tis heaven-born freedom fires us all,
and strengthens each brave son,
From him who humbly guides the plough,
to godlike Washington.

For this, oh could our wishes your an-
cient rage inspire,
Your armies should be doubled, in num-
bers, force, and fire. 30
Then might the glorious conflict prove
which best deserved the boon,
America or Albion, a George or Wash-
ington.

Fired with the great idea, our Fathers'
shades would rise,
To view the stern contention, the gods
desert their skies;
And Wolfe, 'midst hosts of heroes, supe-
rior bending down,
Cry out with eager transport, God save
great Washington.

Should George, the choice of Britons, to
foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we
would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew, and Infidel, or all
those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our camp
great Washington! 40

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdain-
ing slavish fears,
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares,
our pruning-hooks to spears,
And rush, all desperate! on our foe, nor
breathe till battle won,
Then shout, and shout America! and con-
quering Washington!

Proud France should view with terror,
and haughty Spain revere,
While every warlike nation would court
alliance here;
And George, his minions trembling round,
dismounting from his throne,
Pay homage to America and glorious
Washington.

From "Cato," 1778.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW: A PROPHECY

J. ODELL(?)

What though last year be past and gone,
Why should we grieve or mourn about it?
As good a year is now begun,

And better, too,—let no one doubt it.

'Tis New Year's morn; why should
we part?

Why not enjoy what heaven has
sent us?

Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine
content us.

War's rude alarms disturb'd last year;
Our country bled and wept around us;
But this each honest heart shall cheer,¹¹
And peace and plenty shall surround us.

Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet con-
nection:
But this shall see them home again,
And happy in their King's protection.

Last year "King Congo" through the land,
Display'd his thirteen stripes to fright
us;

But George's power, in Clinton's hand,
In this New Year shall surely right us.

Last year vain Frenchmen brav'd our
coasts,
And baffled Howe, and scap'd from
Byron;
But this shall bring their vanquish'd hosts
To crouch beneath the British lion.²⁰

Last year rebellion proudly stood,
Elate, in her meridian glory;
But this shall quench her pride in blood—
George will avenge each martyr'd Tory.

Then bring us wine, full bumpers bring:
Hail this New Year in joyful chorus;
God bless great George, our gracious king,
And crush rebellion down before us.

'Tis New Year's morn; why should
we part?

Why not enjoy what heaven has
sent us?³⁰

Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine
content us.

Rivington's Royal Gazette, Jan. 2, 1779.

THE PRESENT AGE

Of all the ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For all the men are honest grown,
And all the women modest.

Nor lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues,
No idle people now one sees,
At church no empty pews.

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With promises of favor;¹⁰
For what they made 'em once believe
Is done and done forever.

Our nobles—Heaven defend us all!
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are great and I'm but small,
So muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry are a virtuous race,
Despising earthly treasures;
Fond of true honor's noble chase,
And quite averse to pleasures.²⁰

The ladies dress so plain indeed,
You'd think 'em Quakers all;
Witness the wool-packs on their heads,
So comely and so small.

No tradesman now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news;
Or takes his dealer at a hop
Through interested views.

No soaking sot forsakes his spouse
For mugs of mantling nappy;³⁰
Nor taverns tempt him from his house,
Where all are pleased and happy.

Our frugal taste the State secures,
 Whence then can woes begin?
 For luxury's turned out of doors,
 And prudence taken in.

From hence proceeds the abundant flow
 Of plenty through the land;
 Where all provisions, all men know,
 Are cheap on every hand. 40

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,
 Nor crowd the roads on Sunday;
 So horses, ambling through the week,
 Obtain a respite one day.

All gaming, tricking, swearing, lying,
 Is grown quite out of fashion;
 For modern youth's so self-denying
 It flies all lawless passion.

Happy the nation thus endowed!
 So void of wants and crimes; 50
 Where all are rich and none are proud,
 Oh! these are glorious times.

Your characters (with wondering stare
 Cries Tom) are mighty high, sir;
 But pray forgive me, if I swear,
 I think they're all a lie, sir.

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
 Then take another light on't;
 Just turn the picture upside down,
 I fear you'll see the right on't. 60

*The Freeman's Journal or the New
 Hampshire Gazette, 1779.*

THE CONGRATULATION

JONATHAN ODELL

Dii boni, boni quid porto.—TERENCE.

Joy to Great Congress, joy an hundred
 fold:
 The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
 In vain has [Franklin's] artifice been tried,
 And Louis swell'd with treachery and
 pride:
 Who reigns supreme in heav'n deception
 spurns,
 And on the author's head the mischief
 turns.

¹ Written by Rev. Dr. Odell, on occasion of the failure of the great expectations entertained by the Americans from the presence in our waters of D'Estaing's fleet during the years 1778 and 1779. This piece appears to have been very popular at the period, being printed at New York in Rivington's Royal Gazette of November 6th, 1779; and again in the Supplement of November 24th.—(WINTHROP SARGENT'S Note.)

What pains were taken to procure D'Es-
 taing!
 His fleet's dispers'd, and Congress may
 go hang.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
 fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
 jol'd! 10

Heav'n's King sends forth the hurricane
 and strips

Of all their glory the perfidious ships.
 His Ministers of Wrath the storm direct:
 Nor can the Prince of Air his French pro-
 tect.

St. George, St. David show'd themselves
 true hearts;

St. Andrew and St. Patrick topp'd their
 parts.

With right Eolian puffs the wind they
 blew;

Crack went the masts; the sails to shivers
 flew.

Such honest saints shall never be forgot:
 St. Dennis, and St. Tammany go rot. 20

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
 fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
 jol'd!

Old Satan holds a council in mid-air;
 Hear the black Dragon furious rage and
 swear—

—Are these the triumphs of my Gallic
 friends?

How will you ward this blow, my trusty
 fiends?

What remedy for this unlucky job?

What art shall raise the spirits of the
 mob?

Fly swift, ye sure supporters of my realm,
 Ere this ill-news the rebels overwhelm. 30

Invent, say anything to make them mad;
 Tell them the King—No, Dev'ls are not
 so bad;

The dogs of Congress at the king let
 loose;

But ye, brave Dev'ls, avoid such mean
 abuse.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
 fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
 jol'd!

What thinks Sir Washington of this mis-
 chance;

Blames he not those, who put their trust
 in France? 38

A broken reed comes pat into his mind:
Egypt and France by rushes are defined.
Basest of Kingdoms underneath the skies,
Kingdoms that could not profit their al-
lies.

How could the tempest play him such a
prank?

Blank is his prospect, and his visage
blank:

Why from West Point his armies has he
brought?

Can naught be done? sore sighs he at the
thought.

Back to his mountains Washington may
trot:

He take this city—yes, when Ice is hot.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd! ⁵⁰

Ah, poor militia of the Jersey state,
Your hopes are bootless, you are come
too late,

Your four hours plunder of New York is
fled,

And grievous hunger haunts you in its
stead.

Sorrow and sighing seize the Yankee race,
When the brave Briton looks them in the
face:

The brawny Hessian, the bold Refugee,
Appear in arms, and lo! the rebels flee;
Each in his bowels griping *spankue* feels;
Each drops his haversack, and trusts his
heels. ⁶⁰

Scamp'ring and scouring o'er the fields
they run,

And here you find a sword, and there a
gun.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

The doleful tidings Philadelphia reach,
And Duffield cries—The wicked make a
breach!

Members of Congress in confusion meet,
And with pale countenance each other
greet.

—No comfort, brother?—Brother, none at
all,

Fall'n is our tower: yea, broken down our
wall. ⁷⁰

Oh brother, things are at a dreadful
pass:

Brother, we sinn'd in going to the Mass.

The Lord, who taught our fingers how
to fight,

For this denied to curb the tempest's
might:

Our paper coin refus'd for flour we see,
And lawyers will not take it for a fee.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

What caus'd the French from Parker's
fleet to steal?

They wanted thirty thousand casks of
meal. ⁸⁰

Where are they now—can mortal man
reply?

Who finds them out must have a Lynx's
eye.

Some place them in the ports of Chesa-
peak:

Others account them bound to Martin-
ique;

Some think to Boston they intend to go;
And some suppose them in the deep be-
low.

One thing is certain, be they where they
will,

They keep their triumph most exceeding
still.

They have not even Pantagruel's luck,
Who conquer'd two old women and a
duck. ⁹⁰

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

How long shall the deluded people look
For the French squadron moor'd at Sandy
Hook?

Of all their hopes the comfort and the
stay,

This vile deceit at length must pass away.
What imposition can be thought on next,
To cheer their partizans, with doubt per-
plex'd?

Dollars on dollars heap'd up to the skies,
Their value sinks the more, the more they
rise; ¹⁰⁰

Bank notes of bankrupts, struck without
a fund,

Puff'd for a season, will at last be
shunn'd.

Call forth invention, ye renown'd in guile;
New falsehoods frame in matter, and in
style;

Send some enormous fiction to the press;
Again prepare the circular address;

With lies, with nonsense, keep the people
drunk:
For should they once reflect, your power
is sunk.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd! ¹¹⁰

The farce of empire will be finished soon,
And each mock-monarch dwindle to a
loon,

Mock-money and mock-states shall melt
away,

And the mock-troops disband for want of
pay.

Ev'n now decisive ruin is prepar'd,
Ev'n now the heart of Huntington is
scar'd.

Seen or unseen, on earth, above, below,
All things conspire to give the final blow.
Heav'n has ten thousand thunderbolts to
dart;

From Hell, ten thousand livid flames will
start; ¹²⁰

Myriads of swords are ready for the
field;

Myriads of lurking daggers are conceal'd;
In injur'd bosoms dark revenge is nurst;
Yet but a moment, and the storm shall
burst.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

Now War, suspended by the scorching
heat,

Springs from his tent, and shines in arms
complete.

Now Sickness, that of late made heroes
pale,

Flies from the keenness of the northern
gale. ¹³⁰

Firmness and Enterprise, united, wait
The last command, to strike the stroke of
Fate.

Now Boston trembles: Philadelphia
quakes:

And Carolina to the center shakes.
There is, whose councils the just moment
scan:

Whose wisdom meditates the mighty plan:
He, when the season is mature, shall
speak;

All Heav'n shall plaud him, and all Hell
shall shriek.

At his dread fiat tumult shall retire;
Abhorred rebellion sicken and expire; ¹⁴⁰

The fall of Congress prove the world's
relief;
And deathless glory crown the godlike
Chief!

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

What now is left of Continental brags?
Taxes unpaid, tho' payable in rags.

What now remains of Continental force?
Battalions mould'ring: Waste without re-
source.

What rests there yet of Continental Sway?
A ruin'd People ripe to disobey. ¹⁵⁰

Hate now of men, and soon to be the
Jest;

Such is your fate, ye Monsters of the
West!

Yet must on every face a smile be worn,
While every breast with agony is torn.

Hopeless yourselves, yet hope you must
impart,

And comfort others with an aching heart.
Ill fated they who, lost at home, must
boast

Of help expected from a foreign coast:
How wretched is their lot, to France and
Spain,

Who look for succor, but who look in
vain. ¹⁶⁰

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred
fold:

The grand cajolers are themselves ca-
jol'd!

Courage, my boys; dismiss your chilling
fears:

Attend to me, I'll put you in your geers.
Come, I'll instruct you how to advertize
Your missing friends, your hide-and-seek
Allies.

O YES!—If any man alive will bring
News of the squadron of the Christian
King:

If any man will find out Count D'Estaing,
With whose scrub actions both the Indies
rang: ¹⁷⁰

If any man will ascertain on oath
What has become of Monsieur de la
Mothe:

Whoever these important points explains,
Congress will nobly pay him for his pains,
Of pewter dollars, what both hands can
hold,

A thimbleful of plate, a mite of gold;
The lands of some big Tory he shall get,
And start a famous Colonel *en brevet*;

And last to honour him (we scorn to
bribe)
We'll make him chief of the *Oneida*
Tribe!

Rivington's Royal Gazette, Nov. 6, 1779.

THE AMERICAN TIMES

A Satire

IN THREE PARTS

Facit indignatis versum—JUVENAL.

BY CAMILLO QUERNO

(DR. JONATHAN ODELL)

Chaplain to the Congress.

FROM PART I

When Faction, pois'nous as the scorpion's
sting,
Infects the people, and insults the King;
When foul Sedition skulks no more con-
ceal'd,
But grasps the sword and rushes to the
field;
When Justice, Law and Truth are in dis-
grace
And Treason, Fraud and Murder fill their
place:
Smarting beneath accumulated woes,
Shall we not dare the tyrants to expose?
We will, we must—though mighty Laurens
frown,
Or Hancock with his rabble hunt us
down;
Champions of virtue, we'll alike disdain
The guards of Washington, the lies of
Paine,
And greatly bear, without one anxious
throb,
The wrath of Congress, or its lords the
mob.
Bad are the Times, almost too bad to
paint;
The whole head sickens, the whole heart
is faint:
The State is rotten, rotten to the core
'Tis all one bruize, one putrefying sore.
Here Anarchy before the gaping crowd
Proclaims the people's majesty aloud; 20
There Folly runs with eagerness about,
And prompt the cheated populace to
shout;
Here paper-dollars meager Famine holds,
There votes of Congress Tyranny un-
folds;
With doctrines strange in matter and in
dress,

Here sounds the pulpit, and there groans
the press;
Confusion blows her trump—and far and
wide
The noise is heard—the plough is laid
aside;
The awl, the needle, and the shuttle drops;
Tools change to swords, and camps suc-
ceed to shops; 30
The doctor's glister-pipe, the lawyer's
quill,
Transform'd to guns, retain their pow'r
to kill;
From garrets, cellars, rushing thro' the
street,
The new-born statesmen in committee
meet;
Legions of senators infest the land,
And mushroom generals thick as mush-
rooms stand.
Ye western climes, where youthful plenty
smil'd,
Ye plains just rescued from the dreary
wild,
Ye cities just emerging into fame,
Ye minds new ting'd with learning's
sacred flame, 40
Ye people wondering at your swift in-
crease
Sons of united liberty and peace,
How are your glories in a moment fled?
See, Pity weeps, and Honour hangs its
head.

Not always generals offer to our aim,—
By turns we must advert t' inferior game.
Yet hard to rescue from oblivion's grasp
The worthless beetle and the noxious asp;
And full as hard to save from after-times
The names of men known only for their
crimes. 50
Left to themselves they soon would be
forgot;
But yet 'tis right that rogues should hang
and rot.

Strike up, hell's music! roar, infernal
drums!
Discharge the cannon! Lo, the warrior
comes!
He comes, not tame as on Ohio's banks
But rampant at the head of ragged ranks.
Hunger and itch are with him—Gates and
Wayne!
And all the lice of Egypt in his train.
Sure these are Falstaff's soldiers, poor
and bare, 59
Or else the rotten reg'ments of Rag Fair.

Bid the French generals to their chief advance,
 And grace his suite—O shame! they're fled to France.
 Wilt thou, great chief of Freedom's lawless sons,
 Great captain of the western Goths and Huns,
 Wilt thou for once permit a private man
 To parley with thee, and thy conduct scan?
 At Reason's bar has Catiline been heard:
 At Reason's bar e'en Cromwell has appeared.
 Successful or unsuccessful, all must stand
 At her tribunal with uplifted hand 70
 Severe, but just, the case she fairly states
 And fame or infamy her sentence waits.

Hear thy indictment, Washington, at large;
 Attend and listen to the solemn charge:
 Thou hast supported an atrocious cause
 Against thy King, thy Country, and the laws;
 Committed perjury, encourag'd lies,
 Forced conscience, broken the most sacred ties;
 Myriads of wives and fathers at thy hand
 Their slaughter'd husbands, slaughter'd sons, demand; 80
 That pastures hear no more the lowing kine,
 That towns are desolate, all—all is thine;
 The frequent sacrilege that pained my sight,
 The blasphemies my pen abhors to write,
 Innumerable crimes on thee must fall—
 For thou maintainest, thou defendest all.

Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault?
 In Reason's court a falsehood goes for nought.
 Will it avail, with subterfuge refin'd
 To say, such deeds are foreign to thy mind? 90
 Wilt thou assert that, generous and humane,
 Thy nature suffers at another's pain?
 He who a band of ruffians keeps to kill
 Is he not guilty of the blood they spill?
 Who guards M'Kean, and Joseph Reed the vile,
 Help'd he not murder Roberts and Carlisle?
 Lo, who protects committees in the chair
 In all their shocking cruelties must share.

What could, when half-way up the hill to fame,
 Induce thee to go back, and link with shame? 100

Was it ambition, vanity, or spite
 That prompted thee with Congress to unite;
 Or did all three within thy bosom roll,
 "Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul"?
 Go, wretched author of thy country's grief,
 Patron of villainy, of villains chief;
 Seek with thy cursed crew the central gloom,
 Ere Truth's avenging sword begin thy doom;
 Or sudden vengeance of celestial dart
 Precipitate thee with augmented smart. 110

FROM PART III

Stand forth, Taxation! kindler of the flame—
 Inexplicable question, doubtful claim:
 Suppose the right in Britain to be clear,
 Britain was mad to exercise it here.
 Call it unjust, or, if you please, unwise,
 The colonists were mad in arms to rise:
 Impolitic, and open to abuse,
 How could it answer—what could it produce?
 No need for furious demagogues to chafe,
 America was jealous, and was safe; 120
 Secure she stood in national alarms,
 And Madness only would have flown to arms.
 Arms could not help the tribute, nor confound:
 Self-slain it must have tumbled to the ground.
 Impossible the scheme should e'er succeed,
 Why lift the spear against a brittle reed?
 But arm they would, ridiculously brave;
 Good laughter, spare me; I would fain be grave:
 So arm they did—the knave led on the fool;
 Good anger, spare me; I would fain be cool: 130
 Mixtures were seen amazing in their kind;
 Extravagance with cruelty was joined.
 The presbyterian with the convict march'd;
 The meeting-house was thinn'd, the gaol was search'd:
 Servants were seiz'd, apprentices enroll'd:
 Youth guarded not the boy, nor age the old:
 Tag, rag and bobtail issued on the foe,
 Marshal'd by generals—Ewin, Roberdeau.
 This was not Reason—this was wildest rage,
 To make the land one military stage: 140

The strange resolve, obtain'd the Lord
 knows how,
 Which forc'd the farmer to forsake the
 plough;
 Bade tradesmen mighty warriors to be-
 come,
 And lawyers quit the parchment for the
 drum;
 To fight they knew not why, they knew
 not what;
 Was surely Madness—Reason it was not.

Next independence came, that German
 charm
 Of pow'r to save from violence and harm;
 That curious olio, vile compounded dish,
 Like salmagundy, neither flesh nor fish; ¹⁵⁰
 That brazen serpent, rais'd on Freedom's
 pole,
 To render all who look'd upon it whole;
 That half-dressed idol of the western
 shore
 All rags behind, all elegance before:
 That conj'r, which conveys away your
 gold,
 And gives you paper in its stead to hold.

Heav'ns! how my breast has swell'd with
 painful throb
 To view the phrenzy of the cheated mob:
 True sons of liberty in flattering thought;
 But real slaves to basest bondage brought:
 Frantic as Bacchanals in ancient times, ¹⁶¹
 They rush'd to perpetrate the worst of
 crimes;
 Chas'd peace, chas'd order from each
 bless'd abode;
 While Reason stood abash'd, and Folly
 crow'd.
 Now, now erect the rich triumphal gate;
 The French alliance comes in solemn
 state.
 Hail to the master-piece of madness, hail
 This head of glory with a serpent's tail!
 This seals, America, thy wretched doom:
 Here, Liberty, survey thy destin'd tomb:
 Behold the temple of tyrannic sway ¹⁷¹
 Is now complete—ye deep ton'd organs,
 play:
 Proclaim thro' all the land that Louis
 rules—
 Worship your saint, ye giddy-headed
 fools.

Illustrious guardians of the laurel hill,
 Excuse this warmth, these sallies of the
 quill:

I would be temperate, but severe disdain
 Calls for the lash whene'er I check the
 rein: ¹⁷⁸
 I would be patient, but the teasing smart
 Of insects makes the fiery courser start.
 I wish'd for Reason in her calmest mood,
 In vain,—the cruel subject fires my blood.
 When thro' the land the dogs of havock
 roar,
 And the torn country bleeds in every pore,
 'Tis hard to keep the sober line of
 thought:
 The brain turns round with such ideas
 fraught.
 Rage makes a weapon blunt as mine to
 pierce
 And indignation gathers in the verse.

1780.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR

JONATHAN ODELL

When rival nations first descried,
 Emerging from the boundless main
 This land by tyrants yet untried,
 On high was sung this lofty strain:
 Rise Britannia beaming far!
 Rise bright freedom's morning star.

To distant regions unexplor'd
 Extend the blessings of thy sway;
 To yon benighted world afford
 The light of thy all-cheering ray; ¹⁰
 Rise, Britannia, rise bright star
 Spread thy radiance wide and far!

The shoots of science rich and fair,
 Transplanted from thy fostering isle
 And by thy genius nurtur'd there,
 Shall teach the wilderness to smile,
 Shine, Britannia, rise and shine!
 To bless mankind the task be thine.

Nor shall the Muses now disdain
 To find a new asylum there: ²⁰
 And ripe for harvest see the plain,
 Where lately rovd the prowling bear.
 Plume, Britannia, plume thy wing!
 Teach the savage wild to sing!

From thee descended, there the swain
 Shall arm the port and spread the sail,
 And speed his traffick o'er the main
 With the skill to brave the sweeping gale:
 Skill, Britannia, taught by thee,
 Unrival'd empress of the sea! ³⁰

This high and holy strain how true
 Had now from age to age been shown;
 And to the world's admiring view
 Rose freedom's transatlantic throne:
 Here, Britannia, here thy fame
 Long did we with joy proclaim.

But ah! what frenzy breaks a band
 Of love and union held so dear!
 Rebellion madly shakes the land,
 And love is turn'd to hate and fear. 40
 Here, Britannia, here at last
 We feel contagion's deadly blast.

Thus blind, alas, when all is well,
 Thus blind are mortals here below:
 As when apostate angels fell,
 Ambition turns our bliss to woe.
 Now, Britannia, now beware;
 For other conflicts now prepare.

By thee controul'd for ages past,
 See now half Europe in array: 50
 For wild ambition hopes at last
 To fix her long projected sway.
 Rise, Britannia, rise again
 The scourge of haughty France and Spain!

The howling tempest fiercely blows,
 And ocean rages in the storm:
 'Tis then the fearless pilot shows
 What British courage can perform.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves 60
 And ruin all intruding slaves.

Written at New York, January 1st, 1780.

LORDS OF THE MAIN

JOSEPH STANSBURY

When Faction, in league with the treach-
 erous Gaul,
 Began to look big, and paraded in state,
 A meeting was held at Credulity Hall,
 And Echo proclaimed their ally good
 and great.
 By sea and by land
 Such wonders are planned—
 No less than the bold British lion to
 chain!
 Well hove! says Jack Lanyard,
 French, Congo, and Spaniard.
 Have at you—remember, we're Lords of
 the Main! 10
 Lords of the Main, aye, Lords of the
 Main;
 The Tars of Old England are Lords of
 the Main.

Though party-contention awhile may per-
 plex,
 And lenity hold us in doubtful suspense,
 If perfidy rouse, or ingratitude vex
 In defiance of hell we'll chastise the
 offence.

When danger alarms,
 'Tis then that in arms
 United we rush on the foe with disdain;
 And when the storm rages, 20
 It only presages
 Fresh triumphs to Britons, as Lords of
 the Main!
 Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the
 Main—
 Let Thunder proclaim it, we're Lords of
 the Main!

Then, Britons, strike home—make sure of
 your blow:
 The chase is in view; never mind a lee
 shore.
 With vengeance o'ertake the confederate
 foe:
 'Tis now we may rival our heroes of
 yore!

Brave Anson, and Drake,
 Hawke, Russell, and Blake, 30
 With ardour like yours, we defy France
 and Spain!
 Combining with treason,
 They're deaf to all reason;
 Once more let them feel we are Lords of
 the Main.
 Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the
 Main—
 The first-born of Neptune are Lords of
 the Main!

Nor are we alone in the noble career;
 The Soldier partakes of the generous
 flame
 To glory he marches, to glory we steer;
 Between us we share the rich harvest
 of fame. 40

Recorded on high,
 Their names never die.
 Of heroes by sea and by land what a
 train.

To the king, then, God bless him!
 The world shall confess him
 The Lord of those men who are Lords of
 the Main!
 Lords of the Main—ay, Lords of the
 Main—
 The Tars of Old England are Lords of
 the Main.

Rivington's Royal Gazette, Feb. 16, 1780.

A PASQUINADE

JOSEPH STANSBURY

"Has the Marquis La Fayette
Taken off all our hay yet?"
Says Clinton to the wise heads around
him:

"Yes, faith, Sir Harry,
Each stack he did carry,
And likewise the cattle—confound him!

"Besides, he now goes,
Just under your nose,
To burn all the houses to cinder."
"If that be his project, 10
It is not an object
Worth a great man's attempting to hinder.

"For forage and house
I care not a louse;
For revenge, let the Loyalists bellow;
I swear I'll not do more
To keep them in humor,
Than play on my violincello.

"Since Charleston is taken,
'Twill sure save my bacon,— 20
I can live a whole year on that same, sir;
Ride about all the day,
At night, concert or play;
So a fig for the men that dare blame, sir;

"If growlers complain,
I inactive remain—
Will do nothing, nor let any others!
'Tis sure no new thing
To serve thus our king—
Witness Burgoyne, and two famous 30
Brothers!"

Posted in New York, Aug. 25, 1780.

VOLUNTEER BOYS¹

Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his
wine,
Chloës and Phillises toasting.
Hence with the slave who will whimper
and whine
Of ardor and constancy boasting.
Hence with love's joys,
Follies and noise,
The toast that I give is the Volunteer
Boys.

¹ This is attributed to Henry Archer, a young and wealthy Englishman who came to America in 1778 and volunteered in the Revolutionary army. The sixth and seventh stanzas must have been written before his change of allegiance; but the song as a whole, whenever composed, was popular with the Colonials.

Nobles and beauties and such common
toasts,

Those who admire may drink, sir;
Fill up the glass to the volunteer hosts, 10
Who never from danger will shrink, sir.
Let mirth appear,
Every heart cheer,
The toast that I give is the brave vol-
unteer.

Here's to the squire who goes to parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier;
Here's to the merchant who fights for his
trade,
Whom danger increasing makes bolder.
Let mirth appear,
Union is here, 20
The toast that I give is the brave vol-
unteer.

Here's to the lawyer who, leaving the bar,
Hastens where honor doth lead, sir,
Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of his country to plead, sir.
Freedom appears,
Every heart cheers,
And calls for the health of the law vol-
unteers.

Here's to the soldier, though batter'd in
wars,
And safe to his farm-house retir'd; 30
When called by his country, ne'er thinks
of his scars,
With ardor to join us inspir'd.
Bright fame appears,
Trophies uprear,
To veteran chiefs who become volunteers.

Here's to the farmer who dares to ad-
vance
To harvests of honor with pleasure;
Who with a slave the most skilful in
France,
A sword for his country would measure.
Hence with cold fear, 40
Heroes rise here;
The ploughman is chang'd to the stout
volunteer.

Here's to the peer first in senate and field
Whose actions to titles add grace, sir;
Whose spirit undaunted would never yet
yield
To a foe, to a pension or place, sir.
Gratitude here,
Toasts to the peer,
Who adds to his titles, "the brave volun-
teer."

Thus the bold bands for old Jersey's defence,
 The muse hath with rapture review'd⁵⁰
 sir;
 With our volunteer boys, as our verses
 commence,
 With our volunteer boys they conclude,
 sir.
 Discord or noise
 Ne'er damp our joys,
 But health and success to the volunteer
 boys.

SONG, FOR A VENISON DINNER

JOSEPH STANSBURY

Friends, push round the bottle, and let us
 be drinking,
 While Washington up in his mountains is
 slinking:
 Good faith, if he's wise he'll not leave
 them behind him,
 For he knows he's safe nowhere where
 Britons can find him.
 When he and Fayette talk of taking this
 city,
 Their vaunting moves only our mirth and
 our pity.

But, though near our lines they're too
 cautious to tarry,
 What courage they shew when a hen-
 roost they harry!
 Who can wonder that poultry and oxen
 and swine
 Seek shelter in York from such valor¹⁰
 divine,—
 While Washington's jaws and the French-
 man's are aching
 The spoil they have lost, to be boiling and
 baking.

Let Clinton and Arnold bring both to sub-
 jection,
 And send us more geese here to seek our
 protection.
 Their flesh and their feathers shall meet
 a kind greeting;
 A fat rebel turkey is excellent eating,
 A lamb fat as butter, and white as a
 chicken—
 These sorts of tame rebels are excellent
 picking.

To-day a wild rebel has smoaked on the
 table;
 You've cut him and slic'd him as long as²⁰
 you're able.

He bounded like Congo, and bade you de-
 fiance,
 And plac'd on his running his greatest
 reliance;
 But fate overtook him and brought him
 before ye,
 To shew how rebellion will wind up her
 story.

Then chear up, my lads! if the prospect
 grows rougher,
 Remember from whence and for whom
 'tis you suffer:—
 From men whom mild laws and too happy
 condition
 Have puffed up with pride and inflam'd
 with sedition;
 For George, whose reluctance to punish
 offenders
 Has strengthened the hands of these up-
 start pretenders.³⁰

1781.

THE DANCE ✓

Cornwallis led a country dance,
 The like was never seen, sir,
 Much retrogade and much advance,
 And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,
 Joined hands, then off they run, sir,
 Our General Greene to Charlestown,
 The earl to Wilmington, sir.

Greene in the South, then danced a set,
 And got a mighty name, sir,¹⁰
 Cornwallis jigg'd with young Fayette,
 But suffered in his fame, sir.

Then down he figured to the shore,
 Most like a lordly dancer.
 And on his courtly honor swore
 He would no more advance, sir.

Quoth he, my guards are weary grown
 With footing country dances,
 They never at St. James's shone,
 At capers, kicks or prances.²⁰

Though men so gallant ne'er were seen,
 While sauntering on parade, sir,
 Or wriggling o'er the park's smooth
 green,
 Or at a masquerade, sir.

Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts,
 For stumps and briars meet, sir?
 Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts,
 Or hardy veteran feet, sir?

Now housed in York he challenged all,
 At minuet or all 'amande, 30
 And lessons for a courtly ball
 His guards by day and night conned.

This challenge known, full soon there
 came,
 A set who had the bon ton,
 De Grasse and Rochambeau, whose fame
 Fut brillant pour un long tems.

And Washington, Columbia's son,
 Whom easy nature taught, sir,
 That grace which can't by pains be won,
 Or Plutus's gold be bought, sir. 40

Now hand in hand they circle round
 This ever-dancing peer, sir;
 Their gentle movements soon confound
 The earl as they draw near, sir.

His music soon forgets to play—
 His feet can no more move, sir,
 And all his bands now curse the day
 They jiggèd to our shore, sir.

Now Tories all, what can ye say?
 Come—is not this a griper, 50
 That while your hopes are danced away,
 'Tis you must pay the piper?
 1781.

CORNWALLIS BURGOYNED

Adapted to the air, "Maggie Lauder"

When British troops first landed here,
 With Howe commander o'er them
 They thought they'd make us quake for
 fear,

And carry all before them:
 With thirty thousand men or more,
 And she without assistance
 America must needs give o'er,
 And make no more resistance.

But Washington, her glorious son,
 Of British hosts the terror, 10
 Soon, by repeated overthrows,
 Convinc'd them of their error:
 Let Princeton and let Trenton tell,
 What gallant deeds he's done, sir,
 And Monmouth's plains where hundreds
 fell
 And thousands more have run, sir.

Cornwallis, too, when he approach'd
 Virginia's old dominion

Thought he would soon her conqu'ror be;
 And so was North's opinion. 20
 From State to State with rapid stride,
 His troops had march'd before, sir,
 Till quite elate with martial pride,
 He thought all dangers o'er, sir.

But our allies, to his surprise,
 The Chesapeake had enter'd;
 And now too late, he cursed his fate
 And wish'd he ne'er had ventur'd,
 For Washington no sooner knew
 The visit he had paid her, 30
 Than to his parent State he flew,
 To crush the bold invader.

When he sat down before the town,
 His lordship soon surrender'd:
 His martial pride he laid aside,
 And cased the British standard;
 Gods! how this stroke will North provoke,
 And all his thoughts confuse, sir!
 And how the peers will hang their ears,
 When first they hear the news, sir. 40

Be peace, the glorious end of war,
 By this event effected;
 And be the name of Washington,
 To latest times respected;
 Then let us toast America,
 And France in union with her;
 And may Great Britain rue the day
 Her hostile bands came hither.

1781.

LET US BE HAPPY AS LONG AS WE CAN

JOSEPH STANSBURY

I've heard in old times that a sage used
 to say,
 The seasons were nothing, December, or
 May;
 The heat, or the cold never enter'd his
 plan—
 That all should be happy whenever they
 can.

No matter what power directed the state,
 He looked upon such things as ordered
 by fate:
 Whether governed by many, or rul'd by
 one man,
 His rule was—be happy whenever you
 can.

He happen'd to enter this world the same
 day
 With the supple, complying, fam'd Vicar
 of Bray:
 Thro' both of their lives the same. prin-
 ciple ran—
 My boys, we'll be happy as long as we
 can.

Time-serving I hate, yet I see no good
 reason
 A leaf from their book should be thought
 out of season:
 When kick'd like a football from Sheba
 to Dan—
 Egad, let's be happy as long as we can.

Since no man can tell what to-morrow
 may bring,
 Or which side shall triumph, the Congress
 or King,
 Since fate must o'errule us and carry her
 plan—
 Why, let us be happy as long as we can. 20
 To-night, let's enjoy this good wine and
 a song,
 And relish the hour which we cannot
 prolong:
 If evil will come, we'll adhere to our
 plan—
 And baffle misfortune as long as we can.
 1782-3.

PHILIP FRENEAU

(1752-1832)

(The text and author's notes are taken from early editions and collated with the invaluable "Poems of Philip Freneau," ed. by F. L. Pattee. 3 vols. 1902.)

THE POWER OF FANCY

Wakeful, vagrant, restless thing,
Ever wandering on the wing,
Who thy wondrous source can find,
Fancy, regent of the mind;
A spark from Jove's resplendent throne,
But thy nature all unknown.

This spark of bright, celestial flame,
From Jove's seraphic altar came,
And hence alone in man we trace,
Resemblance to the immortal race. 10

Ah! what is all this mighty whole.
These suns and stars that round us roll!
What are they all, where'er they shine,
But Fancies of the Power Divine!
What is this globe, these lands, and seas,
And heat, and cold, and flowers, and trees,
And life, and death, and beast, and man,
And time—that with the sun began—
But thoughts on reason's scale combin'd,
Ideas of the Almighty mind! 20

On the surface of the brain
Night after night she walks unseen,
Noble fabrics doth she raise
In the woods or on the seas,
On some high, steep, pointed rock,
Where the billows loudly knock
And the dreary tempests sweep
Clouds along the uncivil deep.

Lo! she walks upon the moon,
Listens to the chimy tune 30
Of the bright, harmonious spheres,
And the song of angels hears;
Sees this earth a distant star,
Pendant, floating in the air;
Leads me to some lonely dome,
Where Religion loves to come,
Where the bride of Jesus dwells,
And the deep-ton'd organ swells
In notes with lofty anthems join'd,
Notes that half distract the mind. 40

Now like lightning she descends
To the prison of the fiends,
Hears the rattling of their chains,
Feels their never ceasing pains—
But, O never may she tell
Half the frightfulness of hell.

Now she views Arcadian rocks,
Where the shepherds guard their flocks,
And, while yet her wings she spreads,
Sees chrystal streams and coral beds, 50
Wanders to some desert deep,
Or some dark, enchanted steep,
By the full moonlight doth shew
Forests of a dusky blue,
Where, upon some mossy bed,
Innocence reclines her head.

Swift, she stretches o'er the seas
To the far off Hebrides,
Canvas on the lofty mast
Could not travel half so fast— 60
Swifter than the eagle's flight
Or instantaneous rays of light!
Lo! contemplative she stands
On Norwegia's rocky lands—
Fickle Goddess, set me down
Where the rugged winters frown
Upon Orca's howling steep,
Nodding o'er the northern deep,
Where the winds tumultuous roar,
Vext that Ossian sings no more. 70
Fancy, to that land repair,
Sweetest Ossian slumbers there;
Waft me far to southern isles
Where the soften'd winter smiles,
To Bermuda's orange shades,
Or Demarara's lovely glades;
Bear me o'er the sounding cape,
Painting death in every shape,
Where daring Anson spread the sail
Shatter'd by the stormy gale— 80
Lo! she leads me wide and far,
Sense can never follow her—
Shape thy course o'er land and sea,
Help me to keep pace with thee,
Lead me to yon' chalky cliff,
Over rock and over reef,
Into Britain's fertile land,
Stretching far her proud command.
Look back and view, thro' many a year,
Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, there. 90

Now to Tempe's verdant wood,
Over the mid-ocean flood
Lo! the islands of the sea—
Sappho, Lesbos mourns for thee:
Greece, arouse thy humbled head,
Where are all thy mighty dead.
Who states to endless ruin hurl'd

And carried vengeance through the world?
 Troy, thy vanish'd pomp resume,
 Or, weeping at thy Hector's tomb, 100
 Yet those faded scenes renew,
 Whose memory is to Homer due.
 Fancy, lead me wandering still
 Up to Ida's cloud-topt hill;
 Not a laurel there doth grow
 But in vision thou shalt show,—
 Every sprig on Virgil's tomb
 Shall in livelier colours bloom,
 And every triumph Rome has seen
 Flourish on the years between. 110

Now she bears me far away
 In the east to meet the day,
 Leads me over Ganges' streams,
 Mother of the morning beams—
 O'er the ocean hath she ran,
 Places me on Tinian;
 Farther, farther in the east,
 Till it almost meets the west,
 Let us wandering both be lost
 On Taitis sea-beat coast, 120
 Bear me from that distant strand,
 Over ocean, over land,
 To California's golden shore—
 Fancy, stop, and rove no more.

Now, tho' late, returning home,
 Lead me to Belinda's tomb;
 Let me glide as well as you
 Through the shroud and coffin too,
 And behold, a moment, there, 130
 All that once was good and fair—
 Who doth here so soundly sleep?
 Shall we break this prison deep?
 Thunders cannot wake the maid,
 Lightnings cannot pierce the shade,
 And tho' wintry tempests roar,
 Tempests shall disturb no more.

Yet must those eyes in darkness stay,
 That once were rivals to the day?—
 Like heaven's bright lamp beneath the main
 They are but set to rise again. 140

Fancy, thou the muses' pride,
 In thy painted realms reside
 Endless images of things,
 Fluttering each on golden wings,
 Ideal objects, such a store,
 The universe could hold no more:
 Fancy, to thy power I owe
 Half my happiness below;
 By thee Elysian groves were made, 149
 Thine were the notes that Orpheus play'd;
 By thee was Pluto charm'd so well
 While rapture seiz'd the sons of hell—
 Come, O come—perceiv'd by none,
 You and I will walk alone.

1770.

In "Poems," 1786.

ON RETIREMENT

By HEZEKIAH SALEM¹

A hermit's house beside a stream,
 With forests planted round,
 Whatever it to you may seem
 More real happiness I deem
 Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I could call my own,
 Remote from domes of care;
 A little garden walled with stone,
 The wall with ivy overgrown,
 A limpid fountain near. 10

Would more substantial joys afford,
 More real bliss impart
 Than all the wealth that misers hoard,
 Than vanquish'd worlds, or worlds re-
 stored—
 Mere cankers of the heart!

Vain, foolish man! how vast thy pride,
 How little can your wants supply!—
 'Tis surely wrong to grasp so wide—
 You act as if you only had
 To vanquish—not to die! 20

In "Poems," 1786.

A POLITICAL LITANY

Libera Nos, Domine.—Deliver us, O
 Lord, not only from British depend-
 ence, but also

From a junto that labour with absolute
 power,
 Whose schemes disappointed have made
 them look sour,
 From the lords of the council, who fight
 against freedom,
 Who still follow on where delusion shall
 lead them.

From the group at St. James's, who slight
 our petitions,
 And fools that are waiting for further
 submissions—
 From a nation whose manners are rough
 and severe,
 From scoundrels and rascals,—do keep us
 all clear.

From pirates sent out by command of the
 king
 To murder and plunder, but never to
 swing. 10

¹ A pseudonym frequently used by Freneau.

From Wallace and Greaves, and Vipers
and Roses,
Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give bloody
noses.

From the valiant Dunmore, with his crew
of banditti,
Who plunder Virginians at Williamsburg
city,
From hot-headed Montague, mighty to
swear,
The little fat man with his pretty white
hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are
grown,
From slaves that would die for a smile
from the throne,
From assemblies that vote against Con-
gress proceedings,
(Who now see the fruit of their stupid
misleadings.)²⁰

From Tryon the mighty, who flies from
our city,
And swelled with importance disdains the
committee:
(But since he is pleased to proclaim us
his foes,
What the devil care we where the devil
he goes.)

From the caitiff, lord North, who would
bind us in chains,
From a royal king Log, with his tooth-
full of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain (when taking
a nap)
He has conquered our lands, as they lay
on his map.

From a kingdom that bullies, and hectors,
and swears,
We send up to heaven our wishes and
prayers³⁰
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on—to be damned if she
will.

June, 1775.

AMERICAN LIBERTY¹

Great guardians of our freedom, we pur-
sue
Each patriot measure as inspir'd by you,
Columbia, nor shall fame deny it owes
Past safety to the counsel you propose;

¹ The concluding lines of a long poem on
American conditions from the "Present Situa-
tion" to "Future Happiness."

And if they do not keep Columbia free,
What will alas! become of Liberty?
Great souls grow bolder in their country's
cause,

Detest enslavers, and despise their laws.
O Congress fam'd, accept this humble lay,
The little tribute that the muse can pay;¹⁰
On you depends Columbia's future fate,
A free asylum or a wretched state.
Fall'n on disastrous times we push our
plea,
Heard or not heard, and struggle to be
free.

Born to contend, our lives we place at
stake,
And grow immortal by the stand we make.
O you, who, far from liberty detain'd,
Wear out existence in some slavish land,
Fly thence from tyrants, and their flatt'r-
ing throng,

And bring the fiery freeborn soul along.²⁰
Neptune for you shall smooth the hoary
deep,

And awe the wild tumultuous waves to
sleep;

Here vernal woods, and flow'ry meadows
blow,

Luxuriant harvests in rich plenty grow,
Commerce extends as far as waves can
roll,

And freedom, God-like freedom, crowns
the whole.

And you, brave men, who scorn the
dread of death,

Resolv'd to conquer to the latest breath,
Soldiers in act, and heroes in renown,

Warm in the cause of Boston's hapless
town,³⁰

Still guard each pass; like ancient Ro-
mans, you

At once are soldiers, and are farmers too;
Still arm impatient for the vengeful blow,

And rush intrepid on the yielding foe;
As when of late midst clouds of fire and
smoke,

Whole squadrons fell, or to the center
shook,

And even the bravest to your arm gave
way,

And death, exulting, ey'd the unhappy
fray.

Behold, your Warren bleeds, who both
inspir'd

To noble deeds, and by his actions fir'd;⁴⁰
What pity, heaven!—but you who yet re-
main

Affect his spirit as you lov'd the man:
Once more, and yet once more for free-
dom strive,

To be a slave what wretch would dare
to live?

We too to the last drop our blood will
drain,

And not till then shall hated slavery reign,
When every effort, every hope is o'er,
And lost Columbia swells our breasts no
more.

Oh if that day, which heaven avert,
must come,
And fathers, husbands, children, meet
their doom, ⁵⁰

Let one brave onset yet that doom pre-
cede,

To shew the world America can bleed,
One thund'ring volley raise the midnight
cry,

And one last flame send Boston to the
sky.

But cease, foreboding Muse, nor strive
to see

Dark times deriv'd by fatal destiny;
If ever heaven befriended the distrest,
If ever valour succour'd those opprest,
Let America rejoice, thy standard rear,
Let the loud trumpet animate to war: ⁶⁰
Thy guardian Genius, haste thee on thy
way,

To strike whole hosts with terror and
dismay.

Happy some land, which all for free-
dom gave,

Happier the men whom their own virtues
save;

Thrice happy we who long attacks have
stood,

And swam to Liberty thro' seas of blood;
The time shall come when strangers rule
no more,

Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's
shore;

When commerce shall extend her short-
'ned wing,

And her free freights from every climate
bring; ⁷⁰

When mighty towns shall flourish free
and great,

Vast their dominion, opulent their state;
When one vast cultivated region teems,
From ocean's edge to Mississippi's
streams;

While each enjoys his vineyard's peaceful
shade,

And even the meanest has no cause to
dread;

Such is the life our foes with envy see,
Such is the godlike glory to be free.

Separately published 1775.

THE MIDNIGHT CONSULTATION

OR A TRIP TO BOSTON

Twelve was the hour—congenial dark-
ness reigned,
And no bright star a mimic day-light
feigned—

First, Gage we saw—a crimson chair of
state

Received the honour of his Honour's
weight;

This man of straw the regal purple bound,
But dullness, deepest dullness, hovered
round.

Next Graves, who wields the trident
of the brine,

The tall arch-captain of the embattled
line,

All gloomy sate—mumbl'ing of flame and
fire,

Balls, cannon, ships, and all their damned
attire; ¹⁰

Well pleased to live in never-ending hum,
But empty as the interior of his drum.

Hard by, Burgoyne assumes an ample
space,

And seemed to meditate with studious
face,

As if again he wished our world to see
Long, dull, dry letters, writ to General

Lee—
Huge scrawls of words through endless
circuits drawn

Unmeaning as the errand he's upon.—
Is he to conquer—he subdue our land?—

This buckram hero, with his lady's hand?
By Cesars to be vanquished is a curse, ²¹

But by a scribbling fop—by heaven, is
worse!

Lord Percy seemed to snore—but may
the Muse

This ill-timed snoring to the peer excuse;
Tired was the long boy of his toilsome

day,
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way;

How could he then the dews of Somnus
shun,

Perhaps not used to walk—much less to
run.

Red-faced as suns, when sinking to re-
pose,

Reclined the infernal captain of the *Rose*,
In fame's proud temple aiming for a

niche, ³¹
With those who find her at the cannon's

breech;

¹ Omitting the first 69 lines of general intro-
duction.

Skilled to direct the cannonading shot,
No Turkish rover half so murdering hot,
Pleased with base vengeance on defence-
less towns,
His heart was malice—but his words were,
Zounds!

Howe, vexed to see his starving army's
doom,
In prayer, besought the skies for elbow
room—

Small was his stock, and theirs, of heav-
enly grace,
Yet just enough to ask a larger place. ⁴⁰
He cursed the brainless minister that
planned

His bootless errand to this hostile land,
But, awed by Gage, his bursting wrath
recoiled,

And in his inmost bosom doubly boiled.

These, chief of all the tyrant-serving
train,

Exalted sate—the rest (a pensioned clan),
A sample of the multitude that wait,
Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,
North's friends down swarming (so our
monarch wills), ⁴⁹

Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills;
Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,
I'll count the atoms of this globe as
well,—

Knights, captains, 'squires—a wonder-
working band,

Held at small wages 'till they gain the
land,

Flocked pensive round—black spleen as-
sailed their hearts,

(The sport of plough-boys, with their
arms and arts)

And make them doubt (howe'er for ven-
geance hot)

Whether they were invincible or not.

.¹

The clock strikes two!—Gage smote
upon his breast,

And cried,—“What fate determines, must
be best—” ⁶⁰

But now attend—a counsel I impart
That long has laid the heaviest at my
heart—

Three weeks—ye gods!—nay, three long
years it seems

Since roast-beef I have touched except in
dreams.

In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,
Waking, I gape and champ the empty
air.—

¹ Here are omitted lines 127-225.

Say, is it just that I, who rule these
bands,
Should live on husks, like rakes in for-
eign lands?—

Come, let us plan some project ere we
sleep,

And drink destruction to the rebel sheep.

“On neighbouring isles uncounted cat-
tle stray, ⁷¹

Fat beeves and swine, an ill-defended
prey—

These are fit visions for my noon day
dish,

These, if my soldiers act as I would wish,
In one short week should glad your maws
and mine;

On mutton we will sup—on roast beef
dine.”

Shouts of applause re-echoed through
the hall,

And what pleased one as surely pleased
them all;

Wallace was named to execute the plan,
And thus sheep-stealing pleased them to
a man. ⁸⁰

Now slumbers stole upon the great
man's eye,

His powdered foretop nodded from on
high,

His lids just opened to find how matters
were,

“Dissolve,” he said, “and so dissolved ye
are,”

Then downward sunk to slumbers dark
and deep,—

Each nerve relaxed—and even his guts
asleep.

EPILOGUE

What are these strangers from a for-
eign isle,

That we should fear their hate or court
their smile?—

Pride sent them here, pride blasted in
the bud,

Who, if she can, will build her throne in
blood, ⁹⁰

With slaughtered millions glut her tear-
less eyes,

And bid even virtue fall, that she may
rise.

What deep offence has fired a mon-
arch's rage?

What moon-struck madness seized the
brain of Gage?

Laughs not the soul when an imprisoned
crew

Affect to pardon those they can't subdue,

Though thrice repulsed, and hemmed up
to their stations,
Yet issue pardons, oaths, and proclamations!—

Too long our patient country wears their
chains,

Too long our wealth all-grasping Britain
drains. ¹⁰⁰

Why still a handmaid to that distant
land?

Why still subservient to their proud com-
mand?

Britain the bold, the generous, and the
brave

Still treats our country like the meanest
slave,

Her haughty lords already share the prey,
Live on our labours, and with scorn re-
pay;—

Rise, sleeper, rise, while yet the power
remains,

And bind their nobles and their chiefs in
chains:

Bent on destructive plans, they scorn our
plea,

'Tis our own efforts that must make us
free— ¹¹⁰

Born to contend, our lives we place at
stake,

And rise to conquerors by the stand we
make.—

The time may come when strangers
rule no more,

Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's
shore,

When commerce may extend her short-
ened wing,

And her rich freights from every climate
bring,

When mighty towns shall flourish free
and great,

Vast their dominion, opulent their state,
When one vast cultivated region teems

From ocean's side to Mississippi streams,
While each enjoys his vineyard's peaceful

shade, ¹²¹

And even the meanest has no foe to
dread.

And you, who, far from Liberty de-
tained,

Wear out existence in some slavish land—
Forsake those shores, a self-ejected

throng,

And armed for vengeance, here resent
the wrong:

Come to our climes, where unchained
rivers flow,

And loftiest groves, and boundless for-
ests grow.

Here the blest soil your future care de-
mands;

Come, sweep the forests from these
shaded lands, ¹³⁰

And the kind earth shall every toil repay,
And harvests flourish as the groves decay.

O heaven-born Peace, renew thy wonted
charms—

Far be this rancour, and this din of
arms—

To warring lands return, an honoured
guest,

And bless our crimson shore among the
rest—

Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,
Rule as she ruled in George the Second's

reign,

May ages hence her growing grandeur
see,

And she be glorious—but ourselves as
free! ¹⁴⁰

✓ Separately published, Sept., 1775

AMERICA INDEPENDENT ¹

Americans! revenge your country's
wrongs;

To you the honour of this deed belongs,
Your arms did once this sinking land

sustain,

And saved those climes where Freedom
yet must reign—

Your bleeding soil this ardent task de-
mands,

Expel yon' thieves from these polluted
lands,

Expect no peace till haughty Britain
yields,

'Till humbled Britons quit your ravaged
fields—

Still to the charge that routed foe re-
turns, ⁹

The war still rages, and the battle burns—
No dull debates, or tedious counsels know,

But rush at once, embodied, on your foe;

With hell-born spite a seven years' war
they wage,

The pirate Goodrich, and the ruffian
Gage.

Your injured country groans while yet
they stay,

Attend her groans, and force their hosts
away;

Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall
trace,

¹ Published in "Travels of the Imagination,"
1778, by Robert Bell, Philadelphia. The conclu-
sion of a poem of 350 lines.

Your gallant deeds shall fire a future
 race;
 To you may kings and potentates appeal,
 You may the doom of jarring nations
 seal;
 A glorious empire rises, bright and new!
 Firm be the structure, and must rest on
 you!—
 Fame o'er the mighty pile expands her
 wings,
 Remote from princes, bishops, lords, and
 kings,
 Those fancied gods, who, famed through
 every shore,
 Mankind have fashioned, and like fools,
 adore.
 Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace
 bestow,
 While through our soil the streams of
 plenty flow,
 And o'er the main we spread the trading
 sail,
 Wafting the produce of the rural vale. 30

GEORGE THE THIRD'S SOLILOQUY

What mean these dreams, and hideous
 forms that rise
 Night after night, tormenting to my
 eyes—
 No real foes these horrid shapes can be,
 But thrice as much they vex and torture
 me.
 How cursed is he—how doubly cursed
 am I—
 Who lives in pain, and yet who dares not
 die;
 To him no joy this world of Nature
 brings,
 In vain the wild rose blooms, the daisy
 springs.
 Is this a prelude to some new disgrace,
 Some baleful omen to my name and
 race!—
 It may be so—ere mighty Cæsar died
 Presaging Nature felt his doom, and
 sighed;
 A bellowing voice through midnight
 groves was heard,
 And threatening ghosts at dusk of eve
 appeared—
 Ere Brutus fell, to adverse fates a prey,
 His evil genius met him on the way,
 And so may mine!—but who would yield
 so soon
 A prize, some luckier hour may make my
 own?
 Shame seize my crown ere such a deed
 be mine—

No—to the last my squadrons shall com-
 bine,
 And slay my foes, while foes remain to
 slay,
 Or heaven shall grant me one successful
 day.
 Is there a robber close in Newgate
 hemmed,
 Is there a cut-throat, fettered and con-
 demned?
 Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard
 come,
 Attend his lectures when you hear the
 drum;
 Your chains I break—for better days pre-
 pare,
 Come out, my friends, from prison and
 from care,
 Far to the west I plan your desperate
 sway,
 There 'tis no sin to ravage, burn, and
 slay,
 There, without fear, your bloody aims
 pursue,
 And shew mankind what English thieves
 can do.
 That day, when first I mounted to the
 throne,
 I swore to let all foreign foes alone.
 Through love of peace to terms did I
 advance,
 And made, they say, a shameful league
 with France.
 But different scenes rise horrid to my
 view,
 I charged my hosts to plunder and sub-
 due—
 At first, indeed, I thought short wars to
 wage.
 And sent some jail-birds to be led by
 Gage,
 For 'twas but right, that those we marked
 for slaves
 Should be reduced by cowards, fools, and
 knaves;
 Awhile directed by his feeble hand,
 Whose troops were kicked and pelted
 through the land,
 Or starved in Boston, cursed the unlucky
 hour
 They left their dungeons for that fatal
 shore.
 France aids them now, a desperate game
 I play,
 And hostile Spain will do the same, they
 say;
 My armies vanquished, and my heroes fled.
 My people murmuring, and my commerce
 dead,

My shattered navy pelted, bruised, and
 clubbed,
 My Dutchmen bullied, and my French-
 men drubbed,
 My name abhorred, my nation in disgrace,
 How should I act in such a mournful
 case!
 My hopes and joys are vanished with my
 coin,
 My ruined army, and my lost Burgoyne!
 What shall I do—confess my labours
 vain,
 Or whet my tusks, and to the charge
 again!
 But where's my force—my choicest
 troops are fled,
 Some thousands crippled, and a myriad
 dead—⁶⁰
 If I were owned the boldest of mankind,
 And hell with all her flames inspired my
 mind,
 Could I at once with Spain and France
 contend,
 And fight the rebels on the world's green
 end?—
 The pangs of parting I can ne'er endure,
 Yet part we must, and part to meet no
 more!
 Oh, blast this Congress, blast each up-
 start State,
 On whose commands ten thousand cap-
 tains wait;
 From various climes that dire Assembly
 came,⁶⁹
 True to their trust, as hostile to my fame,
 'Tis these, ah these, have ruined half my
 sway,
 Disgraced my arms, and led my slaves
 astray—
 Cursed be the day when first I saw the
 sun,
 Cursed be the hour when I these wars
 begun:
 The fiends of darkness then possessed my
 mind,
 And powers unfriendly to the human
 kind.
 To wasting grief, and sullen rage a prey,
 To Scotland's utmost verge I'll take my
 way,
 There with eternal storms due concert
 keep
 And while the billows rage, as fiercely
 weep—⁸⁰
 Ye highland lads, my rugged fate be-
 moan,
 Assist me with one sympathizing groan,
 For late I find the nations are my foes,
 I must submit, and that with bloody nose,

Or, like our James, fly basely from the
 state,
 Or share, what still is worse—old
 Charles's fate.

United States Magazine, May, 1779.

THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP¹

CANTO II

The various horrors of these hulks to
 tell,
 These Prison Ships where pain and hor-
 ror dwell,
 Where death in tenfold vengeance holds
 his reign,
 And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd, com-
 plain;
 This be my task—ungenerous Britons,
 you
 Conspire to murder those you can't sub-
 due.—
 Weak as I am, I'll try my strength to-
 day
 And my best arrows at these hell-hounds
 play,
 To future years one scene of death pro-
 long,
 And hang them up to infamy, in song.¹⁰
 That Britain's rage should dye our
 plains with gore,
 And desolation spread through every
 shore,
 None e'er could doubt, that her ambition
 knew,
 This was to rage and disappointment due;
 But that those monsters whom our soil
 maintain'd,
 Who first drew breath in this devoted
 land,
 Like famish'd wolves, should on their
 country prey,
 Assist its foes, and wrest our lives away,
 This shocks belief—and bids our soil dis-
 own
 Such friends, subservient to a bankrupt
 crown,²⁰
 By them the widow mourns her partner
 dead,
 Her mangled sons to darksome prisons
 led,

¹ On May 25, 1780, Freneau in the ship *Aurora* started from Philadelphia as a passenger for Santa Cruz. The next day, while off Cape Henlopen, the ship was captured by the British frigate *Iris*, Capt. Hawkes, and the crew and passengers sent to New York as prisoners. Canto I of this poem deals with "The Capture" and Canto III with "The Hospital Prison Ship."

By them—and hence my keenest sorrows
 rise,
 My friend, my guardian, my Orestes
 dies;
 Still for that loss must wretched I com-
 plain,
 And sad Ophelia mourn her favourite
 swain.

Ah! come the day when from this
 bloody shore
 Fate shall remove them to return no
 more—
 To scorch'd Bahama shall the traitors go
 With grief and rage, and unremitting
 woe,
 On burning sands to walk their painful
 round,
 And sigh through all the solitary ground,
 Where no gay flower their haggard eyes
 shall see,
 And find no shade but from the cypress
 tree.

So much we suffer'd from the tribe I
 hate,
 So near they shov'd me to the brink of
 fate,
 When two long months in these dark
 hulks we lay,
 Barr'd down by night, and fainting all
 the day
 In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,
 Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's moun-
 tain-stream;

That not unsung these threescore days
 shall fall
 To black oblivion that would cover all!—

No masts or sails these crowded ships
 adorn,
 Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn!
 Here, mighty ills oppress the imprison'd
 throng,
 Dull were our slumbers, and our nights
 too long—

From morn to eve along the decks we lay
 Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray;
 No friendly awning cast a welcome shade,
 Once was it promis'd, and was never
 made;

No favours could these sons of death
 bestow,

'Twas endless cursing, and continual woe:
 Immortal hatred doth their breasts en-
 gage,

And this lost empire swells their souls
 with rage.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom
 lie,

Two, farther south, affront the pitying
 eye—

There, the black *Scorpion* at her mooring
 rides,

There, *Strombolo* swings, yielding to the
 tides;

Here, bulky *Jersey* fills a larger space,
 And *Hunter*, to all hospitals disgrace—
 Thou, *Scorpion*, fatal to thy crowded
 throng,

Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,
 Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I
 know,

And all the torments that exist below!
 The briny waves that Hudson's bosom
 fills

Drain'd through her bottom in a thou-
 sand rills,

Rotten and old, replete with sighs and
 groans,

Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her
 bones;

Here, doom'd to toil, or founder in the
 tide,

At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd,
 Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd dogs
 we tore

The scant allowance, that our tyrants
 bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene
 of fears—

Still in my view some English brute ap-
 pears,

Some base-born Hessian slave walks
 threat'ning by,

Some servile Scot with murder in his eye
 Still haunts my sight, as vainly they be-
 moan

Rebellions manag'd so unlike their own!
 O may I never feel the poignant pain

To live subjected to such fiends again,
 Stewards and Mates that hostile Britain
 bore,

Cut from the gallows on their native
 shore;

Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beam-
 ing eyes

Still to my view in dismal colours rise—
 O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,

These piles for slaughter, floating on the
 floods,—

And you, that o'er the troubled ocean go,
 Strike not your standards to this mis-
 creant foe,

Better the greedy wave should swallow
 all,

Better to meet the death-conducted ball,
 Better to sleep on ocean's deepest bed,

At once destroy'd and number'd with the
 dead,

Than thus to perish in the face of day

Where twice ten thousand deaths one
death delay.

When to the ocean dives the western
sun,

And the scorch'd Tories fire their evening
gun,

"Down, rebels, down!" the angry Scotch-
men cry,

"Damn'd dogs, descend, or by our broad
swords die!"

Hail, dark abode! what can with thee
compare—

Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stag-
nant air—¹⁰⁰

Pandora's box, from whence all mischief
flew,

Here real found, torments mankind
anew!—

Swift from the guarded decks we rush'd
along,

And vainly sought repose, so vast our
throng:

Three hundred wretches here, denied all
light,

In crowded mansions pass the infernal
night,

Some for a bed their tatter'd vestments
join,

And some on chests, and some on floors
recline;

Shut from the blessings of the evening
air,

Pensive we lay with mingled corpses
there,¹¹⁰

Meagre and wan, and scorch'd with heat
below,

We loom'd like ghosts, ere death had
made us so—

How could we else, where heat and hun-
ger join'd

Thus to debase the body and the mind,
Where cruel thirst the parching throat

invades,
Dries up the man, and fits him for the

shades.
No waters laded from the bubbling

spring
To these dire ships the British monsters

bring—
By planks and ponderous beams com-
pletely wall'd

In vain for water, and in vain, I call'd—
No drop was granted to the midnight

prayer,¹²¹
To Dives in these regions of despair!—

The loathsome cask a deadly dose con-
tains,

Its poison circling through the languid
veins;

"Here, generous Britain, generous, as you
say,

To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop
convey,

Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
Nor one tormenter like your David

Sproat."

Dull flew the hours, till, from the East
display'd,

Sweet morn dispells the horrors of the
shade;¹³⁰

On every side dire objects meet the sight,
And pallid forms, and murders of the

night,
The dead were past their pain, the living

groan,
Nor dare to hope another morn their

own;
But what to them is morn's delightful

ray,
Sad and distressful as the close of day,
O'er distant streams appears the dewy

green,
And leafy trees on mountain tops are

seen,
But they no groves nor grassy mountains

tread,
Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead.

Black as the clouds that shade St. Kil-
da's shore,¹⁴¹

Wild as the winds that round her moun-
tains roar,

At every post some surly vagrant stands,
Pick'd from the British or the Irish bands,

Some slave from Hesse, some hangman's
son at least

Sold and transported, like his brother
beast—

Some miscreant Tory, puff'd with upstart
pride,

Led on by hell to take the royal side;
Dispensing death triumphantly they stand,

Their musquets ready to obey command;
Wounds are their sport, as ruin is their

aim;¹⁵¹
On their dark souls compassion has no

claim,
And discord only can their spirits please:

Such were our tyrants here, and such
were these.

Ingratitude! no curse like thee is found
Throughout this jarring world's extended

round,
Their hearts with malice to our country

swell
Because in former days we us'd them

well!—
This pierces deep, too deeply wounds the
breast;

We help'd them naked, friendless, and
distrest, ¹⁶⁰
Receiv'd their vagrants with an open
hand,
Bestow'd them buildings, privilege, and
land—
Behold the change!—when angry Britain
rose,
These thankless tribes became our fierc-
est foes,
By them devoted, plunder'd, and accurst,
Stung by the serpents whom ourselves
had nurs'd.

But such a train of endless woes
abound,
So many mischiefs in these hulks are
found,

That on them all a poem to prolong
Would swell too high the horrors of my
song— ¹⁷⁰

Hunger and thirst to work our woe com-
bine,

And mouldy bread, and flesh of rotten
swine,

The mangled carcase, and the batter'd
brain,

The doctor's poison, and the captain's
cane,

The soldier's musquet, and the steward's
debt,

The evening shackle, and the noon-day
threat.

That juice destructive to the pangs of
care

Which Rome of old, nor Athens could
prepare,

Which gains the day for many a modern
chief

When cool reflection yields a faint re-
lief, ¹⁸⁰

That charm, whose virtue warms the
world beside,

Was by these tyrants to our use denied,
While yet they deign'd that healthy juice

to lade
The putrid water felt its powerful aid;
But when refus'd—to aggravate our

pains—
Then fevers rag'd and revel'd through
our veins;

Throughout my frame I felt its deadly
heat,

I felt my pulse with quicker motions
beat:

A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,
Unusual pains attack'd the fainting head,

No physic here, no doctor to assist, ¹⁹¹
My name was enter'd on the sick man's
list;

Twelve wretches more the same dark
symptoms took,

And these were enter'd on the doctor's
book;

The loathsome *Hunter* was our destin'd
place,

The *Hunter*, to all hospitals disgrace;
With soldiers sent to guard us on our

road,
Joyful we left the *Scorpion's* dire abode;
Some tears we shed for the remaining

crew,
Then curs'd the hulk, and from her sides
withdrew. ²⁰⁰

Separately published, Philadelphia, 1781.

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY OF PAUL JONES

1

O'er the rough main with flowing sheet
The guardian of a numerous fleet,

Seraphis from the Baltic came;
A ship of less tremendous force

Sail'd by her side the self-same course,
Countess of Scarb'ro was her name.

2

And now their native coasts appear,
Britannia's hills their summits rear

Above the German main;
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er, ¹⁰

They southward coast along the shore,
Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

3

Full forty guns *Seraphis* bore,
And *Scarb'ro's Countess* twenty-four,

Mann'd with Old England's boldest
tars—

What flag that rides the Gallic seas
Shall dare attack such piles as these,

Design'd for tumults and for wars!

4

Now from the top-mast's giddy height
A seaman cry'd—"Four sail in sight" ²⁰

"Approach with favouring gales,"
Pearson, resolv'd to save the fleet,

Stood off to sea these ships to meet,
And closely brac'd his shivering sails.

5

With him advanc'd the *Countess* bold,
Like a black tar in wars grown old;

And now these floating piles drew nigh;

But, muse, unfold what chief of fame
In th' other warlike squadron came,
Whose standards at his mast head fly.
30

6

"Twas JONES, brave JONES, to battle led
As bold a crew as ever bled
Upon the sky-surrounded main;
The standards of the Western World
Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

7

The *Good Man Richard* led the line;
The *Alliance* next: with these combine
The Gallic ship they *Pallas* call:
The *Vengeance*, arm'd with sword and
flame, 40
These to attack the Britons came—
But *two* accomplish'd all.

8

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed:
But who can tell the scenes of dread,
The horrors of that fatal night!
Close up these floating castles came;
The *Good Man Richard* bursts in flame;
Seraphis trembled at the sight.

9

She felt the fury of her ball, 49
Down, prostrate down, the Britons fall;
The decks were strew'd with slain:
Jones to the foe his vessel lash'd;
And, while the black artillery flash'd,
Loud thunders shook the main.

10

Alas! that mortals should employ
Such murdering engines, to destroy
That frame by heav'n so nicely join'd;
Alas! that e'er the god decreed
That brother should by brother bleed, 59
And pour'd such madness in the mind.

11

But thou, brave JONES, no blame shalt
bear;
The rights of men demand thy care:
For these you dare the greedy waves—
No tyrant on destruction bent
Has planned thy conquests—thou art
sent
To humble tyrants and their slaves.

12

See!—dread *Seraphis* flames again—
And art thou, JONES, among the slain,
And sunk to Neptune's caves below—
He lives—though crowds around him fall,
Still he, unhurt, survives them all; 71
Almost alone he fights the foe.

13

And can thy ship these strokes sustain?
Behold thy brave companions slain,
All clasp'd in ocean's dark embrace.
STRIKE, OR BE SUNK!—the Briton cries—
SINK, IF YOU CAN!—the chief replies,
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

14

Then to the side three guns he drew,
(Almost deserted by his crew) 80
And charg'd them deep with woe:
By Pearson's flash he aim'd the balls;
His main-mast totters—down it falls—
Tremendous was the blow.

15

Pearson as yet disdain'd to yield,
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,
And thus was heard to cry—
"With hell, not mortals, I contend;
What art thou—human, or a fiend,
That dost my force defy? 90

16

"Return, my lads, the fight renew!"
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew;
But call'd, alas! in vain;
Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead;
Some to their deep recesses fled,
And more were bury'd in the main.

17

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,
He haul'd his tatter'd standard down,
And yielded to his gallant foe;
Bold *Pallas* soon the *Countess* took, 100
Thus both their haughty colours struck,
Confessing what the brave can do.

18

But JONES, too dearly didst thou buy
These ships possess so gloriously,
Too many deaths disgrac'd the fray:
Thy barque that bore the conquering
flame,
That the proud Briton overcame,
Even she forsook thee on thy way.

19

For when the morn began to shine,
Fatal to her, the ocean brine¹¹⁰
Pour'd through each spacious wound;
Quick in the deep she disappear'd,
But Jones to friendly Belgia steer'd,
With conquest and with glory crown'd.

20

Go on, great man, to daunt the foe,
And bid the haughty Britons know
They to our *Thirteen Stars* shall bend;
The *Stars* that veil'd in dark attire,
Long glimmer'd with a feeble fire,
But radiant now ascend;¹²⁰

21

Bend to the Stars that flaming rise
In western, not in eastern, skies,
Fair Freedom's reign restor'd.
So when the magi, come from far,
Beheld the God-attending Star,
They trembled and ador'd.

Freeman's Journal, Aug. 8, 1781.

ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE¹

*"Mala soluta navis exit alite
Ferens olentem Mavium,"* etc.

With evil omens from the harbour sails
The ill-fated barque that worthless Ar-
nold bears,—
God of the southern winds, call up the
gales,
And whistle in rude fury round his
ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's
sides,
And may the east wind on a leeward
shore
Her cables part while she in tumult rides,
And shatter into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,
With such a rage, as when from moun-
tains high¹⁰
He rends the tall oak with his weighty
blast,
And ruin spreads where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be
seen;
No moon, attendant, dart one glimmer-
ing ray,

¹ Written in December, 1781, upon the de-
parture of General Arnold from New York.

Nor may she ride on oceans more serene
Than Greece, triumphant, found that
stormy day,

When angry Pallas spent her rage no
more
On vanquished Ilium, then in ashes
laid,
But turned it on the barque that Ajax
bore,¹²
Avenging thus her temple and the maid.

When tossed upon the vast Atlantic main
Your groaning ship the southern gales
shall tear,
How will your sailors sweat, and you
complain
And meanly howl to Jove, that will not
hear!

But if, at last, upon some winding shore
A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,
A wanton goat to every stormy power,
And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.

Freeman's Journal, July 10, 1782.

PROLOGUE

TO A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT² IN
PHILADELPHIA

Wars, cruel wars, and hostile Britain's
rage
Have banished long the pleasures of the
stage;
From the gay painted scene compelled to
part,
(Forgot the melting language of the
heart)
Constrained to shun the bold theatric
show,
To act long tragedies of real woe,
Heroes, once more attend the comic
muse;
Forget our failings, and our faults ex-
cuse.
In that fine language is our fable drest
Which still unrivall'd, reigns o'er all the
rest;¹⁰
Of foreign courts the study and the pride,
Who to know this abandon all beside;
Bold, though polite, and ever sure to
please;
Correct with grace, and elegant with ease;

² This was a gala performance before Gen-
eral Washington and the French Minister,
January 2, 1782. The play was *Eugene*, by
Beaumarchais, followed by a farce and a spec-
tacular illumination.

Soft from the lips its easy accents roll,
Form'd to delight and captivate the soul:
In this Eugenia tells her easy lay,
The brilliant work of courtly Beaumar-
chais:

In this Racine, Voltaire, and Boileau
sung,¹⁹
The noblest poets in the noblest tongue.

If the soft story in our play express'd
Can give a moment's pleasure to your
breast,

To you, GREAT SIR,¹ we must be proud to
say

That moment's pleasure shall our pains
repay:

Return'd from conquest and from glori-
ous toils,

From armies captur'd and unnumber'd
spoils;

Ere yet again, with generous France al-
lied,

You rush to battle, humbling British
pride;

While arts of peace your kind protection
share,

O let the Muses claim an equal care.³⁰
You bade us first our future greatness
see,

Inspir'd by you, we languish'd to be free;
Even here where Freedom lately sat dis-
trest,

See, a new Athens rising in the west!
Fair science blooms, where tyrants
reigned before,

Red war, reluctant, leaves our ravag'd
shore—

Illustrious heroes, may you live to see
These new republics powerful, great, and
free;

Peace, heaven born peace, o'er spacious
regions spread,

While discord, sinking, veils her ghastly
head.⁴⁰

Freeman's Journal, Jan. 9, 1782.

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by the title of Mr. Riving-
ton's² *New York Royal Gazette*, being
scarcely legible.

Says Satan to Jemmy, "I hold you a bet
That you mean to abandon our Royal
Gazette,

¹ Addressed to his excellency, General Wash-
ington.

² Royal printer to his Britannic majesty while
his forces held the city of New York, 1776,
to November 25, 1783. (*Author's Note.*)

Or, between you and me, you would man-
age things better
Than the Title to print on so sneaking a
letter."

"Now being connected so long in the art
It would not be prudent at present to part;
And people, perhaps, would be fright-
en'd, and fret
If the devil alone carried on the Ga-
zette."

Says Jemmy to Satan (by the way of a
wipe),

"Who gives me the matter should furnish
the type);¹⁰

And why you find fault, I can scarcely
divine,

For the types, like the printer, are cer-
tainly thine.

"'Tis yours to deceive with the semblance
of truth,

Thou friend of my age, and thou guide
of my youth!

But, to prosper, pray send me some fur-
ther supplies,

A sett of new types, and a sett of new
lies."

Freeman's Journal, Feb. 13, 1782.

A PROPHECY

When a certain great king, whose initial
is G.,

Shall force stamps upon paper, and folks
to drink tea;

When these folks burn his tea, and stamp
paper, like stubble,

You may guess that this king is then
coming to trouble.

But when a petition he treads under his
feet,

And sends over the ocean an army and
fleet;

When that army, half-starved, and fran-
tic with rage,

Shall be coop'd up with a leader whos'
name rhymes to cage,

When that leader goes home, dejected
and sad,

You may then be assur'd the king's pros-
pects are bad:¹⁰

But when B and C with their armies are
taken,

This king will do well if he saves his
own bacon.

In the year seventeen hundred and eighty
and two,
A stroke he shall get that will make him
look blue;
In the years eighty-three, eighty-four,
eighty-five,
You hardly shall know that the king is
alive;
In the year eighty-six the affair will be
over,
And he shall eat turnips that grow in
Hanover.
The face of the lion shall then become
pale,
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be
sheer'd of his tail.
O king, my dear king, you shall be very
sore,
The Stars and the Lilly shall run you on
shore,
And your lion shall growl, but never bite
more.

Freeman's Journal, March 27, 1782.

THE POLITICAL BALANCE

OR, THE FATES OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA
COMPARED

A TALE

As Jove the Olympian (who both I and
you know,
Was brother to Neptune, and husband to
Juno)
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,
He happen'd to light on the records of
Fate:

In Alphabet order this volume was writ-
ten—
So he open'd at B, for the article Brit-
ain—
She struggles so well, said the god, I will
see
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions
decree.

And first, on the top of a column he read
"Of a king with a mighty soft place in his
head,
Who should join in his temper the ass
and the mule,
The third of his name, and by far the
worst fool:

"His reign shall be famous for multipli-
cation,
The sire and the king of a whelp genera-
tion:

But such is the will and the purpose of
fate,
For each child he begets he shall forfeit
a State:

"In the course of events, he shall find to
his cost
That he cannot regain what he foolishly
lost;
Of the nations around he shall be the
derision,
And know by experience the rule of
Division."

So Jupiter read—a god of first rank—
And still had read on—but he came to a
blank:
For the Fates had neglected the rest to
reveal—
They either forgot it, or chose to conceal:

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a
page
That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage—
So, curious to know what the Fates would
say next,
No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was
vext.

But still as true genius not frequently
fails,
He glanced at the Virgin, and thought of
the Scales;
And said, "To determine the will of the
Fates,
One scale shall weigh Britain, the other
the States."

Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of
thunder,
Said he, "My dear Vulcan, I pray you
look yonder,
Those creatures are tearing each other
to pieces,
And, instead of abating, the carnage in-
creases.

"Now as you are blacksmith, and lusty-
stout ham-eater,
You must make me a globe of a shorter
diameter;
The world in abridgment, and just as it
stands
With all its proportions of waters and
lands;

"But its various divisions must so be de-
signed,
That I can unhinge it whene'er I've a
mind—

How else should I know what the portions will weigh,
Or which of the combatants carry the day?"

Old Vulcan complied, (We've no reason to doubt it)
So he put on his apron and strait went about it—
Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,
And here the Pacific, and there the Atlantic.

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,
Jove looked at the globe, and approved its dimensions,⁵⁰
And cried in a transport—"Why what have we here!
Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere!

"Now while I am busy in taking apart
This globe that is formed with such exquisite art,
Go, Hermes, to Libra, (you're one of her gallants)
And ask, in my name, for the loan of her balance."

Away posted Hermes, as swift as the gales,
And as swiftly returned with the ponderous Scales,
And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,
So equally poised, they had turn'd with a hair.⁶⁰

Now Jove to Columbia his shoulders applied,
But aiming to lift her, his strength she defied—
Then, turning about to their godships, he says—
"A body so vast is not easy to raise;

"But if you assist me, I still have a notion
Our forces, united, can put her in motion,
And swing her aloft, (though alone I might fail)
And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale;

"If six years together the Congress have strove,
And more than divided the empire with Jove;⁷⁰

With a Jove like myself, who am nine times as great,
You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this weight."

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,
And upward she sprung, with her mountains and rivers!
Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,
Ships, armies, and forests, high heads and fine fellows:

"Stick to it!" cries Jove, "now heave one and all!
At least we are lifting 'one-eighth of the ball!'
If backward she tumbles—then trouble begins,
And then have a care, my dear boys, of your shins!"⁸⁰

When gods are determined what project can fail?
So they gave a hard shove, and she mounted the scale;
Suspended aloft, Jove viewed her with awe—
And the gods, for their pay, had a hearty—huzza!

But Neptune bawled out—"Why Jove you're a noddy,
Is Britain sufficient to poise that vast body?
'Tis nonsense such castles to build in the air—
As well might an oyster with Britain compare."

"Away to your waters, you blustering bully."
Said Jove, "Or I'll make you repent of your folly,⁹⁰
Is Jupiter, Sir, to be tutored by you?—
Get out of my sight, for I know what to do!"

Then searching about with his fingers for Britain,
Thought he, "this same island I cannot well hit on;
The devil take him who first called her the Great:
If she was—she is vastly diminish'd of late!"

Like a man that is searching his thigh for
a flea,
He peep'd and he fuml'd, but nothing
could see;
At last he exclaimed—"I am surely upon
it—
"I think I have hold of a Highlander's
bonnet."
100

But finding his error, he said with a sigh,
"This bonnet is only the island of Skie!"
So away to his namesake the planet he
goes,
And borrow'd two moons to hang on his
nose.

Through these, as through glasses, he
saw her quite clear,
And in raptures cried out—"I have found
her—she's here!
If this be not Britain, then call me an
ass—
She looks like a gem in an ocean of glass.

"But, faith, she's so small I must mind
how I shake her;
In a box I'll inclose her, for fear I
should break her;
Though a god, I must suffer for being
aggressor,
Since scorpions, and vipers, and hornets
possess her;
110

"The white cliffs of Albion I think I
descry—
And the hills of Plinlimmon appear
rather nigh—
But, Vulcan, inform me what creatures
are these,
That smell so of onions, and garlick, and
cheese?"

Old Vulcan replied—"Odds splutter a
nails!
Why, these are the Welch, and the country
is Wales!
When Taffy is vext, no devil is ruder—
Take care how you trouble the offspring
of Tudor!
120

"On the crags of the mountains *hur* living
hur seeks,
Hur country is planted with garlick and
leeks;
So great is *hur* choler, beware how you
tease *hur*,
For these are the Britons—unconquered
by Cæsar."

Jove peep'd thro' his moons, and exam-
in'd their features,
And said, "By my truth, they are wonder-
ful creatures,
"The beards are so long that encircle their
throats,
That (unless they are Welchmen) I swear
they are goats:

"But now, my dear Juno, pray give me
my mittens,
(These insects I am going to handle are
Britons)
I'll draw up their isle with a finger and
thumb,
As the doctor extracts an old tooth from
the gum."

Then he raised her aloft—but to shorten
our tale,
She looked like a clod in the opposite
scale—
Britannia so small, and Columbia so
large—
A ship of first rate, and a ferryman's
barge!

Cried Pallas to Vulcan, "Why, Jove's in
a dream—
Observe how he watches the turn of the
beam!
Was ever a mountain outweighed by a
grain?
Or what is a drop when compared to the
main?"

But Momus alledg'd—"In my humble
opinion,
You should 'add to Great-Britain her
foreign dominion,
When this is appended, perhaps she will
rise,
And equal her rival in weight and in
size."
140

"Alas! (said the monarch), your project
is vain,
But little is left of her foreign domain;
And, scattered about in the liquid expanse,
That little is left to the mercy of France;

"However, we'll lift them, and give her
fair play"—
And soon in the scale with their mistress
they lay;
But the gods were confounded and struck
with surprise,
And Vulcan could hardly believe his own
eyes!

For (such was the purpose and guidance
of fate)
Her foreign dominions diminish'd her
weight—¹⁵⁰
By which it appeared, to Britain's dis-
aster,
Her foreign possessions were changing
their master.

Then, as he replac'd them, said Jove with
a smile—
"Columbia shall never be rul'd by an
isle—
But vapours and darkness around her
may rise,
And tempests conceal her awhile from
our eyes;

"So locusts in Egypt their squadrons dis-
play,
And rising, disfigure the face of the day;
So the moon, at her full, has a frequent
eclipse,¹⁵⁹
And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

"Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin
of Britain—
(And here, in derision, their island he
spit on)
'Tis madness to seek what you never can
find,
Or to think of uniting what nature dis-
join'd;

"But still you may flutter awhile with
your wings,
And spit out your venom and brandish
your stings:
Your hearts are as black, and as bitter
as gall,
A curse to mankind—and a blot on the
Ball."

Freeman's Journal, April 3, 1782.

A NEWS-MAN'S ADDRESS¹

What tempests gloom'd the by-past year—
What dismal prospects then arose!
Scarce at your doors I dar'd appear,
So many were our griefs and woes:
But time at length has chang'd the
scene,
Our prospects, now, are more serene.

¹ Published as a broadside in 1784 with the title "New Year Verses," for those who carry the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. To the Customers. January 1, 1784.

Bad news we brought you every day,
Your seamen slain, your ships on shore,
The army fretting for their pay—⁹
('Twas well they had not fretted more!)
'Twas wrong indeed to wear out shoes,
To bring you nothing but bad news.

Now let's be joyful for the change—
The folks that guard the English throne
Have given us ample room to range,
And more, perhaps, than was their own;
To western lakes they stretch our
bounds,
And yield the Indian hunting grounds.

But pray read on another year,¹⁹
Remain the humble newsman's friend;
And he'll engage to let you hear
What Europe's princes next intend.—
Even now their brains are all at work
To rouse the Russian on the Turk.

Well—if they fight, then fight they must,
They are a strange contentious breed;
One good effect will be, I trust,
The more are kill'd, the more you'll
read;
The past experience clearly shews,²⁹
That Wrangling is the Life of News.

1784.

A NEWSMAN'S ADDRESS²

Old Eighty-Five discharg'd and gone,
Another year comes hastening on
To quit us in its turn:
With outspread wings and running glass
Thus Time's deluding seasons pass,
And leave mankind to mourn.

But strains like this add grief to grief;—
We are the lads that give relief
With sprightly wit and merry lay:
Our various page to all imparts¹⁰
Amusement fit for social hearts,
And drives the monster, spleen, away.

Abroad our leaves of knowledge fly,
And twice a week they live and die;
Short seasons of repose!
Fair to your view our toils display
The monarch's aim, what patriots say,
Or sons of art disclose:

² Written January 1, 1786, for the carriers of the *Charleston Columbian Herald*.

Whate'er the barque of commerce brings
From sister States, or foreign kings, ²⁰
No atom we conceal:
All Europe's prints we hourly drain,
All Asia's news our leaves contain,
And round our world we deal.

If falsehoods sometimes prompt your
fears,
And horrid news from proud Algiers,
That gives our tars such pain;
Remember all must have their share,
And all the world was made for care,
The monarch and the swain. ³⁰

If British isles (that once were free,
In Indian seas, to you and me)
All entrance still restrain,
Why let them starve with all their host
When British pride gives up the ghost,
And courts our aid in vain.

We fondly hope some future year
Will all our clouded prospects clear,
And commerce stretch her wings;
New tracks of trade new wealth dis-
close, ⁴⁰
While round the globe our standard goes
In spite of growling kings.

Materials thus together drawn
To tell you how the world goes on
May surely claim regard;
One simple word we mean to say,
This is our jovial New Year's day,
And now, our toils reward.

1786.

TO SIR TOBY

*A sugar Planter in the interior parts of
Jamaica, near the City of San Jago
de la Vega, (Spanish Town) 1784.*

*"The motions of his spirit are black as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus."*
—SHAKESPEARE.

If there exists a hell—the case is clear—
Sir Toby's slaves enjoy that portion here:
Here are no blazing brimstone lakes—'tis
true;
But kindled Rum too often burns as blue;
In which some fiend, whom nature must
detest,
Steeps Toby's brand, and marks poor
Cudjoe's breast.

Here whips on whips excite perpetual
fears,
And mingled howlings vibrate on my ears:

Here nature's plagues abound to fret and
tease,
Snakes, scorpions, despots, lizards, centi-
pees— ¹⁰

No art, no care escapes the busy lash;
All have their dues—and all are paid in
cash—

The eternal driver keeps a steady eye
On a black herd, who would his venge-
ance fly,
But chained, imprisoned, on a burning
soil,

For the mean avarice of a tyrant, toil!
The lengthy cart-whip guards this mon-
ster's reign—

And cracks, like pistols, from the fields
of cane.

Ye powers! who formed these wretched
tribes, relate,

What had they done, to merit such a
fate! ²⁰

Why were they brought from Eboe's
sultry waste,

To see that plenty which they must not
taste—

Food, which they cannot buy, and dare
not steal;

Yams and potatoes—many a scanty meal!

One, with a gibbet wakes his negro's
fears,

One to the windmill nails him by the
ears;

One keeps his slave in darkened dens,
unfed,

One puts the wretch in pickle ere he's
dead:

This, from a tree suspends him by the
thumbs,

That, from his table grudges even the
crumbs! ³⁰

O'er yond' rough hills a tribe of fe-
males go,

Each with her gourd, her infant, and her
hoe;

Scorched by a sun that has no mercy here,
Driven by a devil, whom men call over-
seer—

In chains, twelve wretches to their labours
haste;

Twice twelve I saw, with iron collars
graced!—

Are such the fruits that spring from
vast domains?

Is wealth, thus got, Sir Toby, worth your
pains!—

Who would your wealth on terms, like
these, possess,

Where all we see is pregnant with dis-
tress— ⁴⁰

Angola's natives scourged by ruffian hands,
And toil's hard product shipp'd to foreign lands.

Talk not of blossoms, and your endless spring;
What joy, what smile, can scenes of misery bring?—

Though Nature, here, has every blessing spread,
Poor is the labourer—and how meanly fed!—

Here Stygian paintings light and shade renew,
Pictures of hell, that Virgil's pencil drew:
Here, surly Charons make their annual trip,

And ghosts arrive in every Guinea ship, ²⁰
To find what beasts these western isles afford,

Plutonian scourges, and despotic lords:—

Here, they, of stuff determined to be free,
Must climb the rude cliffs of the Ligu-
anee;

Beyond the clouds, in sculking haste re-
pair,

And hardly safe from brother traitors there.

1784. *National Gazette*, July 21, 1792.

THE PROGRESS OF BALLOONS.

*"Perdomita tellus, tumida cesserunt freta,
Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus;
Immune cælum est, dignus Alcida labor,
In alta mundi spatia sublimes feremur."*
—SENEC. HERC. FURENS.

Assist me, ye muses, (whose harps are
in tune)

To tell of the flight of the gallant balloon!
As high as my subject permit me to soar
To heights unattempted, unthought of be-
fore,

Ye grave learned Doctors, whose trade is
to sigh,

Who labour to chalk out a road to the
sky,

Improve on your plans—or I'll venture to
say,

A chymist, of Paris, will show us the way.
The earth on its surface has all been sur-
vey'd,

The sea has been travell'd—and deep in
the shade ¹⁰

The kingdom of Pluto has heard us at
work,

When we dig for his metals wherever
they lurk.

But who would have thought that inven-
tion could rise

To find out a method to soar to the skies,
And pierce the bright regions, which ages
assign'd

To spirits unbodied, and flights of the
mind.

Let the gods of Olympus their revels pre-
pare—

By the aid of some pounds of inflammable
air

We'll visit them soon—and forsake this
dull ball

With coat, shoes and stockings, fat car-
case and all! ²⁰

How France is distinguish'd in Louis's
reign!

What cannot her genius and courage at-
tain?

Thro'out the wide world have her arms
found the way,

And art to the stars is extending her
sway.

At sea let the British their neighbours
defy—

The French shall have frigates to trav-
erse the sky,

In this navigation more fortunate prove,
And cruise at their ease in the climates
above.

If the English should venture to sea with
their fleet,

A host of balloons in a trice they shall
meet. ³⁰

The French from the zenith their wings
shall display,

And souse on these sea-dogs and bear
them away.

Ye sages, who travel on mighty de-
signs,

To measure meridians and parallel lines—
The task being tedious—take heed, if you
please—

Construct a balloon—and you'll do it with
ease.

And ye who the heav'n's broad concave
survey,

And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,
Who gaze, the night through, at the won-
derful scene,

Yet still are complaining of vapours be-
tween. ⁴⁰

Ah, seize the conveyance and fearlessly rise
To peep at the lanthorns that light up the
skies,

And floating above, on our ocean of air,
Inform us, by letter, what people are
there.

In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,

And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;
 (Mars being willing) pray send us word,
 greeting,
 If his people are fonder of fighting than
 eating.
 That Venus has horns we've no reason to
 doubt,
 (I forget what they call him who first
 found it out) 50
 And you'll find, I'm afraid, if you venture
 too near,
 That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her
 sphere.
 Our folks of good morals it wofully
 grieves,
 That Mercury's people are villains and
 thieves,
 You'll see how it is—but I'll venture to
 shew
 For a dozen among them, twelve dozens
 below.
 From long observation one proof may be
 had
 That the men in the moon are incurably
 mad;
 However, compare us, and if they exceed
 They must be surprizingly crazy indeed. 60
 But now, to have done with our planets
 and moons—
 Come, grant me a patent for making bal-
 loons—
 For I find that the time is approaching—
 the day
 When horses shall fail, and the horsemen
 decay.
 Post riders, at present (call'd Centaurs of
 old)
 Who brave all the seasons, hot weather
 and cold,
 In future shall leave their dull poneys be-
 hind
 And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of
 the wind.
 The stagemen, whose gallopers scarce
 have the power
 Through the dirt to convey you ten miles
 in an hour, 70
 When advanc'd to balloons shall so furi-
 ously drive
 You'll hardly know whether you're dead
 or alive.
 The man who at Boston sets out with the
 sun,
 If the wind should be fair, may be with
 us at one,
 At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at
 three
 And at six be at Edentown, ready for
 tea.

(The machine shall be oinjured subjects
 need say,
 To travel in darkness as with—that coun-
 At Charleston by ten he f. 10
 prepare, such prizes
 And by twelve the next day b. work was
 knows where.
 When the ladies grow sick of the, tening
 June,
 What a jaunt they shall have in the . orld
 balloon!
 Whole mornings shall see them at toil,
 preparing,
 And forty miles high be their afternoon's
 airing.
 Yet more with its fitness for commerce
 I'm struck;
 What loads of tobacco shall fly from
 Kentuck,
 What packs of best beaver—bar-iron and
 pig,
 What budgets of leather from Conoco-
 cheague!
 If Britain should ever disturb us again,
 (As they threaten to do in the next
 George's reign) 90
 No doubt they will play us a set of new
 tunes,
 And pepper us well from their fighting
 balloons.
 To market the farmers shall shortly repair
 With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale,
 thro' the air,
 Skim over the water as light as a feather,
 Themselves and their turkies conversing
 together.
 Such wonders as these from balloons
 shall arise—
 And the giants of old, that assaulted the
 skies
 With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely
 confess
 That all they attempted was nothing to
 this. 100

Freeman's Journal, Dec. 22, 1784.

LITERARY IMPORTATION

However we wrangled with Britain awhile
 We think of her now in a different stile,
 And many fine things we receive from
 her isle;
 Among all the rest,
 Some demon possessed
 Our dealers in knowledge and sellers of
 sense
 To have a good bishop imported from
 thence.

The words of Sam Chandler were thought
to be vain,
When he argued so often and proved it
so plain
"That Satan must flourish till bishops
should reign:"¹⁰
Though he went to the wall
With his project and all.
Another bold Sammy, in bishop's array,
Has got something more than his pains
for his pay.

It seems we had spirit to humble a throne,
Have genius for science inferior to none,
But hardly encourage a plant of our own:
If a college be planned,
'Tis all at a stand
'Till to Europe we send at a shameful
expense,²⁰
To send us a book-worm to teach us some
sense.

Can we never be thought to have learning
or grace
Unless it be brought from that horrible
place
Where tyranny reigns with her impudent
face;
And popes and pretenders,
And sly faith-defenders
Have ever been hostile to reason and wit,
Enslaving a world that shall conquer
them yet.

'Tis a folly to fret at the picture I draw:
And I say what was said by a Doctor
Magraw;³⁰
"If they give us their Bishops, they'll
give us their law."
How that will agree
With such people as we,
Let us leave to the learned to reflect on
awhile,
And say what they think in a handsomer
stile.

In "Poems," 1786.

THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,

And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;¹⁰
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more
gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frost, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dew
At first thy little being came:²⁰
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between, is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

Freeman's Journal, Aug. 2, 1786.

MAY TO APRIL

Without your showers, I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep, my blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine:
My balmy breeze, my blooming trees
To torrid suns their sweets resign!

O'er April dead, my shades I spread:
To her I owe my dress so gay—¹⁰
Of daughters three, it falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day:

Thus, to repose, all Nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom:
Time on the wing, May ends the Spring,
And summer dances on her tomb!

Freeman's Journal, April 11, 1787.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture, that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed, 10
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit. 20

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braided hair) 30
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dew;
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here. 40

1788.

ON THE PROSPECT OF A REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

*"Now, at the feast they plan the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy."
—HOM. ODYS.*

Borne on the wings of time another year
Sprung from the past, begins its proud
career:
From that bright spark which first illumed
these lands,
See Europe kindling, as the blaze expands,
Each gloomy tyrant, sworn to chain the
mind,

Presumes no more to trample on mankind:
Even potent Louis trembles on his throne,
The generous prince who made our cause
his own,

More equal rights his injured subjects
claim,
No more a country's strength—that coun-
try's shame; 10

Fame starts astonished at such prizes
won,
And rashness wonders how the work was
done.

Flushed with new life, and brightening
at the view,
Genius, triumphant, moulds the world
anew;

To these far climes in swift succession
moves

Each art that Reason owns and sense ap-
proves.

What though his age is bounded to a
span

Time sheds a conscious dignity on man,
Some happier breath his rising passion
swells,

Some kinder genius his bold arm impels, 20
Dull superstition from the world retires,
Disheartened zealots haste to quench their
fires;

One equal rule o'er twelve vast States
extends,¹

Europe and Asia join to be our friends,
Our active flag in every clime displayed
Counts stars on colours that shall never
fade;

A far famed chief o'er this vast whole
presides

Whose motto Honor is—whom Virtue
guides

His walk forsaken in Virginia's groves
Applauding thousands bow where'er He
moves, 30

Who laid the basis of this Empire sure
Where public faith should public peace
secure.

Still may she rise, exalted in her arms,
And boast to every age her patriot names,
To distant climes extend her gentle sway,
While choice—not force—bids every heart
obey;

Ne'er may she fail when Liberty implores,
Now want true valour to defend her
shores,

'Till Europe, humbled, greets our western
wave,

And owns an equal—whom she wished a
slave. 40

1788.

Daily Advertiser, New York, Mar. 9, 1790.

¹ At this time Rhode-Island was not a member of the general Confederation of the American States. (*Author's Note.*)

CONGRESS HALL, N. Y.

With eager step and wrinkled brow,
 The busy sons of care
 (Disgusted with less splendid scenes)
 To Congress Hall repair.

In order placed, they patient wait
 To seize each word that flies,
 From what they hear, they sigh or smile,
 Look cheerful, grave, or wise.

Within these walls the doctrines taught
 Are of such vast concern,¹⁰
 That all the world, with one consent,
 Here strives to live—and learn.

The timorous heart, that cautious shuns
 All churches, but its own,
 No more observes its wonted rules;
 But ventures here, alone.

Four hours a day each rank alike,
 (They that can walk or crawl)
 Leave children, business, shop, and wife,
 And steer for Congress Hall.²⁰

From morning tasks of mending soles
 The cobbler hastes away;
 At three returns, and tells to Kate
 The business of the day.

The debtor, vexed with early duns,
 Avoids his hated home;
 And here and there dejected roves
 'Till hours of Congress come.

The barber, at the well-known time,
 Forsakes his bearded man,³⁰
 And leaves him with his lathered jaws,
 To trim them as he can.

The tailor, plagued with suits on suits,
 Neglects Sir Fopling's call,
 Throws by his goose—slips from his
 board,
 And trots to Congress Hall.

Daily Advertiser, New York, Mar. 12, 1790.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Thus, some tall tree that long hath stood
 The glory of its native wood,
 By storms destroyed, or length of years,
 Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,
 To dust returns by slow decays:
 But, when its destined years are o'er,
 We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid,
 The world laments your exit made;¹⁰
 So long befriended by your art,
 Philosopher, 'tis hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground,
 Successors easily are found:
 But, matchless Franklin! what few
 Can hope to rival such as you,
 Who seized from kings their sceptred
 pride,
 And turned the lightning's darts aside!

Daily Advertiser, New York, Apr. 28, 1790.

✓ THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

(*A Picture from the Life.*)

"To serve with love,
 And shed your blood,
 Approved may be above,
 And here below
 (Examples shew)
 'Tis dangerous to be good."

—LORD OXFORD.

Deep in a vale, a stranger now to arms,
 Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to
 beg,
 He, who once warred on Saratoga's plains,
 Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden
 leg.

Remembering still the toil of former days,
 To other hands he sees his earnings
 paid;—
 They share the due reward—he feeds on
 praise,
 Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's
 shade.

Far, far from domes where splendid
 tapers glare,
 'Tis his from dear bought peace no wealth
 to win,¹⁰
 Removed alike from courtly cringing
 'squires,
 The great-man's Levee, and the proud
 man's grin.

Sold are those arms which once on Britons
 blazed,
 When, flushed with conquest, to the
 charge they came;

That power repelled, and Freedom's
fabrick raised,
She leaves her soldier—famine and a
name!

1790.

1795.

TO THE PUBLIC

This age is so fertile of mighty events,
That people complain, with some reason,
no doubt,
Besides the time lost, and besides the ex-
pence,
With reading the papers they're fairly
worn out;
The past is no longer an object of care,
The present consumes all the time they
can spare.

Thus grumbles the reader, but still he
reads on
With his pence and his paper unwilling
to part:
He sees the world passing, men going and
gone,
Some riding in coaches, and some in a
cart:
For a peep at the farce a subscription
he'll give,—
Revolutions must happen, and printers
must live:

For a share of your favour we aim with
the rest:
To enliven the scene we'll exert all our
skill,
What we have to impart shall be some
of the best,
And *Multum in Parvo* our text, if you
will;
Since we never admitted a clause in our
creed,
That the greatest employment of life is—
to read.

The king of the French and the queen
of the North
At the head of the play, for the season
we find:
From the spark that we kindled, a flame
has gone forth
To astonish the world and enlighten man-
kind:
With a code of new doctrines the universe
rings,
And Paine is addressing strange sermons
to kings.

Thus launch'd, as we are, on the ocean
of news,
In hopes that your pleasure our pains
will repay,
All honest endeavors the author will use
To furnish a feast for the grave and the
gay:
At least he'll essay such a track to pursue
That the world shall approve—and his
news shall be true.

National Gazette, Phila., Oct. 31, 1791.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE

Great things have pass'd the last revolving
year;
France on a curious jaunt has seen her
king go,—
Hush'd are the growlings of the Russian
bear,
Rebellion has broke loose in St. Domin-
go—
Sorry we are that Pompeys, Cæsars, Catos
Are mostly found with Negroes and Mu-
lattoes.

Discord, we think, must always be the lot
Of this poor world—nor is that discord
vain,
Since, if these feuds and fisty-cuffs were
not,
Full many an honest Type would starve—
that's plain;
Wars are their gain, whatever cause is
found—
Empires—or Cats-skins brought from
Nootka-sound.

The Turks, poor fellows! have been sadly
baisted—
And many a Christian despot stands, con-
triving
Who next shall bleed—what country next
be wasted—
This is the trade by which they get their
living:
From Prussian Frederick, this the general
plan
To Empress Kate—that burns the Rights
of Man.

The Pope (at Rome) is in a sweat, they
tell us;
Of freedom's pipe he cannot hear the
music,
And worst of all when Frenchmen blow
the bellows,

Enough almost (he thinks) to make a
Jew sick:
His Priesthood too, black, yellow, white,
and grey,
All think it best to keep—the good old
way.

Britain, (fame whispers) has unrigg'd her
fleet—
Now tell us what the world will do for
thunder?—
Battles, fire, murder, maiming, and defeat
Are at an end when Englishmen knock
under:
Sulphur will now in harmless squibs be
spent,
Lightning will fall—full twenty-five per
cent.
30

1795.

TO MY BOOK

Seven years are now elaps'd, dear ram-
bling volume,
Since, to all knavish wights a foe,
I sent you forth to vex and gall 'em,
Or drive them to the shades below:
With spirit, still, of Democratic proof,
And still despising Shylock's¹ canker'd
hoof:

What doom the fates intend, is hard to
say,
Whether to live to some far-distant day,
Or sickening in your prime,
In this hard-hitting clime, 10
Take pet, make wings, say prayers, and
flit away.

"Virtue, order and religion.
Haste, and seek some other region;
Your plan is laid, to hunt them down,
Destroy the mitre, rend the gown,
And that vile hag, Philosophy, re-
store"—

Did ever volume plan so much before?

For seven years past, a host of busy foes
Have buzz'd about your nose,
White, black, and grey, by night and
day; 20

Garbling, lying, singing, sighing:
These eastern gales a cloud of insects
bring

That fluttering, snivelling, whimpering—
on the wing—

And, wafted still as discord's demon
guides,

Flock round the flame, and yet shall singe
their hides.

¹ Freneau's nickname for his most hostile critic.

Well!—let the fates decree whate'er they
please:

Whether you're doomed to drink obliv-
ion's cup,

Or Praise-God Barebones eats you up;
This I can say, you've spread your wings
afar,

Hostile to garter, ribbon, crown, and
star; 30

Still on the people's, still on Freedom's
side,

With full-determin'd aim, to baffle every
claim

Of well-born wights, that aim to mount
and ride.

National Gazette, Phila., Aug. 4, 1792.

EPISTLE

To a Student of Dead Languages

I pity him, who, at no small expense,
Has studied sound instead of sense:
He, proud some antique gibberish to at-
tain;
Of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, vain,
Devours the husk, and leaves the grain.

In his own language Homer writ and
read,

Nor spent his life in poring on the dead:
Why then your native language not pur-
sue

In which all ancient sense (that's worth
review)

Glow in translation, fresh and new? 10

He better plans, who things, not words,
attends,

And turns his studious hours to active
ends;

Who Art through every secret maze ex-
plores,

Invents, contrives—and Nature's hidden
stores

From mirrors, to their object true,
Presents to man's obstructed view,

That dimly meets the light, and faintly
soars:—

His strong capacious mind

By fetters unconfined

Of Latin lore and heathen Greek, 20
Takes Science in its way,

Pursues the kindling ray

'Till Reason's morn shall on him break!

1795

ODE

*On the Frigate Constitution*¹

"And in those days men settled themselves on the waters, and lived there, not because land was wanting, but that they wished not to be slaves to such as were great and mighty on the land."—*Modern History*.

Thus launch'd at length upon the main
And soon prepar'd the seas to roam,
In your capacious breast ere long
Will many an idler find a home
That sells his freedom for a song,
Quits fields and trees
For boisterous seas,
T. tread his native soil no more,
And see—but not possess—the shore.

Well! let them go—can there be loss 10
In those who Nature's bounty slight,
From rural vales and freedom's shades
To this dull cage who take their flight,
The axe, the hoe,
The plough forego,
The buxom milk-maid's simple treat,
The bliss of country life forget,
For tumult here
And toil severe,
A gun their pillow when they sleep, 20
And when they wake, are wak'd to weep.

Dick Brothers said, "The time will come
When war no more shall prowl the sea,
Nor men for pride or plunder roam,
And my millenium brings them home,
Howe'er dispers'd through each de-
gree."

If Richard proves a prophet true,
Why may not we be quiet, too,
And turn our bulldogs into lambs,
Saw off the horns of battering rams 30
As well as Europe's sons?
Ye Quakers! see with pure delight,
The times approach when men of might,
And squadrons roving round the ball,
Shall fight each other not at all,
Or fight with wooden guns.

And yet that Being you address,
Who shaped old Chaos into form,
May speak—and with a word suppress
The tyrant and the storm. 40

Time-Piece, Oct. 31, 1797.

¹ The *Constitution* was launched October 23, 1797, at Boston. See Holmes's "Old Ironsides," p. 422.

TO THE AMERICANS OF THE
UNITED STATES

Men of this passing age!—whose noble
deeds
Honour will bear above the scum of
Time:
Ere this eventful century expire,
Once more we greet you with our hum-
ble rhyme:
Pleased, if we meet your smiles, but—if
denied,
Yet, with Your sentence, we are satisfied.

Catching our subjects from the varying
scene
Of human things; a mingled work we
draw,
Chequered with fancies odd, and figures
strange,
Such, as no courtly poet ever saw; 10
Who writ, beneath some Great Man's
ceiling placed;
Travelled no lands, nor roved the watery
waste.

To seize some features from the faith-
less past;
Be this our care before the century close;
The colours strong!—for, if we deem
aright,
The coming age will be an age of prose:
When sordid cares will break the muses'
dream,
And Common Sense be ranked in seat
supreme.

Go, now, dear book; once more expand
your wings: 19
Still in the cause of Man severely true:
Untaught to flatter pride, or fawn on
kings;—
Trojan, or Tyrian,—give them both their
due.—
When they are right, the cause of both
we plead,
And both will please us well,—if both
will read.

1797

THE POLITICAL WEATHER-COCK

'Tis strange that things upon the ground
Are commonly most steady found
While those in station proud
Are turned and twirled, or twist about,
Now here and there, now in or out,
Mere playthings to a cloud.

See yonder influential man,
 So late the stern Republican
 While interest bore him up;
 See him recant, abjure the cause, 10
 See him support tyrannic laws,
 The dregs of slavery's cup!

Thus, on yon steeple towering high,
 Where clouds and storms distracted fly,
 The weather-cock is placed;
 Which only while the storm does blow
 Is to one point of compass true,
 Then veers with every blast.

But things are so appointed here
 That weather-cocks on high appear, 20
 On pinnacle displayed,
 While Sense, and Worth, and reasoning
 wights,
 And they who plead for Human Rights,
 Sit humble in the shade.

In "Poems," 1809.

ON A HONEY BEE

*Drinking from a Glass of Wine and
 Drowned Therein*

BY HEZEKIAH SALEM

Thou, born to sip the lake or spring,
 Or quaff the waters of the stream,
 Why hither come on vagrant wings?—
 Does Bacchus tempting seem—
 Did he, for you, this glass prepare?—
 Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
 Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay—
 Did wars distress, or labours vex,
 Or did you miss your way?— 10
 A better seat you could not take
 Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!—I hail you to my glass:
 All welcome, here, you find;
 Here, let the cloud of trouble pass.
 Here, be all care resigned.—
 This fluid never fails to please,
 And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here, we cannot know,
 And you will scarcely tell— 20
 But cheery we would have you go
 And bid a glad farewell:
 On lighter wings we bid you fly,
 Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
 And in this ocean die;
 Here bigger bees than you might sink,
 Even bees full six feet high.
 Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
 To perish in a sea of red. 30

Do as you please, your will is mine;
 Enjoy it without fear—
 And your grave will be this glass of wine,
 Your epitaph—a tear—
 Go, take your seat in Charon's boat,
 We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

In "Poems," 1809.

ON THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL DEPREDATIONS

As gallant ships as ever ocean stemm'd—
 A thousand ships are captured, and con-
 demn'd!
 Ships from our shores, with native car-
 goes fraught,
 And sailing to the very shores they ought:
 And yet at peace!—the wrong is past
 all bearing;
 The very comets are the war declaring:
 Six thousand seamen groan beneath your
 power,
 For years immured, and prisoners to this
 hour:

Then England come! a sense of wrong
 requires
 To meet with thirteen stars your thousand
 fires; 10
 On your own seas the conflict to sustain,
 Or drown them, with your commerce in
 the main!

True do we speak, and who can well
 deny,
 That England claims all water, land, and
 sky
 Her power expands—extends through
 every zone,
 Nor bears a rival—but must rule alone.
 To enforce her claims, a thousand sails
 unfurl'd
 Pronounce their home the cock-pit of the
 world;
 The modern Tyre, whose fiends and lions
 prowl,
 A tyrant navy, which in time must howl.
 Heaven send the time—the world obeys
 her nod: 21

Her nods, we hope, the sleep of death
forbode;
Some mighty change, when plunder'd
thrones agree,
And plunder'd countries, to make com-
merce free.

In "Poems," 1809.

TO A CATY-DID

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green array'd
Hear her singing in the shade
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said;
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revelled out its little song,
Nothing else but Caty-did.

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief—?
Did you only mean to say,
I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did:—
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have utter'd more
Had you known of nature's power—
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,

Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said,
Live again, my Caty-did!
Live, and chatter Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do? 30
Did she mean to trouble you?—
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did?—
Wrong, indeed, at you to fling,
Hurting no one while you sing
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?
Caty tells me, she again
Will not give you plague or pain:—
Caty says you may be hid 40
Caty will not go to bed
While you sing us Caty-did.
Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

But, while singing, you forgot
To tell us what did Caty not:
Caty-did not think of cold, 10
Flocks retiring to the fold,
Winter, with his wrinkles old,
Winter, that yourself foretold
When you gave us Caty-did. 50

Stay securely in your nest;
Caty now will do her best,
All she can, to make you blest;
But, you want no human aid—
Nature, when she form'd you, said,
"Independent you are made, 20
My dear little Caty-did:
Soon yourself must disappear
With the verdure of the year,"—
And to go, we know not where, 60
With your song of Caty-did.

In "Poems," 1815.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

(1752-1817)

From GREENFIELD HILL

PART IV—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUODS¹

*(The text is taken from the original
edition of 1794.)*

This selection begins with the 13th stanza.

In yon small field, that dimly steals from
sight,
(From yon small field these meditations
grow)
Turning the sluggish soil, from morn to
night,
The plodding hind, laborious, drives his
plough,
Nor dreams, a nation sleeps, his foot
below.
There, undisturbed by the roaring wave,
Releas'd from war, and far from deadly
foe,
Lies down, in endless rest, a nation brave,

¹The Pequods inhabited the branches of the Thames, which empties itself into the Sound, at New London. This nation, from the first settlement of the English Colonists, regarded them with jealousy; and attempted to engage the neighboring tribes in a combination against them. Several of those tribes were, however, more jealous of the Pequods, than of the English, and rejected their solicitations. Not discouraged by these disappointments, they resolved to attempt the destruction of the English, with the strength of their own tribes only; and cruelly assassinated Captains Stone, Norton, and Oldham, as they were trading peaceably in their neighborhood. The English demanded the murderers; but were answered with disdain, and insult. Upon this, Captain Mason was dispatched into their country with a body of troops; and attacking one of their principal forts, destroyed it, together with a large number of their warriors. The rest of the nation fled. A large body of them came to a swamp; three miles westward of Fairfield. One of their number loitering behind the rest, was discovered by the English troops, then commanded by Captain Stoughton, of the Massachusetts; and was compelled to disclose their retreat. One hundred of them, it is said, surrendered. The rest, bravely resolving to live and die together, were attacked, and chiefly destroyed. On this piece of History, the following part of the Poem is founded. It is introduced by reflections on the changes, wrought in the world by time. Ancient Empires. Great Britain. America. Story related, with reflections on the savages. Conclusion. (*The "Argument" as supplied by the Author.*)

And trains, in tempests born, there find
a quiet grave.

Oft have I heard the tale, when matron
sere¹⁰
Sung to my infant ear the song of woe;
Of maiden meek, consum'd with pining
care,
Around whose tomb the wild-rose lov'd
to blow;
Or told, with swimming eyes, how, long
ago,
Remorseless Indians, all in midnight dire,
The little, sleeping village, did o'erthrow,
Bidding the cruel flames to heaven aspire,
And scalp'd the hoary head, and burn'd
the babe with fire.

Then, fancy-fir'd, her memory wing'd its
flight,
To long-forgotten wars, and dread
alarms,²⁰
To chiefs obscure, but terrible in fight,
Who mock'd each foe, and laugh'd at
deadliest harms,
Sydneys in zeal, and Washingtons in
arms.
By instinct tender to the woes of man,
My heart bewildering with sweet pity's
charms,
Thro' solemn scenes, with Nature's step,
she ran,
And hush'd her audience small, and thus
the tale began.

"Thro' verdant banks where Thames's
branches glide,
Long held the Pequods an extensive
sway;
Bold, savage, fierce, of arms the glorious
pride.³⁰
And bidding all the circling realms obey.
Jealous, they saw the tribes, beyond the
sea,
Plant in their climes; and towns, and
cities, rise;
Ascending castles foreign flags display;
Mysterious art new scenes of life devise;
And steeds insult the plains, and cannon
rend the skies."

"They saw, and soon the strangers' fate
decreed,
And soon of war disclos'd the crimson
sign;
First, hapless Stone! they bade thy
bosom bleed,
A guiltless offering at th' infernal shrine:
Then, gallant Norton! the hard fate was
thine, 41
By ruffians butcher'd, and denied a grave:
Thee, generous Oldham! next the doom
malign
Arrested; nor could all thy courage save;
Forsaken, plunder'd, cleft, and buried in
the wave."

"Soon the sad tidings reach'd the general
ear;
And prudence, pity, vengeance, all in-
spire:
Invasive war their gallant friends pre-
pare;
And soon a noble band, with purpose dire,
And threatening arms, the murderous
fiends require: 50
Small was the band, but never taught to
yield;
Breasts fac'd with steel, and souls in-
stinct with fire:
Such souls, from Sparta, Persia's world
repell'd,
When nations pav'd the ground, and
Xerxes flew the field."

"The rising clouds the Savage Chief de-
scried,
And, round the forest, bade his heroes
arm;
To arms the painted warriors proudly
hied,
And through surrounding nations rung
the alarm.
The nations heard; but smil'd, to see the
storm,
With ruin fraught, o'er Pequod moun-
tains driven; 60
And felt infernal joy the bosom warm,
To see their light hang o'er the skirts of
even,
And other suns arise, to gild a kinder
heaven."

"Swift to the Pequod fortress Mason sped,
Far in the wildering woods' impervious
gloom;
A lonely castle, brown with twilight
dread;
Where oft th' embowel'd captive met his
doom,

And frequent heav'd, around the hollow
tomb;
Scalps hung in rows, and whitening bones
were strew'd;
Where, round the broiling babe, fresh
from the womb, 70
With howls the Powaw fill'd the dark
abode,
And screams, and midnight prayers, in-
vok'd the Evil god."

"There too, with awful rites, the hoary
priest,
Without, beside the moss-grown altar,
stood,
His sable form in magic cincture dress'd,
And heap'd the mingled offering to his
god,
What time, with golden light, calm even-
ing glow'd.
The mystic dust, the flower of silver
bloom,
And spicy herb, his hand in order strew'd;
Bright rose the curling flame; and rich
perfume 80
On smoky wings upflew, or settled round
the tomb."

"Then, o'er the circus, danc'd the mad-
dening throng,
As erst the Thyas roam'd dread Nusa
round,
And struck, to forest notes, the ecstatic
song,
While slow, beneath them, heav'd the
wavy ground.
With a low, lingering groan, of dying
sound,
The woodland rumbled; murmur'd deep
each stream;
Shrill sung the leaves; all ether sigh'd
profound;
Pale tufts of purple topp'd the silver
flame,
And many-colour'd Forms on evening
breezes came." 90

"Thin, twilight Forms; attir'd in chang-
ing sheen
Of plumes, high-tinctur'd in the western
ray;
Bending, they peep'd the fleecy folds be-
tween,
Their wings light-rustling in the breath
of May.
Soft-hovering round the fire, in mystic
play,
They snuff'd the incense, wav'd in clouds
afar,

Then, silent, floated toward the setting
day:
Eve reddened each fine form, each misty
car;
And through them faintly gleamed, at
times, the Western Star."

"Then (so tradition sings), the train be-
hind, ¹⁰⁰
In plummy zones of rainbow'd beauty
dress'd,
Rode the Great Spirit, in th' obedient
wind,
In yellow clouds slow-sailing from the
West.
With dawning smiles, the God his vo-
taries bless'd,
And taught where deer retir'd to ivy dell,
What chosen chief with proud command
to' invest;
Where crept th' approaching foe, with
purpose fell,
And where to wind the scout, and war's
dark storm dispel."

"There, on her lover's tomb, in silence
laid,
While still, and sorrowing, shower'd the
moon's pale beam, ¹¹⁰
At times, expectant, slept the widow'd
maid,
Her soul far-wandering on the sylph-
wing'd dream.
Wafted from evening skies, on sunny
stream,
Her darling Youth with silver pinions
shone,
With voice of music, tun'd to sweetest
theme,
He told of shell-bright bowers, beyond
the sun,
Where years of endless joy o'er Indian
lovers run."

"But now no awful rites, nor potent spell,
To silence charm'd the peals of coming
war;
Or told the dread recesses of the dell, ¹²⁰
Where glowing Mason led his bands from
far:
No spirit, buoyant on his airy car,
Controul'd the whirlwind of invading
fight:
Deep died in blood, dun evening's falling
star
Sent sad, o'er western hills, its parting
light,
And no returning morn dispers'd the long,
dark night."

"On the drear walls a sudden splendour
glow'd,
There Mason shone, and there his veter-
ans pour'd.
Anew the Hero claim'd the fiends of
blood,
While answering storms of arrows round
him shower'd, ¹³⁰
And the war-scream the ear with anguish
gor'd.
Alone, he burst the gate: the forest
round
Re-echoed death; the peal of onset roar'd;
In rush'd the squadrons; earth in blood
was drown'd;
And gloomy spirits fled, and corpses hid
the ground."

"Not long in dubious fight the host had
striven,
When, kindled by the musket's potent
flame,
In clouds, and fire, the castle rose to
heaven,
And gloom'd the world, with melancholy
beam.
Then hoarser groans, with deeper anguish,
came; ¹⁴⁰
And fiercer fight the keen assault repell'd:
Nor even these ills the savage breast
could tame;
Like hell's deep caves, the hideous region
yell'd,
'Till death, and sweeping fire, laid waste
the hostile field."

"Soon the sad tale their friends surviv-
ing heard;
And Mason, Mason, rung in every wind:
Quick from their rugged wilds they dis-
appear'd,
Howl'd down the hills, and left the blast
behind.
Their fastening foes, by generous Stough-
ton join'd,
Hung o'er the rear, and every brake ex-
plor'd; ¹⁵⁰
But such dire terror seiz'd the savage
mind,
So swift and black a storm behind them
lowr'd,
On wings of raging fear, thro' spacious
realms they scowr'd."¹

¹ The preceding passage includes lines 109-261 in Part IV. Here follow 99 lines of "reflections on the savages," alluded to in the Argument. Then comes the Conclusion of the Part.

"Amid a circling marsh, expanded wide,
To a lone hill the Pequods wou:ld their
way;
And none, but Heaven, the mansion had
descried,
Close-tangled, wild, impervious to the
day;
But one poor wanderer, loitering long
astray,¹⁵⁸
Wilder'd in labyrinths of pathless wood,
In a tall tree embower'd, obscurely lay:
Strait summon'd down, the trembling
suppliant show'd
Where lurk'd his vanish'd friends, within
their drear abode."

"To death, the murderers were anew re-
quir'd,
A pardon proffer'd, and a peace assur'd;
And, though with vengeful heat their foes
were fir'd,
Their lives, their freedom, and their lands,
secur'd.
Some yielding heard. In fastness strong
immur'd,
The rest the terms refus'd, with brave
disdain,
Near, and more near, the peaceful Herald
lur'd;
Then bade a shower of arrows round him
rain,¹⁷⁰
And wing'd him swift, from danger, to
the distant plain."

"Through the sole, narrow way, to ven-
geance led,
To final fight our generous heroes drew;
And Stoughton now had pass'd th' moor's
black shade,
When hell's terrific region scream'd anew.
Undaunted, on their foes they fiercely
flew;
As fierce, the dusky warriors crowd the
fight;
Despair inspires, to combat's face they
glue;
With groans, and shouts, they rage, un-
knowing flight,
And close their sullen eyes, in shades of
endless night."¹⁸⁰

Indulge, my native land! indulge the tear,
That steals, impassion'd, o'er a nation's
doom:
To me each twig, from Adam's stock, is
near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb.
And, O ye Chiefs! in yonder starry home,
Accept the humble tribute of this rhyme,

Your gallant deeds, in Greece, or haughty
Rome,
By Maro sung, or Homer's harp sublime,
Had charm'd the world's wide round, and
triumph'd over time.

1794.

From GREENFIELD HILL

PART VI

THE FARMER'S ADVICE TO THE
VILLAGERS¹

Ye children of my fondest care,
With tenderest love, and frequent prayer,
This solemn charge, my voice has given,
To prompt, and guide, your steps to
heaven.
Your present welfare now demands
A different tribute, from my hands.

Not long since liv'd a Farmer plain,
Intent to gather honest grain,
Laborious, prudent, thrifty, neat,
Of judgment strong, experience great,¹⁰
In solid homespun clad, and tidy,
And with no coxcomb learning giddy.
Daily, to hear his maxims sound,
Th' approaching neighbours flock'd
around;
Daily they saw his counsels prove
The source of union, peace, and love,
The means of prudence, and of wealth,
Of comfort, cheerfulness, and health:
And all, who follow'd his advice,¹⁹
Appear'd more prosperous, as more wise.

Wearied, at length, with many a call,
The sage resolv'd to summon all:
And gathering, on a pleasant monday,
A crowd not always seen on sunday,
Curious to hear, while hard they press'd
him,
In friendly terms, he thus address'd 'em.

"My friends, you have my kindest
wishes;
Pray think a neighbour not officious,
While thus, to teach you how to live,
My very best advice I give."³⁰

¹ INTRODUCTION. Farmer introduced. Villagers assembled. He recommends to them an industrious and economical life, the careful education and government of their children, and particularly the establishment of good habits in early life; enjoins upon them the offices of good neighborhood, the avoidance of litigation, and the careful cultivation of parochial harmony. Conclusion. (*The "Argument" as supplied by the Author.*)

"And first, *industrious* be your lives;
 Alike employ'd yourselves, and wives:
 Your children, join'd in labour gay,
 With something useful fill each day.
 Those little times of leisure save,
 Which most men lose, and all men have;
 The half days, when a job is done;
 The whole days, when a storm is on.
 Few know, without a strict account,
 To what these little times amount: 40
 If wasted, while the same your cost,
 The sums, you might have earn'd, are lost.

"Learn *small things never to despise*:
 You little think how fast they rise.
 A rich reward the mill obtains,
 'Tho' but two quarts a bushel gains:
 Still rolling on it's steady rounds,
 The farthings soon are turn'd to pounds."

"Nor think a life of toil severe:
 No life has blessings so sincere. 50
 It's meals so luscious, sleep so sweet,
 Such vigorous limbs, such health complete,
 A mind so active, brisk, and gay,
 As his, who toils the livelong day.
 A life of sloth drags hardly on;
 Suns set too late, and rise too soon;
 Youth, manhood, age, all linger slow,
 To him, who nothing has to do.
 The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
 Stays, but can scarce be said to live; 60
 And well the bees, those judges wise,
 Plague, chase, and sting him, 'till he dies.
Lawrence, like him, tho' sav'd from hang-
 ing,
 Yet every day deserves a banging."

"Let *order* o'er your time preside,
 And *method* all your business guide.
 Early begin, and end, your toil;
 Nor let great tasks your hands embroil.
 One thing at once, be still begun,
 Contriv'd, resolv'd, pursued, and done. 70
 Hire not, for what yourselves can do;
 And send not, when yourselves can go;
 Nor, 'till to-morrow's light, delay
 What might as well be done today.
 By steady efforts all men thrive,
 And long by moderate labour live;
 While eager toil, and anxious care,
 Health, strength, and peace and life,
 impair."

"What thus your hands with labour earn,
 To *save*, be now your next concern. 80
 Whate'er to health, or real use,
 Or true enjoyment, will conduce,
 Use freely, and with *pleasure* use;

But ne'er the gifts of HEAVEN abuse:
 I joy to see your treasur'd stores,
 Which smiling Plenty copious pours;
 Your cattle sleek, your poultry fine,
 Your cider in the tumbler shine,
 Your tables, smoking from the hoard,
 And children smiling round the board. 90
 All rights to use in you conspire;
 The labourer's worthy of his hire.
 Ne'er may that hated day arrive,
 When worse yourselves, or yours shall live;
 Your dress, your lodging, or your food,
 Be less abundant, neat, or good;
 Your dainties all to market go,
 To feast the epicure, and beau;
 But ever on your tables stand,
 Proofs of a free and happy land."¹ 100

"In this new World, life's changing
 round,
 In three descents, is often found.
 The first, firm, busy, plodding poor,
 Earns, saves, and daily swells, his store:
 By farthings first, and pence, it grows;
 In shillings next, and pounds, it flows;
 Then spread his widening farms, abroad:
 His forests wave; his harvests nod;
 Fattening, his numerous cattle play,
 And debtors dread his reckoning day. 110
 Ambitious then t' adorn with knowledge
 His son, he places him at college;
 And sends, in smart attire, and neat,
 To travel, thro' each neighbouring state;
 Builds him a handsome house, or buys,
 Sees him a gentleman, and dies."

"The *second* born to wealth and ease,
 And taught to think, converse, and please,
 Ambitious, with his lady-wife,
 Aims at a higher walk of life. 120
 Yet, in those wholesome habits train'd,
 By which his wealth, and weight, were
 gain'd,
 Bids care in hand with pleasure go,
 And blends economy with show,
 His houses, fences, garden, dress.
 The neat and thrifty man confess.
 Improv'd, but with improvement plain,
 Intent on office, as on gain,
 Exploring, useful sweets to spy,
 To public life he turns his eye. 130
 A townsman first; a justice soon;
 A member of the house anon;
 Perhaps to board, or bench, invited,
 He sees the state, and subjects, righted;

¹The preceding passage includes lines 1-100 in Part VI. The passage which follows is from the Conclusion of the Book, lines 596-682.

And, raptur'd with politic life,
 Consigns his children to his wife.
 Of household cares amid the round,
 For her, too hard the task is found.
 At first she struggles, and contends;
 Then doubts, desponds, laments, and
 bends; 140
 Her sons pursue the sad defeat,
 And shout their victory complete;
 Rejoicing, see their father roam,
 And riot, rake, and reign, at home.
 Too late he sees, and sees to mourn,
 His race of every hope forlorn,
 Abroad, for comfort, turns his eyes,
 Bemoans his dire mistakes, and dies."

*"His heir, train'd only to enjoy,
 Untaught his mind, or hands, t' employ, 150
 Conscious of wealth enough for life,
 With business, care, and worth, at strife,
 By prudence, conscience, unrestrain'd,
 And none, but pleasure's habits gain'd,
 Whirls on the wild career of sense,
 Nor danger marks, nor heeds expense.
 Soon ended is the giddy round;
 And soon the fatal goal is found.
 His lands secur'd for borrow'd gold,
 His houses, horses, herds, are sold. 160
 And now, no more for wealth respected,
 He sinks, by all his friends neglected;
 Friends, who, before, his vices flatter'd,
 And liv'd upon the loves he scatter'd.
 Unacted every worthy part,
 And pining with a broken heart,
 To dirtiest company he flies,
 Whores, gambles, turns a sot, and dies.
 His children, born to fairer doom,
 In rags, pursue him to the tomb." 170*

"Apprentic'd then to masters stern,
 Some real good the orphans learn;
 Are bred to toil, and hardy fare,
 And grow to usefulness, and care;
 And, following their great-grandsire's
 plan,
 Each slow becomes a useful man."

"Such here is life's swift-circling round;
 So soon are all its changes found.
 Would you prevent th' allotment hard,
 And fortune's rapid whirl retard, 180
*In all your race, industrious care
 Attentive plant, and faithful rear;
 With life, th' important task begin,
 Nor but with life, the task resign;
 To habit, bid the blessing grow,
 Habits alone yield good below."*

1794.

COLUMBIA ✓

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and child of the
 skies!
 Thy genius command thee; with rapture
 behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of
 time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy
 clime;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrim-
 son thy name,
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy
 fame.

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe
 aspire;
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities
 in fire; 10
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall
 defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory at-
 tend.
 A world is thy realm: for a world be
 thy laws,
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy
 cause;
 On Freedom's broad basis, that empire
 shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with
 the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall
 unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams
 of her star.
 New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall
 soar
 To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no
 more; 20
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
 Shall fly from all nations the best of man-
 kind;
 Here, grateful to heaven, with transport
 shall bring
 Their incense, more fragrant than odors
 of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory
 ascend,
 And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
 The graces of form shall awake pure de-
 sire,
 And the charms of the soul ever cherish
 the fire;
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners
 refin'd

And virtue's bright image, instamp'd on
 the mind,³⁰
 With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach
 life to glow,
 And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall
 display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold.
 And the east and the south yield their
 spices and gold,
 As the day-spring unbounded, thy splen-
 dor shall flow,
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee
 shall bow,
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph
 unfurl'd,
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace
 to the world.⁴⁰

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars
 o'erspread,
 From war's dread confusion I pensively
 stray'd—
 The gloom from the face of fair heav'n
 retir'd;
 The winds ceased to murmur; the thun-
 ders expir'd;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly
 along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly
 sung:
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child
 of the skies."

LOVE TO THE CHURCH

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
 My voice or hands deny,¹⁰
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.²⁰

Jesus, thou friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

✓
JOEL BARLOW
(1754-1813)

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

FROM BOOK VII¹

*(The text is taken from the original
edition of 1787.)*

In youthful minds to wake the ardent
flame,
To nurse the arts, and point the paths
of fame,
Behold their liberal fires, with guardian
care,
Thro' all the realms their feats of science
rear.
Great without pomp the modest mansions
rise;
Harvard and Yale and Princeton greet
the skies;
Penn's ample walls o'er Del'ware's margin
bend,
On James's bank the royal spires ascend,
Thy turrets, York, Columbia's walks,
command,
Bosom'd in groves, see growing Dart-
mouth stand;¹⁰
While, o'er the realm reflecting solar fires,
On yon tall hill Rhode-Island's seat as-
pires.
O'er all the shore, with sails and cities
gay,
And where rude hamlets stretch their
inland sway,
With humbler walls unnumber'd schools
arise,
And youths unnumber'd sieze the solid
prize.
In no blest land has Science rear'd her
fane,
And fix'd so firm her wide-extended
reign;
Each rustic here, that turns the furrow'd
soil,
The maid, the youth, that ply mechanic²⁰
toil,
In freedom nurst, in useful arts inured,
Know their just claims, and see their
rights secured.

¹ Hymn to Peace. Progress of Arts in Amer-
ica. Furtrade. Fisheries. Productions and
Commerce. Education. Philosophical inven-
tions. Painting. Poetry. (The "Argument" as
supplied by the Author.) This selection is the
latter two-thirds of the Book.

And lo, descending from the seats of
art,
The growing throngs for active scenes
depart,
In various garbs they tread the welcome
land,
Swords at their side or sceptres in their
hand,
With healing powers bid dire diseases
cease,
Or sound the tidings of eternal peace.
In no blest land has fair Religion shone,
And fix'd so firm her everlasting throne.³⁰
Where, o'er the realms those spacious
temples shine,
Frequent and full the throng'd assemblies
join;
There, fired with virtue's animating flame,
The sacred task unnumber'd sages claim;
The task, for angels great; in early youth,
To lead whole nations in the walks of
truth,
Shed the bright beams of knowledge on
the mind,
For social compact harmonize mankind,
To life, to happiness, to joys above,
The soften'd soul with ardent zeal to⁴⁰
move;
For this the voice of Heaven, in early
years,
Tuned the glad songs of life-inspiring
seers,
For this consenting seraphs leave the
skies,
The God compassionates, the Saviour
dies.
Tho' different faiths their various or-
ders show,
That seem discordant to the train below;
Yet one blest cause, one universal flame,
Wakes all their joys and centres every
aim;
They tread the same bright steps, and
smoothe the road,
Lights of the world and messengers of⁵⁰
God.
So the galaxy broad o'er heaven displays
Of various stars the same unbounded
blaze;
Where great and small their mingling
rays unite,
And earth and skies repay the friendly
light.

While thus the hero view'd the sacred
band,
Moved by one voice and guided by one
hand,
He saw the heavens unfold, a form de-
scend,
Down the dim skies his arm of light
extend,
From God's own altar lift a living coal,
Touch their glad lips and brighten every
soul;
Then, with accordant voice and heavenly
tongue,
O'er the wide clime these welcome accents
rung.

Ye darkling race of poor distressed man-
kind,
For bliss still groping and to virtue blind,
Hear from on high th' Almighty's voice
descend;
Ye heavens, be silent, and thou earth, at-
tend.
I reign the Lord of life; I fill the round,
Where stars and skies and angels know
their bound;
Before all years, beyond all thought I
live,
Light, form and motion, time and space
I give;
Touch'd by this hand, all worlds within
me roll,
Mine eye their splendor and my breath
their soul.
Earth, with her lands and seas, my power
proclaims,
There moves my spirit, there descend my
flames;
Graced with the semblance of the Maker's
mind,
Rose from the darksome dust the rea-
soning kind,
With powers of thought to trace the
eternal Cause,
That all his works to one great system
draws,
View the full chain of love, the all-ruling
plan,
That binds the God, the angel and the
man,
That gives all hearts to feel, all minds to
know
The bliss of harmony, of strife the woe.
This heaven of concord, who of mortal
strain
Shall dare oppose—he lifts his arm in
vain;
The avenging universe shall on him roll
The intended wrong, and whelm his guilty
soul.

Then lend your audience; hear, ye sons
of earth,
Rise into life, behold the promised birth;
From pain to joy, from guilt to glory rise,
Be babes on earth, be seraphs in the
skies.
Lo, to the cries of grief mild mercy bends,
Stern vengeance softens and the God de-
scends,
The atoning God, the pardoning grace to
seal,
The dead to quicken and the sick to heal.
See from his sacred side the life-blood
flow,
Hear in his groans unutterable woe;
While, fixt in one strong pang, the all
suffering Mind
Bears and bewails the tortures of man-
kind.
But lo, the ascending pomp! around him
move
His rising saints, the first-born sons of
love;
View the glad throng, the glorious tri-
umph join,
His paths pursue and in his splendor
shine;
Purged from your stains in his atoning
blood.
Assume his spotless robes and reign be-
side your God.
Thus heard the hero—while his roving
view
Traced other crouds that liberal arts pur-
sue;
When thus the Seraph—Lo, a favourite
band,
The torch of science flaming in their
hand!
Thro' nature's range their ardent souls
aspire,
Or wake to life the canvass and the lyre.
Fixt in sublimest thought, behold them
rise,
Superior worlds unfolding to their eyes;
Heaven in their view unveils the eternal
plan,
And gives new guidance to the paths of
man.
See on yon darkening height bold
Franklin tread,
Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his
head;
Convolving clouds the billowy skies de-
form,
And forked flames emblaze the blackening
storm.

See the descending streams around him
burn,
Glance on his rod and with his guidance
turn;
He bids conflicting heavens their blasts
expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze and holds the im-
prison'd fire.
No more, when folding storms the vault
o'er-spread,
The livid glare shall strike thy race with
dread;
Nor towers nor temples, shuddering with
the sound;
Sink in the flames and spread destruction
round.
His daring toils, the threatening blast
that wait,
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts
of fate;
The pointed steel o'er-top the ascending
spire,
And lead o'er trembling walls the harm-
less fire;
In his glad fame while distant worlds re-
joice,
Far as the lightnings shine or thunders
raise their voice.

See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent
eye,
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central
pole.
He marks what laws the eccentric wan-
derers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids, beneath his hand, in semblance
rise,
With mimic orbs, the labours of the skies.
There wondering crouds with raptured
eye behold
The spangled heavens their mystic maze
unfold;
While each glad sage his splendid hall
shall grace,
With all the spheres that cleave the
etherial space.

To guide the sailor in his wandering
way,
See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of
day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
From adverse skies the counteracting
rays;
And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd
roll,
Each nice gradation from the stedfast
pole.

See, West with glowing life the canvass
warms;
His sovereign hand creates impassion'd
forms,
Spurns the cold critic rules, to sieze the
heart,
And boldly bursts the former bounds of
Art.
No more her powers to ancient scenes
confined,
He opes her liberal aid to all mankind;
She calls to life each patriot, chief or
sage,
Garb'd in the dress and drapery of his
age;
Again bold Regulus to death returns,
Again her falling Wolfe Britannia
mourns;
Warriors in arms to frowning combat
move,
And youths and virgins melt the soul to
love;
Grief, rage and fear beneath his pencil
start,
Roll the wild eye and pour the flowing
heart;
While slumbering heroes wait his waken-
ing call,
And distant ages fill the storied wall.
With rival force, see Copley's pencil
trace
The air of action and the charms of face;
Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of
state,
The Senate listens and the peers debate;
Pale consternation every heart appalls,
In act to speak, while death-struck Chat-
ham falls.
His strong, deep shades a bold expression
give,
Raised into light the starting figures live:
With polish'd pride the finish'd features
boast,
The master's art in nature's softness lost.
Fired with the martial toils, that bathed
in gore
His brave companions on his native shore
Trumbull with daring hand the scene re-
calls,
He shades with night Quebec's beleagur'd
walls,
Mid flashing flames, that round the tur-
rets rise,
Blind carnage raves and great Mont-
gomery dies.
On Charlestown's height, thro' floods of
rolling fire,
Brave Warren falls, and sullen hosts re-
tire;

While other plains of death, that gloom
the skies,
And chiefs immortal o'er his canvass rise.
See rural seats of innocence and ease,
High tufted towers and walks of waving
trees,
The white waves dashing on the craggy
shores,
Meandering streams and meads of span-
gled flowers,
Where nature's sons their wild excursions
lead,
In just design, from Taylor's pencil
spread.

Steward and Brown the moving por-
trait raise,
Each rival stroke the force of life con-
veys;
See circling Beauties round their tablets
stand,
And rise immortal from their plastic
hand;
Each breathing form preserves its wonted
grace,
And all the soul stands speaking in the
face.

Two kindred arts the swelling statue
heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the stone
to live. ²⁰⁰
While the bold chissel claims the rugged
strife,
To rouse the sceptred marble into life;
While Latian shrines their figured patriots
boast,
And gods and heroes croud each orient
coast,
See Wright's fair hands the livlier fire
controul,
In waxen forms she breathes the impas-
sion'd soul;
The pencil'd tint o'er moulded substance
glows,
And different powers the unrivall'd art
compose.

To equal fame ascends thy tuneful
throng,
The boast of genius and the pride of
song; ²¹⁰
Warm'd with the scenes that grace their
various clime,
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of
time.

With keen-eyed glance thro' nature's
walks to pierce,
With all the powers and every charm of
verse,

Each science opening in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing and his taste refined,
See Trumbull lead the train. His skillful
hand
Hurls the keen darts of Satire thro' the
land;
Pride, knavery, dullness, feel his mortal
stings,
And listening virtue triumphs while he
sings; ²²⁰
Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no
more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in
vain—
The world shall learn them from his
deathless strain.

On glory's wing to raise the ravish'd
soul,
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted
pole,
For daring Dwight the Epic Muse sublime
Hails her new empire on the western
clime.
Fired with the themes by seers seraphic
sung,
Heaven in his eye, and rapture on his
tongue, ²³⁰
His voice divine revives the promised land,
The Heaven-taught Leader and the chosen
band.
In Hanniel's fate, proud faction finds her
doom,
Ai's midnight flames light nations to their
tomb,
In visions bright supernal joys are given,
And all the dread futurities of heaven.

While freedom's cause his patriot bosom
warms,
In counsel sage, nor inexpert in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field
retire,
Sheathe the glad sword and string the
sounding lyre; ²⁴⁰
That lyre which, erst, in hours of dark
despair,
Roused the sad realms to urge the un-
finish'd war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength
of woe,
His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers
flow;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers,
praise,
Fire his full soul and animate his lays;
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a favourite and so great a son.

FROM BOOK IX¹

. . . Now, fair beneath his view, the
 important age
 Leads the bold actors on a broader stage;
 When, clothed majestic in the robes of
 state,
 Moved by one voice, in general council
 meet
 The fathers of all empires: 'twas the
 place,
 Near the first footsteps of the human
 race;
 Where wretched men, first wandering
 from their God,
 Began their feuds and led their tribes
 abroad.
 In this mid region, this delightful clime,
 Hear'd by whole realms, to brave the
 wrecks of time,
 A spacious structure rose, sublimely great,
 The last resort, the unchanging scene of
 state.
 On rocks of adamant the walls ascend,
 Tall columns heave, and Parian arches
 bend;
 High o'er the golden roofs, the rising
 spires,
 Far in the concave meet the solar fires;
 Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding
 high,
 Look, with immortal splendor, round the
 sky:
 Hither the delegated sires ascend,
 And all the cares of every clime attend. 20
 As the fair first-born messengers of hea-
 ven,
 To whom the care of stars and suns is
 given,
 When the last circuit of their winding
 spheres
 Hath finish'd time and mark'd their sum
 of years,
 From all the bounds of space (their la-
 bours done)
 Shall wing their triumphs to the eternal
 throne;
 Each, from his far dim sky, illumines the
 road,

¹ The Vision resumed and extended over the whole earth. Present character of different nations. Future progress of society with respect to commerce, discoveries, the opening of canals, philosophical, medical and political knowledge, the assimilation and final harmony of all languages. Cause of the first confusion of tongues explained, and the effect of their union described. View of a general Council of all nations assembled to establish the political harmony of mankind. Conclusion. (The "Argument" as supplied by the Author.) The Conclusion is here quoted.

And sails and centres tow'rd the mount
 of God;
 There, in mid heaven, their honour'd
 seats to spread,
 And ope the untarnish'd volumes of the
 dead: 30
 So, from all climes of earth, where na-
 tions rise,
 Or lands or oceans bound the incumbent
 skies,
 Wing'd with unwonted speed, the gather-
 ing throng
 In ships and chariots, shape their course
 along;
 Till, wide o'er earth and sea, they win
 their way,
 Where the bold structure flames against
 the day;
 There, hail the splendid seat by Heaven
 assign'd,
 To hear and give the counsels of man-
 kind.
 Now the dread concourse, in the ample
 dome,
 Pour thro' the arches and their seats as-
 sume; 40
 Far as the extended eye can range around,
 Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice re-
 sound,
 Long rows of reverend sires, sublime,
 extend,
 And cares of worlds on every brow
 suspend.
 High in the front, for manlier virtues
 known,
 A sire elect, in peerless grandeur, shone;
 And rising oped the universal cause,
 To give each realm its limit and its laws;
 Bid the last breath of dire contention
 cease,
 And bind all regions in the leagues of
 peace, 50
 Bid one great empire, with extensive
 sway,
 Spread with the sun and bound the walks
 of day,
 One centred system, one all-ruling soul,
 Live thro' the parts, and regulate the
 whole.
 Here, said the Angel with a blissful
 smile,
 Behold the fruits of thy unwearied toil.
 To yon far regions of descending day,
 Thy swelling pinions led the untrodden
 way,
 And taught mankind adventurous deeds
 to dare,
 To trace new seas and peaceful empires
 rear; 60

Hence, round the globe, their rival sails,
 unfurl'd,
 Have waved, at last, in union o'er the
 world.
 Let thy delighted soul no more complain,
 Of dangers braved and griefs endured in
 vain,
 Of courts insidious, envy's poison'd stings,
 The loss of empire and the frown of
 kings;
 While these bright scenes thy glowing
 thoughts compose,
 To spurn the vengeance of insulting foes;
 And all the joys, descending ages gain,
 Repay thy labours and remove thy pain. 70
 1787.

THE HASTY PUDDING

CANTO I

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens
 that rise,
 To cramp the day and hide me from
 the skies;
 Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights
 unfurled,
 Bear death to kings, and freedom to the
 world,
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
 But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
 The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
 Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
 Who hurl your thunders round the epic
 field; 10
 Nor ye who strain your midnight throats
 to sing
 Joys that the vineyard and the still-house
 bring;
 Or on some distant fair your notes em-
 ploy,
 And speak of raptures that you ne'er en-
 joy.
 I sing the sweets I know, the charms I
 feel,
 My morning incense, and my evening
 meal.
 The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come,
 dear bowl,
 Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
 The milk beside thee, smoking from the
 kine,
 Its substance mingle, married in with
 thine, 20
 Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
 And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic
 song
 Flow like thy genial juices o'er my
 tongue,
 Could those mild morsels in my numbers
 chime,
 And, as they roll in substance, roll in
 rhyme,
 No more thy awkward unpoetic name
 Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy
 fame;
 But rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
 All bards should catch it, and all realms
 revere! 30
 Assist me first with pious toil to trace
 Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and
 thy race;
 Declare what lovely squaw, in days of
 yore,
 (Ere great Columbus sought thy native
 shore)
 First gave thee to the world; her works
 of fame
 Have lived indeed, but lived without a
 name.
 Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
 First learn'd with stones to crack the well
 dried maize,
 Through the rough sieve to shake the
 golden shower,
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour: 40
 The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd
 with haste,
 Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface
 swim;
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
 And the whole mass its true consistence
 takes.
 Could but her sacred name, unknown
 so long,
 Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
 To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
 And blow her pudding with the breath of
 praise. 50
 If 'twas Oella whom I sang before
 I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
 Not through the rich Peruvian realms
 alone
 The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should
 be known,
 But o'er the world's wide clime should
 live secure,
 Far as his rays extend, as long as they
 endure.
 Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised
 joy
 Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!

Doom'd o'er the world through devious
 paths to roam,
 Each clime my country, and each house
 my home, 60
 My soul is soothed, my cares have found
 an end,
 I greet my long lost, unforgotten friend.
 For thee through Paris, that corrupted
 town,
 How long in vain I wandered up and
 down,
 Where shameless Bacchus, with his
 drenching hoard,
 Cold from his cave usurps the morning
 board.
 London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
 No Yankee there can lisp the name of
 thee;
 The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
 Would call a proclamation from the
 crown. 70
 From climes oblique, that fear the sun's
 full rays,
 Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous
 maize:
 A grain, whose rich, luxuriant growth
 requires
 Short gentle showers, and bright ethereal
 fires.
 But here, though distant from our na-
 tive shore,
 With mutual glee, we meet and laugh
 once more,
 The same! I know thee by that yellow
 face,
 That strong complexion of true Indian
 race,
 Which time can never change, nor soil
 impair,
 Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid
 air; 80
 For endless years, through every mild
 domain,
 Where grows the maize, there thou art
 sure to reign.
 But man, more fickle, the bold license
 claims,
 In different realms to give thee different
 names.
 Thee the soft nations round the warm
 Levant
Polenta call, the French of course *Polente*.
 E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
 To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee
Mush!
 On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic
 spawn
 Insult and eat thee by the name *Sup-*
pawn. 90

All spurious appellations, void of truth;
 I've better known thee from my earliest
 youth,
 Thy name is *Hasty Pudding!* thus my sire
 Was wont to greet thee fuming from his
 fire;
 And while he argued in thy just defence
 With logic clear he thus explain'd the
 sense:—
 "In *haste* the boiling cauldron o'er the
 blaze,
 Receives and cooks the ready powder'd
 maize;
 In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal
haste,
 With cooling milk, we make the sweet
 repast. 100
 No carving to be done, no knife to grate
 The tender ear, and wound the stony
 plate;
 But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
 And taught with art the yielding mass to
 dip,
 By frequent journeys to the bowl well
 stored,
 Perform the *hasty* honors of the board."
 Such is thy name, significant and clear,
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
 But most to me, whose heart and palate
 chaste
 Preserve my pure hereditary taste. 110
 There are who strive to stamp with
 disrepute
 The luscious food, because it feeds the
 brute;
 In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while
 gaudy prigs
 Compare thy nursling, man, to pamper'd
 pigs;
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar
 jest,
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the
 beast.
 What though the generous cow gives me
 to quaff
 The milk nutritious: am I then a calf?
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
 Though nursed on pudding, claim a kin
 to mine? 120
 Sure the sweet song, I fashion to thy
 praise,
 Runs more melodious than the notes they
 raise.
 My song resounding in its grateful glee,
 No merit claims: I praise myself in thee.
 My father loved thee through his length
 of days!
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with
 maize;

From thee what health, what vigor he
possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian
corn. ¹³⁰

Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in
thee.

Let the green succotash with thee con-
tend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices
blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their
side;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of
thee.

Some talk of *Hoc-Cake*, fair Virginia's
pride, ¹⁴¹

Rich *Johnny-Cake*, this mouth has often
tried;

Both please me well, their virtues much
the same,

Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the
last

Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the
taste.

But place them all before me, smoking
hot,

The big, round dumpling, rolling from
the pot, -

The pudding of the bag, whose quivering
breast, ¹⁵⁰

With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast,
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty
sides

A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread whose face like amber
glows,

And all of Indian that the bake-pan
knows,—

You tempt me not—my fav'rite greets
my eyes,

To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct
flies.

CANTO II

To mix the food by vicious rules of
art,
To kill the stomach, and to sink the
heart

To make mankind to social virtue sour, ¹⁶⁰
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they
devour;

For this the kitchen muse first fram'd her
book,

Commanding sweats to stream from every
cook;

Children no more their antic gambols
tried,

And friends to physic wonder'd why they
died.

Not so the Yankee—his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plain-
ness drest,

A numerous offspring gathers round the
board,

And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the
joyous taste ¹⁷⁰

And health attends them from the short
repast.

While the full pail rewards the milk-
maid's toil,

The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their
care;

To spread the table and the bowls pre-
pare;

To feed the household as their portions
cool

And send them all to labor or to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules
impart,

For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
E'en *Hasty Pudding*, purest of all food, ¹⁸⁰

May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process
guides,

Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,

To rear the child and long sustain the
man;

To shield the morals while it mends the
size,

And all the powers of every food supplies.
Attend the lesson that the muse shall
bring,

Suspend your spoons, and listen while I
sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health
demand ¹⁹⁰

Not food alone but labor from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong
rays,

Ask of thy mother earth the needful
maize;

She loves the race that courts her yield-
ing soil,

And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repay the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain.

But when the tender germ begins to shoot,²⁰⁰

And the green spire declares the sprouting root,

Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,

The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.

A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;

The feather'd robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,

A frightful image, such as school-boys bring,

When met to burn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row²¹⁰

Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe:

The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.

Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,

Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,

Then start the juices, then the roots expand;

Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;

The busy branches all the ridges fill,²²⁰
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.

Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done:

Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-drest field,

When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,

And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,

And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;

The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,²³⁰

O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;

High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,

A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,

To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade;

His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,

And the green spoils her ready basket bill;

Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon²⁴⁰

Calls from his hallow tree the sly racoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,

The bolder squirrel labors through the day.

Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.

Then let them steal the little stores they can,

And fill their gran'ries from the toils of man;

We've one advantage, where they take no part,—

With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art

To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine²⁵⁰

Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them, in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,

And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,

The sack distended marches to the mill;
The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans

And showers the future pudding from the stones;

Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,²⁶⁰

And the new crop exterminates the old.

Ah, who can sing what every wight must feel,

The joy that enters with the bag of meal,
A general jubilee pervades the house,
Wakes every child and gladdens every mouse.

CANTO III

The days grow short; but though the
falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's
work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various tasks
prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various
song.

For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest
home,²⁷⁰
The invited neighbors to the *husking*
come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth,
and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours
away.

Where the huge heap lies centred in the
hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful
wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-
handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs
crack;

The song, the laugh, alternate notes re-
sound,²⁸⁰
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can
tell;

And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless
swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is
cast,

Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the round, and culls one fa-
vored beau,
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport, as are the wits and
brains²⁹⁰
Of well-pleased lassies and contending
swains;

Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the
day.

Meanwhile the housewife urges all her
care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and pre-
pare.

The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strained, the bowls in order
stand,

The fire flames high; and, as a pool (that
takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill-
dam breaks)

Foams, roars, and rages with incessant
toils,³⁰⁰
So the vex'd caldron rages, roars and
boils.

First with clean salt, she seasons well
the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all
the flood,

Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it
stand;

To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn: and round
and round

The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the thronging huskers
pour,

And take their seats as at the corn before.
I leave them to their feast. There still
belong³¹⁰

More useful matters to my faithful song.
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded
yet,

Nice rules and wise, how pudding should
be ate.

Some with molasses grace the luscious
treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful and the
sweet,

A wholesome dish, and well deserving
praise,

A great resource in those bleak wintry
days,

When the chill'd earth lies buried deep
in snow,

And raging Boreas dries the shivering
cow.

Blest cow! thy praise shall still my
notes employ,³²⁰

Great source of health, the only source of
joy;

Mother of Egypt's god,—but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship
thee.

How oft thy teats these pious hands have
press'd!

How oft thy bounties prove my only
feast!

How oft I've fed thee with my favourite
grain!

And roar'd, like thee, to see thy children
slain!

Ye swains who know her various worth
to prize,

Ah! house her well from winter's angry
skies.

Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness
cheer, 330
Corn from your crib, and mashes from
your beer;
When spring returns, she'll well acquit the
loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her
own.

Milk then with pudding I should al-
ways choose;
To this in future I confine my muse.
Will she in haste some further hints
unfold,
Good for the young, nor useless to the
old.

First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will
hide 340

Their little bulk beneath the swelling
tide;

But when their growing mass no more
can sink,

When the soft island looms above the
brink,

Then check your hand; you've got the
portion due,

So taught my sire, and what he taught is
true.

There is a choice in spoons. Though
small appear

The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived
to scoop

In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial
things, 350

Those mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must em-
brace,

The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow
space.

With ease to enter and discharge the
freight,

A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape,
the size,

A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.

Experienced feeders can alone impart

A rule so much above the lore of art.

These tuneful lips that thousand spoons
have tried, 360

With just precision could the point de-
cide.

Though not in song the muse but poorly
shines

In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can
tell,

Is that small section of a goose egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide

The distance from the centre to the side.
Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:—

Like the free Frenchman, from your joy-
ous chin

Suspend the ready napkin; or like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your
knee; 371

Just in the zenith your wise head project,
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,

Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall,
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch

them all!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

(1795-1820)

(The text is taken from "The Culprit Fay and Other Poems," New York, 1836.)

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down, 10
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free, 20
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, 30
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow, 40

And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea 50
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before
us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet 60
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er
us?

*The New York Evening Post, May
29, 1819.*

TO A FRIEND

"You damn me with faint praise."

I

Yes, faint was my applause and cold
my praise,
Though soul was glowing in each pol-
ished line;
But nobler subjects claim the poet's lays,
A brighter glory waits a muse like thine.
Let amorous fools in love-sick meas-
ure pine;
Let Strangford whimper on, in fancied
pain,
And leave to Moore his rose leaves and
his vine;
Be thine the task a higher crown to
gain,
The envied wreath that decks the patriot's
holy strain. 9

II

Yet not in proud triumphal song alone,
 Or martial ode, or sad sepulchral dirge,
 There needs no voice to make our
 glories known;
 There needs no voice the warrior's soul
 to urge
 To tread the bounds of nature's stormy
 verge;
 Columbia still shall win the battle's
 prize,
 But be it thine to bid her mind emerge
 To strike her harp, until its soul arise
 From the neglected shade, where low in
 dust it lies.

III

Are there no scenes to touch the poet's
 soul?
 No deeds of arms to wake the lordly
 strain?
 Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
 Has Warren fought, Montgomery died
 in vain?
 Shame! that while every mountain
 stream and plain
 Hath theme for truth's proud voice or
 fancy's wand,
 No native bard the patriot harp hath
 ta'en,
 But left to minstrels of a foreign strand
 To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's
 loveliest land.

IV

Oh! for a seat on Appalachia's brow,
 That I might scan the glorious prospect
 round,
 Wild waving woods, and rolling floods
 below,
 Smooth level glades and fields with
 grain embrown'd,
 High heaving hills, with tufted forests
 crown'd,
 Rearing their tall tops to the heaven's
 blue dome,
 And emerald isles, like banners green
 unwound,
 Floating along the lake, while round
 them roam
 Bright helms of billowy blue and plumes
 of dancing foam.

V

'Tis true no fairies haunt our verdant
 meads,
 No grinning imps deform our blazing
 hearth;

Beneath the kelpie's fang no traveller
 bleeds,
 Nor gory vampyre taints our holy earth,
 Nor spectres stalk to frighten harmless
 mirth,
 Nor tortured demon howls adown the
 gale;
 Fair reason checks these monsters in
 their birth.
 Yet have we lay of love and horrid tale
 Would dim the manliest eye and make
 the bravest pale.

VI

Where is the stony eye that hath not
 shed
 Compassion's heart-drops o'er the sweet
 McRea?
 Through midnight's wilds by savage
 bandits led,
 "Her heart is sad—her love is far
 away!"
 Elate that lover waits the promised
 day
 When he shall clasp his blooming bride
 again—
 Shine on, sweet visions! dreams of rap-
 ture, play!
 Soon the cold corpse of her he loved
 in vain
 Shall blight his withered heart and fire
 his frenzied brain.

VII

Romantic Wyoming! could none be
 found
 Of all that rove thy Eden groves
 among,
 To wake a native harp's untutored
 sound,
 And give thy tale of wo the voice of
 song?
 Oh! if description's cold and nerveless
 tongue
 From stranger harps such hallowed
 strains could call,
 How doubly sweet the descant wild had
 rung,
 From one who, lingering round thy
 ruined wall,
 Had plucked thy mourning flowers and
 wept thy timeless fall.

VIII

The Huron chief escaped from foemen
 nigh,
 His frail bark launches on Niagara's
 tides,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye,"
Singing his song of death the warrior
glides;
In vain they yell along the river sides,
In vain the arrow from its sheaf is torn,
Calm to his doom the willing victim
rides,
And, till adown the roaring torrent
borne,
Mocks them with gesture proud, and
laughs their rage to scorn.

IX

But if the charms of daisied hill and
vale,
And rolling flood, and towering rock
sublime,
If warrior deed or peasant's lowly tale
Of love or wo should fail to wake the
rhyme,
If to the wildest heights of song you
climb,
(Tho' some who know you less, might
cry, beware!)

Onward! I say—your strains shall con-
quer time;
Give your bright genius wing, and hope
to share
Imagination's worlds—the ocean, earth,
and air.

X

Arouse, my friend—let vivid fancy soar,
Look with creative eye on nature's face,
Bid airy sprites in wild Niagara roar,
And view in every field a fairy race.
Spur thy good Pacolet to speed apace,
And spread a train of nymphs on every
shore;
Or if thy muse would woo a ruder
grace,
The Indian's evil Manitou's explore,
And rear the wondrous tale of legendary
lore.

XI

Away! to Susquehannah's utmost
springs,
Where, throned in mountain mist, Are-
ouski reigns,
Shrouding in lurid clouds his plumeless
wings,
And sternly sorrowing o'er his tribes re-
mains;
His was the arm, like comet ere it
waned
That tore the streamy lightnings from
the skies,

And smote the mammoth of the south-
ern plains;
Wild with dismay the Creek affrighted
flies,
While in triumphant pride Kanawa's
eagles rise.

XII

Or westward far, where dark Miami
wends,
Seek that fair spot as yet to fame
unknown;
Where, when the vesper dew of heaven
descends,
Soft music breathes in many a melting
tone,
At times so sadly sweet it seems the
moan
Of some poor Ariel penanced in the
rock;
Anon a louder burst—a scream! a
groan!
And now amid the tempest's reeling
shock,
Gibber, and shriek, and wail—and fiend-
like laugh and mock.

XIII

Or climb the Pallisado's lofty brows,
Where dark Omana waged the war of
hell,
Till, waked to wrath, the mighty spirit
rose
And pent the demons in their prison
cell;
Full on their head the uprooted moun-
tain fell,
Enclosing all within its horrid womb
Straight from the teeming earth the
waters swell,
And pillared rocks arise in cheerless
gloom
Around the drear abode—their last eter-
nal tomb!

XIV

Be these your future themes—no more
resign
The soul of song to laud your lady's
eyes;
Go! kneel a worshipper at nature's
shrine!
For you her fields are green, and fair
her skies!
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise!
And will you scorn them all, to pour
forth tame
And heartless lays of feigned or fancied
sighs?

Still will you cloud the muse? nor blush
for shame
To cast away renown, and hide your head
from fame?

In "Culprit Fay, etc.," 1836.

THE CULPRIT FAY

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales
I see old fairy land's miraculous show!
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her Ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the
breeze,
And fairies, swarming . . ."
TENNANT'S *Anster Fair*.

I

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's
night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are
bright;
Nought is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the
cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy
breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below; ¹⁰
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches
dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tem-
pest's rack.

II

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below; ²⁰
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer
shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-
will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and wo,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell: ³¹
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and
stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry,
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling
bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly
shell;—) ⁴⁰
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way.
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet
screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched
trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb
hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy
nest— ⁵⁰
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rain-
bow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed
hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight
glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed ⁶⁰
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew, ⁷⁰
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,

And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away:—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

VI

The throne was reared upon the grass 80
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy—
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
 The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,
 The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
 And his peers were ranged around the
 throne.
 He waved his sceptre in the air, 90
 He looked around and calmly spoke;
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,
 But his voice in a softened accent
 broke:

VII

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark,
 Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and
 dark,
 And thy wings are dyed with a deadly
 stain—
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
 In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye
 Thou has scorned our dread decree, 100
 And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
 But well I know her sinless mind
 Is pure as the angel forms above,
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
 Such as a spirit well might love;
 Fairy! had she spot or taint,
 Bitter had been thy punishment.
 Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell 110
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the mur-
 dered fly:
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly
 fair.
 Now list, and mark our mild decree— 120
 Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin land,
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright
 moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water-sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around, with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits'
 charms, 130
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might,
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is washed away,
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and
 dark,
 Thou must re-illumine its spark. 140
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heaven's blue canopy;
 And when thou seest a shooting star,
 Follow it fast, and follow it far—
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.
 Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
 Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X

The goblin marked his monarch well;
 He spake not, but he bowed him low,
 Then plucked a crimson colen-bell, 151
 And turned him round in act to go.
 The way is long, he cannot fly,
 His soiled wing has lost its power,
 And he winds adown the mountain high,
 For many a sore and weary hour.
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
 Through groves of nightshade dark and
 dorn,
 Over the grass and through the brake,
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
 Now o'er the violet's azure flush 161
 He skips along in lightsome mood;
 And now he thrids the bramble bush,
 Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
 He has leapt the bog, he has pierced the
 briar,
 He has swum the brook, and waded the
 mire,

Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
 He had fallen to the ground outright,
 For rugged and dim was his onward track,
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
 He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist;
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
 And now through evening's dewy mist,
 With leap and spring they bound along,
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
 Moveless still the glassy stream,
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright
 With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
 In murmurings faint and distant moans;
 And ever afar in the silence deep
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
 And dripping with gems of the river dew.

XII

The elfin cast a glance around,
 As he lighted down from his courser toad,
 Then round his breast his wings he wound,
 And close to the river's brink he strode;
 He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
 Above his head his arms he threw,
 Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
 From sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
 With snail-plate armour snatched in haste,
 They speed their way through the liquid waste;
 Some are rapidly borne along
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
 Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
 Some on the stony star-fish ride,

Some on the back of the lancing squab,
 Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
 And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
 At once a thousand streamy stings—
 They cut the wave with the living oar
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
 To guard their realms and chase away
 The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV

Fearlessly he skims along,
 His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
 And throws his feet with a froglike fling;
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,
 At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
 His back gleams bright above the brine,
 And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
 But the water-sprites are gathering near
 To check his course along the tide;
 Their warriors come in swift career
 And hem him round on every side;
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his javelin,
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,
 Fairy! nought is left but flight.

XV

He turned him round and fled amain
 With hurry and dash to the beach again;
 He twisted over from side to side,
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
 And with all his might he flings his feet,
 But the water-sprites are round him still,
 To cross his path and work him ill.
 They bade the wave before him rise;
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
 And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
 Oh! but a weary wight was he
 When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree;
 Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;

He blessed the force of the charmed line,
 And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
 For he saw around in the sweet moon-
 shine,
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their
 might
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
 From the sorrel leaf and the henbane
 bud; 260
 Over each wound the balm he drew,
 And with cobweb lint he stanchèd the
 blood.
 The mild west wind was soft and low,
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
 As he drank the juice of the cal'mus root;
 And now he treads the fatal shore,
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
 'Tis the middle wane of night, 270
 His task is hard, his way is far,
 But he must do his errand right
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
 And vain are the spells of fairy-land,
 He must work with a human hand.

XVIII

He cast a saddened look around,
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
 When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
 He saw a purple muscle shell; 280
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at
 the bow,
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand.
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted
 land.
 She was as lovely a pleasure boat
 As ever fairy had paddled in.
 For she glowed with purple paint without,
 And shone with silvery pearl within;
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
 An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
 Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome
 leap, 291
 And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

XIX

The imps of the river yell and rave;
 They had no power above the wave,
 But they heaved the billow before the
 prow,

And they dashed the surge against her
 side,
 And they struck her keel with jerk and
 blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking
 tide.
 She wimpled about in the pale moon-
 beam,
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-
 tossed stream; 300
 And momentarily athwart her track
 The quarl upreared his island back,
 And the fluttering scallop behind would
 float,
 And patter the water about the boat;
 But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary
 tread,
 While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX

Onward still he held his way,
 Till he came where the column of moon-
 shine lay, 310
 And saw beneath the surface dim
 The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim:
 Around him were the goblin train—
 But he sculled with all his might and
 main,
 And followed wherever the sturgeon led.
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then he dropped his paddle blade,
 And held his colen goblet up 320
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But left an arch of silver bright
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight 330
 To see the puny goblin there;
 He seemed an angel form of light,
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circled with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII

A moment and its lustre fell,
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell, 340
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—

Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII

He turns, and lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must
pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass. 349
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And, as he lightly leapt to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gayly kissed each little hand, 360
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV

A moment staid the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a
prayer,
Then he spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till lessening far through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven:
As, at the glimpse of morning pale, 370
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and
bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmed armour don, 380
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle
down:
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;

His shield was the shell of a lady-bug
queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he bran-
dished bright, 390
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in
fight.

Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he
flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The Katy-did forgot its lay, 400
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was
gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were
dead;
They crouched them close in the dark-
some shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin
spear;
Many a time on a summer's night, 410
When the sky was clear and the moon
was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted
ground,
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-
silk string,
When the vine-twigg bows were tightly
drawn,
And the nettle shaft through air was
borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's
wing.
And now they deemed the courier ousphe,
Some hunter sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount
the roof 421
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,

And at every gallop on the wind,
 He flung a glittering spark behind;
 He flies like a feather in the blast
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past,
 But the shapes of air have begun their
 work, 430
 And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
 He cannot see through the mantle murk,
 He shivers with cold, but he urges fast,
 Through storm and darkness, sleet and
 shade,
 He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
 For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
 And flame-shot tongues around him
 played,
 And near him many a fiendish eye
 Glared with a fell malignity,
 And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
 Came screaming on his startled ear. 441

XXVIII

His wings are wet around his breast,
 The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
 His eyes are blur'd with the lightning's
 glare,
 And his ears are stunned with the thun-
 der's blare,
 But he gave a shout, and his blade he
 drew,
 He thrust before and he struck behind,
 Till he pierced their cloudy bodies
 through,
 And gashed their shadowy limbs of
 wind;
 Howling the misty spectres flew, 450
 They rend the air with frightful cries,
 For he has gained the welkin blue,
 And the land of clouds beneath him
 lies.

XXIX

Up to the cope careering swift
 In breathless motion fast,
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The sphered moon is past,
 The earth but seems a tiny blot 460
 On a sheet of azure cast.
 O! it was sweet in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
 But the Elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the milky-
 way,
 Then he checked his courser's foot,
 And watched for the glimpse of the
 planet-shoot.

XXX

Sudden along the snowy tide 470
 That swelled to meet their footsteps'
 fall,
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
 Around the Fay they weave the dance,
 They skip before him on the plain,
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
 And one upholds his bridle-rein;
 With warbling wild they lead him on
 To where through clouds of amber seen,
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone
 The palace of the sylphid queen. 481
 Its spiral columns gleaming bright
 Were streamers of the northern light;
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush
 Was of the morning's rosy blush,
 And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI

But oh! how fair the shape that lay
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
 She seemed to the entranced Fay 490
 The loveliest of the forms of light;
 Her mantle was the purple rolled
 At twilight in the west afar;
 'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.
 Her face was like the lily roon
 That veils the vested planet's hue;
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
 Set floating in the welkin blue.
 Her hair is like the sunny beam, 500
 And the diamond gems which round it
 gleam
 Are the pure drops of dewy even
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII

She raised her eyes to the wondering
 sprite,
 And they leapt with smiles, for well I
 ween
 Never before in the bowers of light
 Had the form of an earthly Fay been
 seen.
 Long she looked in his tiny face;
 Long with his butterfly cloak she
 played; 509
 She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
 And handled the tassel of his blade;
 And as he told in accents low
 The story of his love and wo,
 She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
 And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
 And "O sweet spirit of earth," she cried,

"Return no more to your woodland height,
 But ever here with me abide
 In the land of everlasting light!
 Within the fleecy drift we'll lie, 520
 We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
 And all the jewels of the sky
 Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
 And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
 That rolls its whitening foam aboon
 And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
 And dance upon the orb'd moon!
 We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
 We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
 And I will bid my sylphs to sing 530
 The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
 Their harps are of the umber shade,
 That hides the blush of waking day,
 And every gleamy string is made
 Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
 And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
 While heavenly breathings float around,
 And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
 Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII

She was lovely and fair to see 540
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,
 The earthly form imprinted there;
 Nought he saw in the heavens above
 Was half so dear as his mortal love,
 For he thought upon her looks so meek,
 And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
 Never again might he bask and lie
 On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye,
 But in his dreams her form to see, 550
 To clasp her in his reverie,
 To think upon his virgin bride,
 Was worth all heaven and earth beside.

XXXIV

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
 On the word of a fairy knight,
 To do my sentence-task aright;
 My honour scarce is free from stain,
 I may not soil its snows again;
 Betide me weal, betide me wo,
 Its mandate must be answered now." 560
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 The tear was in her drooping eye;
 But she led him to the palace gate,
 And called the sylphs who hovered there,
 And bade them fly and bring him straight
 Of clouds condensed a sable car.

With charm and spell she blessed it there,
 From all the fiends of upper air;
 Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
 And tied his steed behind the cloud; 570
 And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
 Far to the verge of the northern sky,
 For by its wane and wavering light
 There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
 Northward away, he speeds him fast,
 And his courser follows the cloudy wain
 Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
 The clouds roll backward as he flies,
 Each flickering star behind him lies, 580
 And he has reached the northern plain,
 And backed his fire-fly steed again,
 Ready to follow in its flight
 The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
 But it rocks in the summer gale;
 And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
 And now 'tis deadly pale;
 And now 'tis wrapp'd in sulphur smoke,
 And quenched is its rayless beam, 590
 And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
 It bursts in flash and flame.
 As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
 That the storm-spirit flings from high,
 The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
 As it fell from the sheeted sky.
 As swift as the wind in its trail behind
 The elfin gallops along,
 The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
 But the sylphid charm is strong; 600
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
 And rides in the light of its rays.
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark;
 Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
 And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
 Elf of eve! and starry Fay! 610
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither—hither wend your way;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,

Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire. 620
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;

The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be; 630
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry elf his call has made,
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn.
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are
gone. 640

1816.

1819.

FROM THE "CROAKER PAPERS,"¹ BY DRAKE AND HALLECK

(The text and notes for these and the following poems of Halleck are taken from "The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck," ed. J. G. Wilson, 1869.)

TO MR. SIMPSON
Manager of the Park Theater
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

I'm a friend to your theatre, oft have I
told you,
And a still warmer friend, Mr. Simpson,
to you;
And it gives me great pain, be assured,
to behold you
Go fast to the devil, as lately you do.
We scarcely should know you were still
in existence.
Were it not for the play-bills one sees
in Broadway;
The newspapers all seem to keep at a
distance;
Have your puffers deserted for want of
their pay?

Poor Woodworth!² his Chronicle died
broken-hearted;
What a loss to the drama, the world,
and the age!¹⁰
And Coleman³ is silent since Phillips de-
parted,
And Noah's too busy to think of the
stage.

Now, the aim of this letter is merely to
mention
That, since all your critics are laid on
the shelf,
Out of pure love for you, it is my kind
intention
To take box No. 3, and turn critic my-
self.

Your ladies are safe—if you please you
may say it,
Perhaps they have faults, but I'll let
them alone;

¹ For statement on the "Croaker Papers," see pages 626 to 628.

² "Woodworth's Chronicle."—A periodical conducted by that popular poet for a brief period.

³ William Coleman.—The editor of the New-York Evening Post. He died during the summer of 1829.

Yet I owe two a debt—'tis my duty to
pay it—

Of them I must speak in a kind, friendly
tone.²⁰

Mrs. Barnes⁴—Shakespeare's heart would
have beat had he seen her—

Her magic has drawn from me many a
tear,

And ne'er shall my pen or its satire
chagrin her,

While pathos, and genius, and feeling
are dear.

And there's sweet Miss Leesugg,⁵ by-the-
by, she's not pretty,

She's a little too large, and has not too
much grace,

Yet, there's something about her so witch-
ing and witty,

'Tis pleasure to gaze on her good-
humored face.

But as for your men—I don't mean to be
surly,

Of praise that they merit they'll each
have his share;³⁰

For the present, there's Olliff,⁶ a famous
Lord Burleigh,

And Hopper and Maywood, a promis-
ing pair.

H.

The New York Evening Post, Mar. 15,
1819.

TO CROAKER, JUNIOR

Your hand, my dear Junior! we're all in
a flame

To see a few more of your flashes;
The Croakers forever! I'm proud of the
name—

But, brother, I fear, though our cause
is the same,

We shall quarrel like Brutus and Cassius.

⁴ Mrs. John Barnes appeared for the last time in Philadelphia, July 25, 1851, as Lady Randolph, which character she sustained with almost undiminished excellence.

⁵ Miss Catherine Leesugg, afterward Mrs. James H. Hackett, and Mrs. Barnes. As ladies and actresses, well meriting the poet's eulogiums, and highly estimated in public and private life.

⁶ Olliff, etc.—Actors of merit in various departments of their profession.

But why should we do so? 'tis false what
they tell

That poets can never be cronies;
Unbuckle your harness, in peace let us
dwell;

Our goose-quills will canter together as
well

As a pair of Prime¹ mouse-colored
ponies. ¹⁰

Once blended in spirit, we'll make our
appeal,

And by law be incorporate too;
Apply for a charter in crackers to deal;
A fly-flapper rampant shall shine on our
seal,

And the firm shall be "Croaker & Co."

Fun! prosper the union-smile, Fate, on
its birth!

Miss Atropos, shut up your scissors;
Together we'll range through the regions
of mirth,

A pair of bright gemini dropped on the
earth,

The Castor and Pollux of quizzers. ²⁰
D.

The New York Evening Post, Mar. 16,
1819.

THE NATIONAL PAINTING²

Awake! ye forms of verse divine;
Painting! descend on canvas wing,
And hover o'er my head, Design!

Your son, your glorious son, I sing!
At Trumbull's name, I break my sloth,
To load him with poetic riches;
The Titian of a table-cloth!

The Guido of a pair of breeches!

Come, star-eyed maid, Equality!

In thine adorer's praise I revel; ¹⁰
Who brings, so fierce his love to thee,
All forms and faces to a level:

Old, young, great, small, the grave, the
gay,

Each man might swear the next his
brother,

And there they stand in dread array,
To fire their votes at one another.

How bright their buttons shine! how
straight

Their coat-flaps fall in plaited grace!

¹ Nathaniel Prime.—A wealthy and worthy
banker of the house of Prime, Ward & Sands,
in Wall Street.

² The National Painting, "The Declaration of
Independence," by Colonel Trumbull.

How smooth the hair on every pate!

How vacant each immortal face! ²⁰

And then the tints, the shade, the flush,
(I wrong them with a strain too
humble,)

Not mighty Sherred's³ strength of brush
Can match thy glowing hues, my Trum-
bull!

Go on, great painter! dare be dull—

No longer after Nature dangle;

Call rectilinear beautiful;

Fine grace and freedom in an angle:

Pour on the red, the green, the yellow,
"Paint till a horse may mire upon it," ³⁰
And while I've strength to write or bel-
low,

I'll sound your praises in a sonnet.

D.

The New York Evening Post, Mar. 15,
1819.

THE MAN WHO FRETS AT WORLDLY STRIFE

"A merry heart goes all the way
A sad one tires in a mile-a."

Winter's Tale.

The man who frets at worldly strife,

Grows sallow, sour, and thin;

Give us the lad whose happy life

Is one perpetual grin;

He, Midas-like, turns all to gold,

He smiles when others sigh,

Enjoys alike the hot and cold,

And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in every thing we meet,

The greatest, worst, and best, ¹⁰

Existence is a merry treat,

And every speech a jest;

Be't ours to watch the crowds that pass

Where Mirth's gay banner waves;

To show fools through a quizzing-glass,

And bastinade the knaves.

The serious world will scold and ban,

In clamor loud and hard,

To hear Meigs called a Congressman,

And Paulding styled a bard; ²⁰

But, come what may, the man's in luck

Who turns it all to glee,

And laughing, cries, with honest Puck,

"Great Lord! what fools ye be."

D.

The New York Evening Post, Mar. 19,
1819.

³ Jacob Sherred.—A wealthy painter and
glazier.

TO E. SIMPSON, ESQ.

*On witnessing the representation of the
New Tragedy of Brutus*

I have been every night, whether empty
or crowded,
And taken my seat in your Box No. 3;
In a sort of poetical Scotch mist I'm
shrouded,
As the far-famed Invisible Girl used
to be.

As a critic professed, 'tis my province to
flout you,
And hiss as they did at poor Charley's¹
Macheath;
But all is so right and so proper about
you,
That I'm forced to be civil in spite of
my teeth.

In your dresses and scenery, classic and
clever;
Such invention! such blending of old
things and new!¹⁰
Let Kemble's proud laurels be withered
forever!
Wear the wreath, my dear Simpson, 'tis
fairly your due.

How *apropos* now was that street scene
in Brutus,
Where the sign "Coffee-House" in plain
English was writ!
By-the-way, "Billy Niblo's"² would much
better suit us,
And box, pit, and gallery, roar at the
wit.

How sparkled the eyes of the raptured
beholders,
To see Kilner,³ a Roman, in robes "*a
la Grec!*"
How graceful they flowed o'er his neatly-
turned shoulders!
How completely they set off his Johnny-
Bull neck!²⁰

¹ "Charley Macheath."—In which character in the Beggars' Opera the celebrated English singer, Mr. Charles Incledon, during his engagement some time previous at the Park Theatre, had been favorably received.

² William Niblo.—The proprietor of the then most popular hotel and restaurant in New York, on the corner of William and Pine Streets, and still a highly-respected resident of this city.

³ Thomas Kilner, etc., etc.—Comedians at the theatre. The three latter had been recently engaged in England by Mr. Simpson during a professional visit there.

But to hint at a thousand fine things that
amuse me,
Would take me a month—so adieu till
my next.
And your actors, they must for the present
excuse me;
One word though, *en passant*, for fear
they'll be vexed.

Moreland, Howard, and Garner, the last
importation!
Three feathers as bright as the Prince
Regent's Plume!
Though puffing is, certainly, not my voca-
tion,
I always shall praise *them*, whenever
I've room.

With manners so formed to persuade and
to win you,
With faces one need but to look on to
love,³⁰
They're like Jefferson's "Natural Bridge"
in Virginia—
"*Worth a voyage across the Atlantic,*"
by Jove!

H.

The New York Evening Post, Mar. 20,
1819.

TO CAPTAIN SEAMAN WEEKS

*Chairman of the Tenth Ward Indepen-
dent Electors*⁴

CAPTAIN WEEKS, your right hand—though
I never have seen it,
I shake it on paper, full ten times a
day;
I love your Tenth Ward, and I wish I
lived in it;
Do you know any house there to let
against May?
I don't mind what the rent is, so long as
I get off
From these party-mad beings, these
tongues without heads!
I'm ashamed to be seen, sir, among such
a set of
Clintonians, Tammanies, Coodies, and
Feds!

Besides, I am nervous, and can't bear the
racket
These gentlemen make when they're
begging for votes;¹⁰

⁴ Tenth-Ward Electors.—Those composing a party in opposition for a short time to the regular nominees at Tammany Hall.

There's John Haff, and Ben Bailly, and
 Christian, and Bracket,
 Only think what fine music must come
 from their throats!
 Colonel Warner calls Clinton a "star in
 the banner,"
 Mapes swears by his sword-knot he'll
 ruin us all;
 While Meigs flashes out in his fine classic
 manner,
 "The meteor Gorgon of Clinton must
 fall!"

In vain I endeavor to give them a hint on
 Sense, reason, or temper—they laugh
 at it all;
 For sense is nonsense when it makes
 against Clinton,
 And reason is treason in Tammany
 Hall.
 So I mean (though I fear I shall seem
 unto some a
 Strange, obstinate, odd-headed kind of
 an elf)
 To strike my old tent in the Fourth, and
 become a
 "Tenth Ward independent elector" my-
 self.

D.

The New York Evening Post, Apr. 8,
 1819.

ABSTRACT OF THE SURGEON- GENERAL'S REPORT¹

The Surgeon-General by *brevet*,
 With zeal for public service burning,
 Thinks this a happy time to get
 Another chance to show his learning;
 He has in consequence collected
 His wits, and stewed them in retorts;
 By distillation thus perfected,
 He hopes to shine, and so *reports*.

That he has searched authorities
 From Johnson down to Ashe and
 Shelley,
 And finds that a *militia* is
 What he is now about to tell ye:
 Militia means—such citizens
 As e'en in peace are kept campaigning—
 The gallant souls that shoulder guns
 And, twice a year, go out a-training!

¹The Surgeon-General, Dr. Samuel L. Mit-
 chill.

This point being fixed, we must, I think
 sir,
 Proceed unto the second part,
 Entitled Grog—a kind of drink, sir,
 Which, by its action on the heart,
 Makes men so brave, they dare attack
 A bastion at its angle salient;
 This is a well-established fact—
 The very proverb says—*pot-valiant*.

Grog—I'll define it in a minute—
 Take gin, rum, whiskey, or peach-
 brandy,
 Put but a little water in it,
 And that is Grog—now understand me,
 I mean to say, that should the spirit
 Be left out by some careless dog,
 It is—I wish the world may hear it!
 It is plain water, and not Grog.

Having precisely fixed what Grog is
 (My reasoning, sir, that question set-
 tles!)
 We next must ascertain what Prog is—
 Now Prog, in vulgar phrase, is victuals:
 This will embrace all kinds of food,
 Which on the smoking board can charm
 ye,
 And by digestion furnish blood,
 A thing essential in an army!

These things should all be swallowed
 warm,
 For heat, digestion much facilitates;
 Cold is a tonic, and does harm;
 A tonic always, sir, debilitates.
 My *plan* then is to raise, as fast
 As possible, a *corps* of cooks,
 And drill them daily from the last
 Editions of your cookery-books!

Done into English and likewise into
 verse by H. and D.

The New York Evening Post, Apr. 10,
 1819.

TO XXXX, ESQUIRE

Come, shut up your Blackstone, and
 sparkle again
 The leader and light of our classical
 revels;
 While statues and cases bewilder your
 brain,
 No wonder you're vexed and beset with
 blue devils.
 But a change in your diet will banish the
 blues;

Then come, my old chum, to our banquet sublime;
 Our wine shall be caught from the lips
 of the Muse,
 And each plate and tureen shall be hallowed in rhyme.

Scott, from old Albin, shall furnish the dishes

With wild-fowl and ven'son that none
 can surpass; ¹⁰

And Mitchill, who sung the amours of the fishes,

Shall fetch his most exquisite tomcod
 and bass.

Leigh Hunt shall select, at his Hampstead
 Parnassus,

Fine *greens*, from the hot-bed, the table
 to cheer;

And Wordsworth shall bring us whole
 bowls of molasses

Diluted with water from sweet Windermere.

To rouse the dull fancy and give us an
 appetite,

Black wormwood bitters Lord Byron
 shall bear,

And Montgomery bring (to consumptives
 a happy sight)

Tepid soup-meagre and "l'eau capillaire;" ²⁰

George Coleman shall sparkle in old bottled
 cider,

Roast-beef and potatoes friend Crabbe
 will supply;

Rogers shall hash us an "olla podrida,"

And the best of fresh "cabbage" from
 Paulding we'll buy.

Mr. Tennant—free, fanciful, laughing, and
 lofty,

Shall pour out Tokay and Scotch
 whiskey like rain;

Southey shall sober our spirits with coffee,
 And Horace in London "flash up in
 champagne."

Tom Campbell shall cheer us with rosy
 Madeira,

Refined by long keeping, rich, sparkling,
 and pure; ³⁰

And Moore, "*pour chasse café*," to each
 one shall bear a

Sip-witching bumper of *parfait amour*.

Then come to our banquet—oh! how can
 you pause

A moment between merry rhyme and
 dull reason?

Preferring the wit-blighting "*Spirit of
 Laws*"

To the spirit of verse, is poetical treason!

Judge Phœbus will certainly issue his writ,
 No quirk or evasion your cause can

make good, man;

Only think what you'll suffer, when sentenced
 to sit

And be kept broad awake till you've
 read the Backwoodsman! ⁴⁰

D.

The New York Evening Post, Apr. 16,
 1819.

TO MRS. BARNES

The Actress

Dear Ma'am—we seldom take the pen
 To praise, for whim and jest our trade

is;

We're used to deal with gentlemen,
 To spatter folly's skirts, and then

We're somewhat bashful with the ladies.

Nor is it meant to give advice;

We dare not take so much upon us;

But merely wish, in phrase concise,

To beg you, Ma'am, and Mr. Price,

For God's sake, to have mercy on us! ¹⁰

Oh! wave again thy wand of power,

No more in melodramas whine,

Nor toil Aladdin's lamp to scour,

Nor dance fandangoes by the hour

To Morgiana's tambourine!

Think, Lady, what we're doomed to feel—

By Heaven! 'twould rouse the wrath

of Stoics,

To see the queen of sorrows deal

In thundering "lofty-low" by Shiell,

Or mad Maturin's mock-heroics. ²⁰

Away with passion's withering kiss,

A purer spell be thine to win us;

Unlock the fount of holiness

While gentle Pity weeps in bliss,

And hearts throb sweetly sad within us.

Or call those smiles again to thee

That shone upon the lip that wove them,

Like sun-drops on a summer-sea,

When waters ripple pleasantly ²⁹

To wanton winds that flutter o'er them.

When Pity wears her willow-wreath,

Let Desdemona's woes be seen;

Sweet Beverly's confiding faith,
Or Juliet, loving on in death,
Or uncomplaining Imogen.

When wit and mirth their temples bind
With thistle-shafts o'erhung with flow-
ers,
Then quaint and merry Rosalind,
Beatrice with her April mind
And Dinah's simple heart be ours. 40

For long thy modest orb has been
Eclipsed by heartless, cold parade;
So sinks the light of evening's queen
When the dull earth intrudes between,
Her beauties from the sun to shade.

Let Fashion's worthless plaudits rise
At the deep tone and practised start;
Be thine true feeling's stifled sighs,
Tears wrung from stern and stubborn
eyes, 49
And smiles that sparkle from the heart.
H. AND D.

The New York Evening Post, Apr. 19,
1819.

AN ADDRESS¹

*For the opening of the new Theatre, Sept.
1, 1821, to be spoken by Mr. Olliff*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Enlightened as you were, you all must
know
Our playhouse was burnt down some time
ago,
Without insurance. 'Twas a famous
blaze,
Fine fun for firemen, but dull sport for
plays;
The proudest of our whole dramatic corps
Such *warm reception* never met before.
It was a woeful night for us and ours,
Worse than dry weather to the fields and
flowers.
The evening found us gay as summer's
lark,
Happy as sturgeons in the Tappan Sea;
The morning, like the dove from Noah's
ark, 11
As homeless, houseless, desolate as she.

¹ This amusing burlesque address, first published in the *New-York Evening Post*, was included in a small volume containing the Rejected Addresses, together with the prize address, written by Charles Sprague, and spoken by Edmund Simpson, on the reopening of the Park Theatre, September 1, 1821.

But thanks to those who always have
been known
To love the public interest, when their
own—
Thanks to the men of talent and of trade,
Who joy in doing well when they're well
paid—
Again our fireworn mansion is rebuilt,
Inside and outside, neatly carved and gilt.
With best of paint and canvas, lath and
plaster,
The Lord bless Beekman² and John Jacob
Astor! 20
As an old coat, from Jennings's³ patent
screw,
Comes out clean scoured and brighter
than the new;
As an old head in Saunders's³ patent wig,
Looks wiser than when young, and twice
as big;
As Mat Van Buren in the Senate-hall,
Repairs the loss we met in Spencer's fall;
As the new Constitution will (we're told)
Be worth, at least, a dozen of the old,
So is our new house better than its
brother,
Its roof is painted yellower than the
other, 30
It is insured at three per cent. 'gainst fire,
And cost three times as much, and is six
inches higher.

'Tis not alone the house—the prompter's
clothes
Are all quite new, so are the fiddlers'
bows;
The supernumeraries are newly shaved,
New drilled, and all extremely well be-
haved
(They'll each one be allowed, I pause to
mention,
The right of suffrage by the new Con-
vention).
We've some new thunder, several new
plays,
And a new splendid carpet of green baize.
So that there's naught remains to bid us
reach 41
The topmost bough of favor, but a
speech—
A speech, the prelude to each public meet-
ing,
Whether for morals, charity, or eating—

² Messrs. John K. Beekman and John Jacob Astor were joint proprietors of the Park Theatre: The former, from his love of theatricals, was familiarly known as "Theatre Jack."

³ Isaac Jennings was a well-known dealer in old clothes, and George Saunders was a fashionable wig-maker.

A speech, the modern mode of winning
 hearts,
 And power, and fame, in politics and arts.

What made the good Monroe¹ our
 President?
 'Twas that through all this blessed land
 he went
 With his immortal cocked hat and short
 breeches,
 Dining—wherever asked—and making
 speeches.⁵⁰
 What, when Missouri stood on her last
 legs,
 Revived her hopes? The speech of Henry
 Meigs.²

¹The President, James Monroe, had a short time previously made a tour through the Middle and Eastern States.

²Henry Meigs, when a member of Congress, had advocated the admission of Missouri into the Union, on Southern terms.

•
 What proves our country wise, learned,
 and happy?
 Mitchill's address to the Phi Beta Kappa.
 What has convinced the world that we
 have men,
 First with the sword, the chisel, brush,
 and pen,
 Shaming all English rivals, men or
 madams?
 The "Fourth of July" speech of Mr.
 Adams.
 Yes, if our managers grow great and
 rich,
 And players prosper, let them thank my
 speech,⁶⁰
 And let the name of Olliff proudly go
 With Meigs and Adams, Mitchill and
 Monroe!
 H.

The New York Evening Post, Aug. 21,
 1821.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(1790-1867)

FANNY

The first forty-three stanzas deal with the commercial successes of Fanny's papa—from Chat-ham Street to Hanover Square by way of Pearl Street—and the day dreams of Fanny. It is to the father that Ambition "in fashion's elegant undress" appears.

(American Culture)

XLIV

But Miss Ambition was, as I was saying,
"Déshabillée"—his bedside tripping near,
And, gently on his nose her fingers lay-
ing.

She roared out "Tammany!" in his
frighted ear.
The potent word awoke him from his nap,
And then she vanished, whispering *ver-
bum sap.*

XLV

The last words were beyond his compre-
hension,
For he had left off schooling, ere the
Greek
Or Latin classics claimed his mind's at-
tention:
Besides, he often had been heard to¹⁰
speak
Contemptuously of all that sort of knowl-
edge,
Taught so profoundly in Columbia Col-
lege.

XLVI

We owe the ancients something. You
have read
Their works, no doubt—at least in a
translation;
Yet there was argument in what he said,
I scorn equivocation or evasion,
And own it must, in candor, be confessed
They were an ignorant set of men at best.

XLVII

'Twas their misfortune to be born too
soon
By centuries, and in the wrong place,²⁰
too;

They never saw a steamboat, or balloon,
Velocipede, or Quarterly Review;
Or wore a pair of Baehr's black satin
breeches,
Or read an Almanac, or Clinton's
Speeches.

XLVIII

In short, in every thing we far outshine
them,—
Art, science, taste, and talent; and a
stroll
Through this enlightened city would re-
fine them
More than ten years' hard study of the
whole
Their genius has produced of rich and
rare—²⁹
God bless the Corporation and the Mayor!

XLIX

In sculpture, we've a grace the Grecian
master,
Blushing, had owned his purest model
lacks;
We've Mr. Bogart in the best of plaster,
The witch of Endor in the best of wax,
Besides the head of Franklin on the roof
Of Mr. Lang, both jest and weather-³⁰
proof.

L

And on our City Hall a Justice stands;
A neater form was never made of
board,
Holding majestically in her hands
A pair of steelyards and a wooden⁴⁰
sword;
And looking down with complaisant civil-
ity—
Emblem of dignity and durability.

LI

In painting, we have Trumbull's proud
chef d'œuvre,
Blending in one the funny and the fine:
His "Independence" will endure forever,
And so will Mr. Allen's lottery-sign;
And all that grace the Academy of Arts,
From Dr. Hosack's face to Bonaparte's.

LII

In architecture, our unrivalled skill
Cullen's magnesian shop has loudly
spoken⁵⁰
To an admiring world; and better still
Is Gautier's fairy palace at Hoboken.
In music, we've the Euterpian Society,
And amateurs, a wonderful variety.

LIII

In physic, we have Francis and McNeven
Famed for long heads, short lectures,
and long bills;
And Quackenboss and others, who from
heaven
Were rained upon us in a shower of
pills;
They'd beat the deathless Æsculapius
hollow,⁵⁹
And make a starveling druggist of Apollo.

LIV

And who, that ever slumbered at the
Forum,
But owns the first of orators we claim:
Cicero would have bowed the knee be-
fore 'em—
And for law eloquence, we've Doctor
Graham.
Compared with him, their Justins and
Quintilians
Had dwindled into second-rate civilians.

LV

For purity and chastity of style,
There's Pell's preface, and puffs by
Horne and Waite,
For penetration deep, and learned toil,
And all that stamps an author truly
great,⁷⁰
Have we not Bristed's ponderous tomes?
a treasure
For any man of patience and of leisure.

LVI

Oxonian Bristed! many a foolscap page
He, in his time, hath written, and more-
over
(What few will do in this degenerate
age)
Hath read his own works, as you may
discover
By counting his quotations from him-
self—
You'll find the books on any auction-
shelf.

LVII

I beg Great Britain's pardon; 'tis not
meant
To claim this Oxford scholar as our⁸⁰
own;
That he was shipped off here to represent
Her literature among us, is well known;
And none could better fill the lofty sta-
tion
Of Learning's envoy from the British
nation.

LVIII

We fondly hope that he will be respected
At home, and soon obtain a place or
pension.
We should regret to see him live neg-
lected,
Like Fearon, Ashe, and others we could
mention;
Who paid us friendly visits to abuse
Our country, and find food for the re-
views.⁹⁰

(Fanny's Education)

CXI

She long had known that in her father's
coffers,
And also to his credit in the banks,
There was some cash; and therefore all
the offers
Made her, by gentlemen of the middle
ranks,
Of heart and hand, had spurned, as far
beneath
One whose high destiny it was to breathe,

CXII

Ere long, the air of Broadway or Park
Place,
And reign a fairy queen in fairy land;
Display in the gay dance her form of
grace,
Or touch with rounded arm and glove-
less hand,¹⁰
Harp or piano.—Madame Catilani
Forgot awhile, and every eye on Fanny.

CXIII

And in anticipation of that hour,
Her star of hope, her paradise of
thought,
She'd had as many masters as the power
Of riches could bestow; and had been
taught
The thousand nameless graces that adorn
The daughters of the wealthy and high-
born.

CXIV

She had been noticed at some public
places
(The Battery, and the balls of Mr.
Whale),²⁰
For hers was one of those attractive faces,
That when you gaze upon them, never
fail
To bid you look again; there was a beam,
A lustre in her eye, that oft would seem

CXV

A little like effrontery; and yet
The lady meant no harm; her only aim
Was but to be admired by all she met,
And the free homage of the heart to
claim;
And if she showed too plainly this in-
tention,
Others have done the same—'Twas not
of her invention.³⁰

CXVI

She shone at every concert; where are
bought
Tickets by all who wish them, for a
dollar;
She patronized the Theatre, and thought
That Wallack looked extremely well in
Rolla;
She fell in love, as all the ladies do,
With Mr. Simpson—talked as loudly, too,

CXVII

As any beauty of the highest grade,
To the gay circle in the box beside her;
And when the pit—half vexed and half
afraid,
With looks of smothered indignation
eyed her,⁴⁰
She calmly met their gaze, and stood be-
fore 'em,
Smiling at vulgar taste and mock de-
corum.

CXVIII

And though by no means *a bas bleu*, she
had
For literature a most becoming passion;
Had skimmed the latest novels, good and
bad,
And read the Croakers, when they were
in fashion;
And Dr. Chalmers' sermons of a Sunday;
And Woodworth's Cabinet, and the new
Salmagundi.

CXIX

She was among the first and warmest
patrons
Of Griscom's *conversaziones*, where⁵⁰
In rainbow groups, our bright-eyed maids
and matrons,
On science bent, assemble; to prepare
Themselves for acting well, in life, their
part
As wives and mothers. There she learned
by heart

CXX

Words, to the witches in Macbeth un-
known.
*Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumat-
ics,
Dioptrics, optics, katoptrics, carbon,
Chlorine, and iodine, and aerostatics;*
Also,—why frogs, for want of air, expire;
And how to set the Tappan Sea on fire!⁶⁰

CXXI

In all the modern languages she was
Exceedingly well-versed; and had de-
voted,
To their attainment, far more time than
has,
By the best teachers, lately been allotted;
For she had taken lessons, twice a week,
For a full month in each; and she could
speak

CXXII

French and Italian, equally as well
As Chinese, Portuguese, or German;
and
What is still more surprising, she could
spell
Most of our longest English words off-
hand;⁷⁰
Was quite familiar in Low Dutch and
Spanish,
And thought of studying modern Greek
and Danish.

CXXIII

She sang divinely; and in "Love's young
dream"
And "Fanny dearest," and "The sol-
dier's bride";
And every song, whose dear delightful
theme,
Is "Love, still love," had oft till mid-
night tried
Her finest, loftiest "pigeon-wings" of
sound,
Waking the very watchmen far around.

(Success in New York City)

CXXXV

Ambition with her sire had kept her word.
 He had the rose, no matter for its
 thorn,
 And he seemed happy as a summer bird,
 Careering on wet wing to meet the
 morn.
 Some said there was a cloud upon his
 brow;
 It might be—but we'll not discuss that
 now.

CXXXVI

I left him making rhymes while crossing
 o'er
 The broad and perilous wave of the
 North River.
 He bade adieu, when safely on the shore,
 To poetry—and, as he thought, for-
 ever.
 That night his dream (if after-deeds
 make known
 Our plans in sleep) was an enchanting
 one.

CXXXVII

He woke, in strength, like Samson from
 his slumber,
 And walked Broadway, enraptured, the
 next day;
 Purchased a house there—I've forgot the
 number—
 And signed a mortgage and a bond, for
 pay.
 Gave, in the slang phrase, Pearl Street the
 go-by,
 And cut, for several months, St. Tam-
 many.

CXXXVIII

Bond, mortgage, title-deeds, and all com-
 pleted,
 He bought a coach and half a dozen
 horses
 (The bill's at Lawrence's—not yet re-
 ceipted—
 You'll find the amount upon his list of
 losses),
 Then filled his rooms with servants, and
 whatever
 Is necessary for a "genteel liver."

CXXXIX

This last removal fixed him: every stain
 Was blotted from his "household coat,"
 and he
 Now "showed the world he was a gentle-
 man,"

And, what is better, could afford to be;
 His step was loftier than it was of old,
 His laugh less frequent, and his manner
 told

CXL

What lovers call "unutterable things"—
 That sort of dignity was in his mien
 Which awes the gazer into ice, and brings
 To recollection some great man we've
 seen,
 The Governor, perchance, whose eye and
 frown,
 'Twas shrewdly guessed, would knock
 Judge Skinner down.

CXLI

And for "Resources," both of purse and
 head,
 He was a subject worthy Bristed's pen;
 Believed devoutly all his flatterers said,
 And deemed himself a Croesus among
 men;
 Spread to the liberal air his silken sails,
 And lavished guineas like a Prince of
 Wales.

CXLII

He mingled now with those within whose
 veins
 The blood ran pure—the magnates of
 the land—
 Hailed them as his companions and his
 friends,
 And lent them money and his note of
 hand.
 In every institution, whose proud aim
 Is public good alone, he soon became

CXLIII

A man of consequence and notoriety;
 His name, with the addition of esquire,
 Stood high upon the list of each society,
 Whose zeal and watchfulness the sacred
 fire
 Of science, agriculture, art, and learning,
 Keep on our country's altars bright and
 burning.

CXLIV

At Eastburn's Rooms he met, at two each
 day,
 With men of taste and judgment like
 his own,
 And played "first fiddle" in that orchestra
 Of literary worthies—and the tone
 Of his mind's music by the listeners
 caught,
 Is traced among them still in language
 and in thought.

CXLV

He once made the Lyceum a choice present
 Of mussel-shells picked up at Rockaway;
 And Mitchill gave a classical and pleasant
 Discourse about them in the streets that day,
 Naming the shells, and hard to put in
 verse 'twas
 "Testaceous coverings of bivalve molluscas."

CXLVI

He was a trustee of a Savings Bank,
 And lectured soundly every evil-doer,
 Gave dinners daily to wealth, power, and rank,
 And sixpence every Sunday to the poor;
 He was a wit, in the pun-making line—
 Past fifty years of age, and five feet nine.

CXLVII

But as he trod to grandeur's pinnacle,
 With eagle eye and step that never faltered,
 The busy tongue of scandal dared to tell
 That cash was scarce with him, and credit altered;
 And while he stood the envy of beholders,
 The Bank Directors grinned, and shrugged their shoulders.

CXLVIII

And when these, the Lord Burleighs of the minute,
 Shake their sage heads, and look demure and holy,
 Depend upon it there is something in it;
 For whether born of wisdom or of folly,
 Suspicion is a being whose fell power
 Blights everything it touches, fruit and flower.

Separately published, Dec., 1819.

ON THE DEATH OF

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE,
of New York, September, 1820.

"The good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
 Burn to the socket." —WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou are lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

The Quarterly Repository, —, 1820.

MARCO BOZZARIS:

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

¹ Marco Bozzaris, one of the best and bravest of the modern Greek chieftains. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!”

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud, 31
Bozzaris cheer his band:

“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your
sires;
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and
well;

They piled that ground with Moslem
slain,

They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein. 40

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals 50

That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and
warm,

With banquet-song, and dance and
wine;

And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine. 60

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought—

Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight 70

Of sky and stars to prisoned men:

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese.
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave 80

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its
plume

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree.
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone; 90

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;

For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years, 100

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names, 110

That were not born to die.

The New York Review, —, 1823.

THE IRON GRAYS: ✓

We twine the wreath of honor
Around the warrior's brow,
Who, at his country's altar, breathes
The life-devoting vow,
And shall we to the Iron Grays
The meed of praise deny,
Who freely swore, in danger's days,
For their native land to die?

¹ During the second war with Great Britain, Mr. Halleck joined a New York infantry company, "Swarthout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays," as he afterward wrote in "Fanny," and excited their martial ardor by this spirited ode.

For o'er our bleeding country
 Ne'er lowered a darker storm,¹⁰
 Than bade them round their gallant chief
 The iron phalanx form.
 When first their banner waved in air,
 Invasion's bands were nigh,
 And the battle-drum beat long and loud,
 And the torch of war blazed high!

Though still bright gleam their bayonets,
 Unstained with hostile gore,
 Far distant yet is England's host,
 Unheard her cannon's roar.²⁰
 Yet not in vain they flew to arms;
 It made the foemen know
 That many a gallant heart must bleed
 Ere freedom's star be low.

Guards of a nation's destiny!
 High is that nation's claim,
 For not unknown your spirit proud,
 Nor your daring chieftain's name.
 'Tis yours to shield the dearest ties
 That bind to life the heart,³⁰
 That mingle with the earliest breath,
 And with our last depart.

The angel-smile of beauty
 What heart but bounds to feel?
 Her fingers buckled on the belt,
 That sheathes your gleaming steel.
 And if the soldier's honored death
 In battle be your doom,
 Her tears shall bid the flowers be green
 That blossom round your tomb.⁴⁰

Tread on the path of duty,
 Band of the patriot brave,
 Prepared to rush, at honor's call,
 "To glory or the grave."
 Nor bid your flag again be furled
 Till proud its eagles soar,
 Till the battle-drum has ceased to beat,
 And the war-torch burns no more.

CONNECTICUT

From An Unfinished Poem

"The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly
 rustled their green leaves in the song, and our
 streams were there with the sound of all their
 waters."
 —MONTROSE.

I

Still her gray rocks tower above the sea
 That crouches at their feet, a conquered
 wave;
 'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and
 tree,
 Where breathes no castled lord or cab-
 ined slave;

Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands
 are bold and free,
 And friends will find a welcome, foes
 a grave;
 And where none kneel, save when to
 Heaven they pray,
 Nor even then, unless in their own way.

II

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
 A "fierce democracie," where all are
 true¹⁰
 To what themselves have voted—right or
 wrong—
 And to their laws denominated blue;
 (If red, they might to Draco's code be-
 long;)
 A vestal state, which power could not
 subdue,
 Nor promise win—like her own eagle's
 nest,
 Sacred—the San Marino of the West.

III

A justice of the peace, for the time
 being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out
 next year;
 They reverence their priest, but disagree-
 ing
 In price or creed, dismiss him without
 fear;²⁰
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things; and should
 Park appear
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source, they'd meet him with
 —"we know."

IV

They love their land, because it is their
 own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason
 why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his
 throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty;
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering
 none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live
 and die;³⁰
 All but a few apostates, who are med-
 dling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings,
 pence, and peddling;

v

Or wandering through the Southern coun-
tries teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-
book;
Gallant and godly, making love and
preaching,
And gaining by what they call "hook
and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in paradise. 40

vi

But these are but their outcasts. View
them near
At home, where all their worth and
pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farmhouse hearth
is graced
With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honor stern and
chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger
brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

vii

And minds have there been nurtured,
whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny; 50
Men who swayed senates with a states-
man's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's
eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's
history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one
Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of
Bennington.

viii

When on that field his band the Hessians
fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are
bought
For four pounds eight and seven pence
per man, 60
By England's king; a bargain, as is
thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it
now we can;

For we must beat them, boys, ere set of
sun,
OR MARY STARK'S A WIDOW." It was
done.

ix

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's
spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan
vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies,
that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's
tales
Of Florence and the Arno; yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her
gales
Through sun and snow; and in the au-
tumn-time 70
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

x

Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the
mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills—her cool and starry
eyes,
The glorious splendor of her sunset
clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest-
leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet
weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but dis-
plays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's
days. 80

xi

And when you dream of woman, and her
love;
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle
power;
The maiden listening in the moonlight
grove,
The mother smiling in her infant's
bower;
Forms, features, worshipped while we
breathe or move,
Be by some spirit of your dreaming
hour
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the
air
To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll
find them there.

xii¹

¹ There is no trace of the stanza under XII
in any edition the editor has consulted.

XIII

They burnt their last witch in CONNECTI-
CUT
About a century and a half ago; 90
They made a school-house of her forfeit
hut,
And gave a pitying sweet-brier leave to
grow
Above her thankless ashes; and they put
A certified description of the show
Between two weeping-willows, craped
with black,
On the last page of that year's almanac.

XIV

Some warning and well-meant remarks
were made
Upon the subject by the weekly print-
ers;
The people murmured at the taxes laid
To pay for jurymen and pitch-pine
splinters, 100
And the sad story made the rose-leaf fade
Upon young listeners' cheeks for sev-
eral winters
When told at fireside eves by those who
saw
Executed—the lady and the law.

XV

She and the law found rest: years rose
and set;
That generation, cottagers and kings,
Slept with their fathers, and the violet
Has mourned above their graves a
hundred springs:
Few persons keep a file of the Gazette,
And almanacs are sublunary things, 110
So that her fame is almost lost to earth,
As if she ne'er had breathed; and of her
birth,

XVI

And death, and lonely life's mysterious
matters,
And how she played, in our forefathers'
times,
The very devil with their sons and daugh-
ters;
And how those "delicate Ariels" of her
crimes,
The spirits of the rocks, and woods, and
waters,
Obeyed her bidding when in charmed
rhymes,
She muttered, at deep midnight, spells
whose power
Woke from brief dream of dew the sleep-
ing summer flower, 120

XVII

And hushed the night-bird's solitary
hymn,
And spoke in whispers to the forest-
tree,
Till his awed branches trembled, leaf and
limb,
And grouped her churchyard shapes of
fantasie
Round merry moonlight's meadow-foun-
tain's brim,
And mocking for a space the dread
decree,
Brought back to dead, cold lips the parted
breath,
And changed to banquet-board the bier of
death,

XVIII

None knew—except a patient, precious
few,
Who've read the folios of one COTTON
MATHER, 130
A chronicler of tales more strange than
true,
New England's chaplain, and her his-
tory's father;
A second Monmouth's GEOFFREY, a new
HERODOTUS, their laureled victor rather,
For in one art he soars above them high:
The Greek or Welshman does not always
lie.

XIX

Know ye the venerable COTTON? He
Was the first publisher's tourist on this
station;
The first who made, by labelling earth
and sea,
A huge book, and a handsome specula-
tion: 140
And ours was then a land of mystery,
Fit theme for poetry's exaggeration,
The wildest wonder of the month; and
there
He wandered freely, like a bird or bear,

XX

And wove his forest dreams into quaint
prose,
Our sires his heroes, where, in holy
strife,
They treacherously war with friends and
foes;
Where meek religion wears the assas-
sin's knife,
And "bids the desert blossom like the
rose,"
By sprinkling earth with blood of In-
dian life, 150

And rears her altars o'er the indignant
bones
Or murdered maidens, wives, and little
ones.

XXI

Herod of Galilee's babe-butcher's deed
Lives not on history's blushing page
alone;
Our skies, it seems, have seen like victims
bleed,
And our own Ramahs echoed groan for
groan:
The fiends of France, whose cruelties de-
creed
Those dextrous drownings in the Loire
and Rhone,
Were at their worst, but copyists second-
hand
Of our shrined, sainted sires, the Ply-
mouth pilgrim-band, 160

XXII

Or else fies MATHER. Kindred wolves
have bayed
Truth's moon in chorus, but believe
them not!
Beneath the dark trees that the Lethe
shade,
Be he, his folios, followers, facts, forgot;
And let his perishing monument be made
Of his own unsold volumes: 'tis the lot
Of many, may be mine; and be it MATHE-
R'S,
That slanderer of the memory of our
fathers.

XXIII

And who were they, our fathers? In
their veins
Ran the best blood of England's gentle-
men: 170
Her bravest in the strife on battle-plain,
Her wisest in the strife of voice and
pen;
Her holiest, teaching, in her holiest fanes,
The lore that led to martyrdom; and
when
On this side ocean slept their wearied
sails,
And their toil-bells woke up our thousand
hills and dales,

XXIV

Shamed they their fathers? Ask the
village-spires
Above their Sabbath-homes of praise
and prayer;
Ask of their children's happy household-
fires.

And happier harvest noons; ask sum-
mer's air, 180
Made merry by young voices, when the
wires
Of their school-cages are unloosed, and
dare
Their slanderers' breath to blight the
memory
That o'er their graves is "growing green
to see!"

XXV

If he has "writ their annals true"; if they
The Christian-sponsored and the Chris-
tian-nursed,
Clouded with crime the sunset of their day
And warmed their winter's hearths with
fires accursed;
And if the stain that time wears not away
Of guilt was on the pilgrim axe that
first 190
Our wood-paths' roses blest with smiles
from heaven,
In charity forget, and hope to be for-
given.

XXVI

Forget their story's cruelty and wrong;
Forget their story-teller; or but deem
His facts the fictions of a minstrel's song,
The myths and marvels of a poet's
dream.
And are they not such? Suddenly among
My mind's dark thoughts its boyhood's
sunrise beam
Breathes in spring balm and beauty o'er
my page—
Joy! joy! my patriot wrath hath wronged
the reverend sage. 200

XXVII

Welcome! young boyhood, welcome! Of
thy lore,
Thy morning-gathered wealth of prose
and rhyme,
Of fruit the flower, of gold the infant ore,
The roughest shuns not manhood's
stormy clime,
But loves wild ocean's winds and break-
ers' roar;
While, of the blossoms of the sweet
spring-time,
The bonniest, and most beautiful of joy,
Shrink from the man, and cling around
the boy.

XXVIII

But now, like doves "with healing on
their wings,"
Blossom and fruit with gladdening
kindness come, 210

Charming to sleep my murmuring song,
that sings,
Unworthy dirges over MATHER's tomb:
Welcome the olive-branch their message
brings!

It bids me wish him not the mouldering
doom
Of nameless scribes of "*memoires pour
servir*,"
Dishonest "chroniclers of time's small-
beer."

XXIX

No: a born Poet, at his cradle-fire
The muses nursed him as their bud un-
blown,
And gave him as his mind grew high
and higher,
Their ducal strawberry-leaf's en-
wreathed renown.²²⁰
Alas! that mightiest masters of the lyre,
Whose pens above an eagle's heart
have grown,
In all the proud nobility of wing,
Should stoop to dip their points in pas-
sion's poison-spring!

XXX

Yet MILTON, weary of his youth's young
wife,
To her, to king, to church, to law un-
true,
Warred for divorce and discord to the
knife,
And proudest wore his plume of
darkest hue:
And DANTE, when his FLORENCE, in her
strife,
Robbed him of office and his temper,
threw²³⁰
'Mongst friends and foes a bomb-shell of
fierce rhymes,
Shivering their names and fames to all
succeeding times.

XXXI

And our own MATHER's fire-and-fagot
tale
Of conquest, with her "garments rolled
in blood,"
And banners blackening, like a pirate's
sail,
The Mayflower's memories of the brave
and good,
Though but a brain-born dream of rain
and hail,
And in his epic but an episode,

Proves mournfully the strange and sad
admission
Of much sour grape-juice in his disposi-
tion.²⁴⁰

XXXII

O Genius! powerful with thy praise or
blame,
When art thou feigning? when art thou
sincere?
MATHER, who banned his living friends
with shame,
In funeral-sermons blessed them on
their bier,
And made their death-beds beautiful with
fame—
Fame true and gracious as a widow's
tear
To her departed darling husband given;
Him whom she scolded up from earth to
heaven.

XXXIII

Thanks for his funeral-sermons; they re-
call
The sunshine smiling through his folio's
leaves,²⁵⁰
That makes his readers' hours in bower
or hall
Joyous as plighted hearts on bridal
eves;
Chasing, like music from the soul of Saul,
The doubt that darkens, and the ill that
grieves;
And honoring the author's heart and mind,
That beats to bless, and toils to ennoble
human kind.

XXXIV

His chaplain-mantle worthily to wear,
He fringed its sober gray with poet-
bays,
And versed the Psalms of David to the air
Of YANKEE-DOODLE, for Thanksgiving-
days;²⁶⁰
Thus hallowing with the earnestness of
prayer,
And patriotic purity of praise,
Unconscious of irreverence or wrong,
Our manliest battle-tune and merriest
bridal song.

XXXV

The good the Rhine-song does to German
hearts,
Or thine, Marseilles! to France's fiery
blood;
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,
"God, save the Queen!" to England's
field and flood,

A home-born blessing, Nature's boon, not
 Art's;
 The same heart-cheering, spirit-warm-
 ing good, ²⁷⁰
 To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
 Thy words and music, YANKEE-DOODLE!
 —do.

XXXVI

Beneath thy Star, as one of the THIRTEEN,
 Land of my lay! through many a
 battle's night
 Thy gallant men stepped steady and
 serene,
 To that war-music's stern and strong
 delight.
 Where bayonets clinched above the
 trampled green,
 Where sabres grappled in the ocean-
 fight;
 In siege, in storm, on deck or rampart,
 there ²⁷⁹
 They hunted the wolf Danger to his lair,
 And sought and won sweet Peace, and
 wreaths for Honor's hair!

XXXVII

And with thy smiles, sweet Peace, came
 woman's, bringing
 The Eden-sunshine of her welcome kiss,
 And lovers' flutes, and children's voices
 singing
 The maiden's promised, matron's per-
 fect bliss,
 And heart and home-bells blending with
 their ringing
 Thank-offerings borne to holier worlds
 than this,
 And the proud green of Glory's laurel-
 leaves,
 And gold, the gift to Peace, of Plenty's
 summer sheaves.

RED JACKET¹

*A Chief of the Indian Tribes, the
 Tuscaroras.*

On looking at his portrait by Weir.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's
 woven,
 First in her files, her PIONEER of mind—
 A wanderer now in other climes,² has
 proven
 His love for the young land he left
 behind;

¹ "Red Jacket" appeared originally in 1828,
 soon after the publication of Mr. Cooper's
 "Notions of the Americans."

² Cooper was abroad from 1825 to 1832.

And throned her in the senate-hall of
 nations,
 Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-
 wrought;
 Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
 And beautiful as its green world of
 thought:

And faithful to the Act of Congress,
 quoted
 As law authority, it passed nem. con.: ¹⁰
 He writes that we are, as ourselves have
 voted,
 The most enlightened people ever
 known.

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
 In Paris, full of song, and dance, and
 laugh;
 And that, from Orleans to the Bay of
 Fundy,
 There's not a bailiff or an epitaph:

And furthermore—in fifty years, or
 sooner,
 We shall export our poetry and wine;
 And our brave fleet, eight frigates and
 a schooner,
 Will sweep the seas from Zembla to
 the Line. ²⁰

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora!
 Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,
 In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded
 glory,
 Its eye's dark beauty, and its thought-
 ful brow—

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
 Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings;
 Well might he boast that we, the Demo-
 cratic,
 Outrival Europe, even in our Kings!

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's
 pages
 Tell not the planting of thy parent tree.
 But that the forest tribes have bent for
 ages ³¹
 To thee, and to thy sires, the subject
 knee.

Thy name is princely—if no poet's magic
 Could make RED JACKET grace an Eng-
 lish rhyme,
 Though some one with a genius for the
 tragic
 Hath introduced it in a pantomime—

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land, and on her herald-
roll;
As bravely fought for, and as proud a
token
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.
40

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star
would frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark
mine,
And George the Fourth wore, at his court
at Brighton
A more becoming evening dress than
thine;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and
weather,
And fitted for thy couch, on field and
flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland
heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin
Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a
whaler's?
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as
strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant
sailors,
Heroes in history and gods in song.
50

Is beauty?—Thine has with thy youth
departed;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's
years,
And she who perished, young and broken-
hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not
for tears.

Is eloquence?—Her spell is thine that
reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head
its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in
thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are
short.
60

The monarch mind, the mystery of com-
manding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding,
banding
The hearts of millions till they move
as one:

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have
crowded
The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrels, at their sepulchers, have
shrouded
With banner-folds of glory the dark
pall.

Who will believe? Not I—for in deceiv-
ing
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful
dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they
seem:
70

Who will believe that, with a smile whose
blessing
Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a
dying hour,
With voice as low, as gentle, and caress-
ing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit
bower:

With look like patient Job's eschewing
evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in
air:
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's
hair!
80

That in thy breast there springs a poison
fountain,
Deadlier than that where bathes the
Upas-tree;
And in thy wrath a nursing cat-o'-moun-
tain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared
with thee!

And underneath that face, like summer
ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as
clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emo-
tions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all
save fear:

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy
daughter,
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in
wars;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy
scars;
90

Hope—that thy wrongs may be, by the
Great Spirit,
Remembered and revenged when thou
art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to in-
herit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and
thy throne!

The Talisman, 1828.

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS

SARATOGA

Strangers! your eyes are on that valley
fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit-world of dreams.

True, 'tis a scene of loveliness—the bright
Green dwelling of the summer's first born
Hours,
Whose wakened leaf and bud
Are welcoming the morn.

And morn returns the welcome, sun and
cloud
Smile on the green earth from their home
in heaven,
Even as a mother smiles
Above her cradled boy,

And wreath their light and shade o'er
plain and mountain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass, whose waves
are flowers,
The river's golden shores,
The forest of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the wind,
The hum of the wild bee, the music wild
Of waves upon the bank,
Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
Beneath her skies of June; then journey
on,
A thousand scenes like this
Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet—ye see not, hear not now,
The sunny smile, the music of to-day,
Your thoughts are wandering up,
Far up the stream of time;

And boyhood's lore and fireside-listened
tales
Are rushing on your memories, as ye
breathe
That valley's storied name,
FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS.

Strangers no more, a kindred "pride of
place,"
Pride in the gift of country and of name,
Speaks in your eye and step—
Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her glory's
day,
The solemn sabbath of the week of battle,
Whose tempests bowed to earth
Her foeman's banner here.

The forest-leaves lay scattered cold and
dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn
morn,
When, with as widowed hearts
And hopes as dead and cold,

A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep
gloom,
And at their conqueror's feet
Laid their war-weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dis-
honored;
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded
there;
The soldier's trial-task
Is not alone "to die."

Honor to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's
fame,
Nor mocks his captive's doom—
The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning-flashes in the
cloud
Of the Invader's wrath,
Threatening a gallant land!

His armies' trumpet-tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes; from a thousand
hills
Her answering voices shout,
And her bells ring to arms!

Then danger hovers o'er the Invader's
march,
On raven wings, hushing the song of
fame,
And glory's hues of beauty
Fade from the cheek of death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree, 70
The eagle eye of art
Is dim and powerless then,

And war becomes a people's joy, the drum
Man's merriest music, and the field of
death
His couch of happy dreams,
After life's harvest-home.

He battles heart and arm, his own blue
sky
Above him, and his own green land
around,
Land of his father's grave,
His blessing and his prayers: 80

Land where he learned to lisp a mother's
name,
The first beloved in life, the last forgot,
Land of his frolic youth,
Land of his bridal eve—

Land of his children—vain your columned
strength,
Invaders! vain your battles' steel and fire!
Choose ye the morrow's doom—
A prison or a grave.

And such were Saratoga's victors—such
The Yeoman-Brave, whose deeds and 90
death have given
A glory to her skies,
A music to her name.

In honorable life her fields they trod,
In honorable death they sleep below;
Their sons' proud feelings here
Their noblest monuments.

1831.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794-1878)

THANATOPSIS¹

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images¹⁰
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at
heart;—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of
air—

Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many²⁰
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering
up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

¹Thanatopsis was written when Bryant was
seventeen or eighteen years old. As originally
printed in the *North American Review*, Septem-
ber, 1817, it began at line 17 of the present
arrangement:

Yet a few days, and thee
and ended with lines 65 and 66

and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

As it now stands the poem was first published
in the volume of poems put out in 1821. See
"The Growth of *Thanatopsis*," by Carl Van
Doren, *The Nation*, October 7, 1915.

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon.
The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce³⁰
thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—
with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the
good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move⁴⁰

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and,

poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden

sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that

tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes

That slumber in its bosom.—Take the⁵⁰
wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound,

Save his own dashings—yet the dead are
there:

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them

down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there

alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou with-
draw

In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe⁶⁰
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will
 laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood
 of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will
 chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
 leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and
 shall come
 And make their bed with thee, As the
 long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he
 who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and
 maid,
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
 man—⁷⁰
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow
 them.

So live, that when thy summons comes
 to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch⁸⁰
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

1811?

North American Review, September, 1817.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last
 steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
 pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
 wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,¹⁰
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless
 coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
 phere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.²⁰

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
 rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds
 shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my
 heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
 given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
 tain flight,³⁰
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

North American Review, 1815.

O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS

O fairest of the rural maids!
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;¹⁰
 Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
 And silent waters heaven is seen;
 Their lashes are the herbs that look
 On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there. 20

1820.

"Poems," 1832.

SUMMER WIND

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the
faint

And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then
again

Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover
droops 10

Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the
hills,

With all their growth of woods, silent
and stern,

As if the scorching heat and dazzling
light

Were but an element they loved. Bright
clouds,

Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains—their white
tops

Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie 20
Languidly in the shade, where the thick
turf,

Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the
wind

That still delays his coming. Why so
slow,

Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting
earth

Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody
ridge,

The pine is bending his proud top, and
now

Among the nearer groves, chestnut and
oak 30

Are tossing their green boughs about. He
comes;

Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in
waves!

The deep distressful silence of the scene

Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered
sounds

And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the
shrubs,

And bearing their fragrance; and he
brings

Music of birds, and rustling of young
boughs,

And sound of swaying branches, and the
voice

Of distant waterfalls. All the green
herbs 40

Are stirring in his breath; a thousand
flowers,

By the road-side and the borders of the
brook,

Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew

Were on them yet, and silver waters
break

Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.
1824.

United States Literary Gazette, July 15,
1824.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN¹

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and
the wild

Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy
foot

Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to
forget

The steep and toilsome way. There, as
thou stand'st,

The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain - summits, thy expanding

heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier
world 10

To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou

shalt look

Upon the green and rolling forest-tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,

¹The mountain called by this name is a remarkable precipice in Great Barrington, overlooking the rich and picturesque valley of the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts. At the southern extremity is, or was a few years since, a conical pile of small stones, erected according to the tradition of the surrounding country, by the Indians, in memory of a young woman of the Stockbridge tribe who killed herself by leaping from the edge of the precipice. (*Author's Note.*)

And streams that with their bordering
 thickets strive
 To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze,
 at once,
 Here on white villages, and tilth, and
 herds,
 And swarming roads, and there on soli-
 tudes
 That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
 And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
 That seems a fragment of some mighty
 wall,
 Built by the hand that fashioned the old
 world,
 To separate its nations, and thrown down
 When the flood drowned them. To the
 north, a path
 Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
 Steep is the western side, shaggy and
 wild
 With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
 And many a hanging crag. But, to the
 east,
 Sheer to the vale go down the bare old
 cliffs—
 Huge pillars, that in middle heaven up-
 bear
 Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
 With moss, the growth of centuries, and
 there
 Of chalky whiteness where the thunder-
 bolt
 Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
 To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
 Where storm and lightning, from that
 huge gray wall,
 Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at
 the base
 Dashed them in fragments, and to lay
 thine ear
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods
 below,
 Come up like ocean murmurs. But the
 scene
 Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
 Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
 The paradise he made unto himself,
 Mining the soil for ages. On each side
 The fields swell upward to the hills; be-
 yond,
 Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
 The mountain-columns with which earth
 props heaven.

There is a tale about these reverend
 rocks,
 A sad tradition of unhappy love,
 And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,

When over these fair vales the savage
 sought
 His game in the thick woods. There was
 a maid,
 The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-
 eyed,
 With wealth of raven tresses, a light
 form,
 And a gay heart. About her cabin-door
 The wide old woods resounded with her
 song
 And fairy laughter all the summer day.
 She loved her cousin; such a love was
 deemed,
 By the morality of those stern tribes,
 Incestuous, and she struggled hard and
 long
 Against her love, and reasoned with her
 heart,
 As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
 Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
 Its lightness, and the gray-haired men that
 passed
 Her dwelling, wondered that they heard
 no more
 The accustomed song and laugh of her,
 whose looks
 Were like the cheerful smile of Spring,
 they said,
 Upon the Winter of their age. She went
 To weep where no eye saw, and was not
 found
 Where all the merry girls were met to
 dance,
 And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
 Nor when they gathered from the rustling
 husk
 The shining ear; nor when, by the river's
 side,
 They pulled the grape and startled the
 wild shades
 With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed
 Indian dames
 Would whisper to each other, as they saw
 Her wasting form, and say, *The girl will
 die.*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
 A playmate of her young and innocent
 years,
 She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st,
 and thou alone,"
 She said, "for I have told thee, all my
 love,
 And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.
 All night I weep in darkness, and the
 morn
 Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed,
 That has no business on the earth. I hate

The pastimes and the pleasant toils that
 once
 I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
 Sound in my ear like mockings, and, at
 night,
 In dreams, my mother, from the land of
 souls,
 Calls me and chides me. All that look
 on me
 Do seem to know my shame; I cannot
 bear
 Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root
 out
 The love that wrings it so, and I must
 die."

It was a summer morning, and they
 went
 To this old precipice. About the cliffs
 Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy
 skins
 Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the
 tribe
 Here made to the Great Spirit, for they
 deemed,
 Like worshippers of the elder time, that
 God
 Doth walk on the high places and affect
 The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She
 had on
 The ornaments with which her father
 loved
 To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed
 girl,
 And bade her wear when stranger war-
 riors came
 To be his guests. Here the friends sat
 them down,
 And sang, all day, old songs of love and
 death,
 And decked the poor wan victim's hair
 with flowers,
 And prayed that safe and swift might be
 her way
 To the calm world of sunshine, where no
 grief
 Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
 Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
 Below her—waters resting in the embrace
 Of the wide forest, and maize-planted
 glades
 Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
 She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
 Of her own village peeping through the
 trees,
 And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
 Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
 And came to die for, a warm gush of
 tears

Ran from her eyes. But when the sun
 grew low
 And the hill shadows long, she threw her-
 self
 From the steep rock and perished. There
 was scooped,
 Upon the mountain's southern slope, a
 grave;
 And there they laid her, in the very garb
 With which the maiden decked herself
 for death,
 With the same withering wild-flowers in
 her hair,
 And o'er the mould that covered her, the
 tribe
 Built up a simple monument, a cone
 Of small loose stones. Thenceforward
 all who passed,
 Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
 In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
 And Indians from the distant West, who
 come
 To visit where their fathers' bones are
 laid,
 Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day
 The mountain where the hapless maiden
 died
 Is called the Mountain of the Monument.
 1824.

United States Literary Gazette, Sept. 15,
 1824.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR

The sad and solemn night
 Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
 The glorious hosts of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she re-
 tires;
 All through her silent watches, gliding
 slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the
 heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright -
 as they:
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows
 dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set
 with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole! and thou dost see
 them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,

Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station
 yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering
 train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue
 western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kind-
 ling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching
 there;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour
 that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heav-
 en's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are
 done;
 High toward the starlit sky
 Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots
 the sun,
 The night storm on a thousand hills is
 loud,
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle
 sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wrecked mariner, his compass
 lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly
 coast;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes,
 by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide
 their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchanging
 good,
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
 The voyager of time should shape his
 heedful way.

1825.

United States Literary Gazette, Jan. 15,
 1825.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples.
 Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere he
 framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling
 wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn
 thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the
 place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high
 in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from
 the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at
 once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and
 bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless
 power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years,
 neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let
 me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns,
 Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou
 didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in
 thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in
 thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-
 living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old
 and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they
 stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and
 dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim
 vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or
 pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the
 form
 Of thy fair works. But Thou art here—
 thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these
trees 40

In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the
place

Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks,
the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct
with Thee.

Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst
its herbs,

Wells softly forth and wandering steep
the roots 50

Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not
left

Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength,
and grace

Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty
oak—

By whose immovable stem I stand and
seem

Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the
deep,

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with
which 60

Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at
his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the
glare

Of the broad sun. That delicate forest
flower,

With scented breath and look so like a
smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless
mould,

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I
think

Of the great miracle that still goes on, 70
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.

Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful
youth

In all its beautiful forms. These lofty
trees

Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not
lost 80

One of earth's charms: upon her bosom
yet,

After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle
hate

Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats him-
self

Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he
came forth

From thine own bosom, and shall have
no end.

There have been holy men who hid
themselves 90

Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till
they outlived

The generation born with them, nor
seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy
men

Who deemed it were not well to pass life
thus.

But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps
shrink 100

And tremble and are still. O God! when
Thou

Dost scare the world with tempests, set
on fire

The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or
fill,

With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots
the woods

And drowns the villages; when, at thy
call,

Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms

Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies
by? 111

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the
wrath

Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,

In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.
1825.

United States Literary Gazette, Apr. 1,
1825.

HYMN TO DEATH¹

Oh! could I hope the wise and pure in
heart
Might hear my song without a frown, nor
deem
My voice unworthy of the theme it
tries,—
I would take up the hymn to Death, and
say
To the grim power, The world hath
slandered thee
And mocked thee. On thy dim and shad-
owy brow
They place an iron crown, and call thee
king
Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the
fair,
The loved, the good—that breathest on
the lights¹⁰
Of virtue set along the vale of life,
And they go out in darkness. I am come,
Not with reproaches, not with cries and
prayers,
Such as have stormed thy stern, insensible
ear
From the beginning; I am come to speak
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
Thy conquests, and may weep them yet
again,
And thou from some I love wilt take a
life
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the
spell
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee²⁰
In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,
Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
Thy nobler triumphs; I will teach the
world
To thank thee. Who are thine accusers?
—Who?
The living!—they who never felt thy
power,
And know thee not. The curses of the
wretch
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings
when thy hand

¹ The poem was unfinished at the time of the death of Bryant's father in 1820. The concluding lines, of course, refer to that event.

Is on him, and the hour he dreads is
come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the
good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed
to peace,³⁰
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison-cell?

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliv-
erer!
God hath anointed thee to free the op-
pressed
And crush the oppressor. When the
armed chief,
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
And it is changed beneath his feet, and
all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—
Thou, while his head is loftiest and his
heart³⁹
Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand
Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
Upon him, and the links of that strong
chain
Which bound mankind are crumbled;
thou dost break
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to
dust.
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and
her tribes
Gather within their ancient bounds again.
Else had the mighty of the olden time,
Nimrod, Sesostrius, or the youth who
feigned
His birth from Libyan Ammon, smitten
yet
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven
Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost
avenge,⁵¹
In thy good time, the wrongs of those
who know
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep,
Where he who made him wretched
troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his ty-
rant too.
Oh, there is joy when hands that held
the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.
Thou too dost purge from earth its hor-
rible
And old idolatries;—from the proud fanes
Each to his grave their priests go out, till
none⁶¹
Is left to teach their worship; then the
fires
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss

O'ercreeps their altars; the fallen images
 Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud
 hymns,
 Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind
 Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he
 Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at
 all
 The laws that God or man has made, and
 round
 Hedges his seat with power, and shines in
 wealth,—⁷⁰
 Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heav-
 en,
 And celebrates his shame in open day,
 Thou, in the pride of all his crimes,
 cutt'st off
 The horrible example. Touched by thine,
 The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the
 gold
 Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The per-
 jurer,
 Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and
 voluble
 Against his neighbor's life, and he who
 laughed
 And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame
 Blasted before his own foul calumnies, ⁸⁰
 Are smit with deadly silence. He, who
 sold
 His conscience to preserve a worthless
 life,
 Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
 Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
 Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no
 time
 For parley, nor will bribes unclench thy
 grasp.
 Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long
 Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
 Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
 And strains each nerve, and clears the
 path of life ⁹⁰
 Like wind, thou point'st him to the dread-
 ful goal,
 And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling
 eye,
 And check'st him in mid course. Thy
 skeleton hand
 Shows to the faint of spirit the right
 path,
 And he is warned, and fears to step aside.
 Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his
 crime
 Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack
 hand
 Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most
 fearfully
 Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice,
 when thy shafts

Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard
 Of heart and violent of hand restores ¹⁰¹
 The treasure to the friendless wretch he
 wronged.
 Then from the writhing bosom thou dost
 pluck
 The guilty secret; lips, for ages sealed,
 Are faithless to their dreadful trust at
 length,
 And give it up; the felon's latest breath
 Absolves the innocent man who bears his
 crime;
 The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in
 tears,
 Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged
 To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost
 make ¹¹⁰
 Thy penitent victim utter to the air
 The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
 And aims to whelm the laws; ere yet the
 hour
 Is come, and the dread sign of murder
 given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou
 been found
 On virtue's side; the wicked, but for thee,
 Had been too strong for the good; the
 great of earth
 Had crushed the weak for ever. Schooled
 in guile
 For ages, while each passing year had
 brought
 Its baneful lesson, they had filled the
 world ¹²⁰
 With their abominations; while its tribes,
 Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoiled,
 Had knelt to them in worship; sacrifice
 Had smoked on many an altar, temple-
 roofs
 Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer
 and hymn:
 But thou, the great reformer of the world,
 Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud
 In their green pupilage, their lore half
 learned—
 Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple
 heart
 God gave them at their birth, and blotted
 out ¹³⁰
 His image. Thou dost mark them flushed
 with hope,
 As on the threshold of their vast designs
 Doubtful and loose they stand, and
 strikest them down.

.

Alas! I little thought that the stern
 power,

Whose fearful praise I sang, would try
 me thus
 Before the strain was ended. It must
 cease—
 For he is in his grave who taught my
 youth
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life
 Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
 Ripened by years of toil and studious re-
 search,¹⁴¹
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons,
 taught
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient
 art
 To which thou gavest thy laborious
 days,
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when
 the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding
 eyes
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed
 thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and
 turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering
 verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I
 have¹⁵⁰
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example, and to leave
 A name of which the wretched shall not
 think
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore,
 thou
 Whose early guidance trained my infant
 steps—
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief
 sleep
 Of death is over, and a happier life
 Shall dawn to waken thy insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men
 whose guilt¹⁶⁰
 Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he
 who bears
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's
 bread,
 And robs the widow—he who spreads
 abroad
 Polluted hands in mockery of prayer,
 Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering
 I look
 On what is written, yet I blot not out
 The desultory numbers; let them stand,
 The record of an idle revery.

The New York Review, Oct., 1825.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the sad-
 dest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
 meadows brown and sere.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the
 autumn leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to
 the rabbit's tread;
 The robin and the wren are flown, and
 from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow
 through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
 flowers, that lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beaute-
 ous sisterhood?
 Alas! they all are in their graves, the
 gentle race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
 fair and good of ours.¹⁰
 The rain is falling where they lie, but
 cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the
 lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they per-
 ished long ago,
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died
 amid the summer glow;
 But on the hills the golden-rod, and the
 aster in the wood,
 And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
 in autumn beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold
 heaven, as falls the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was
 gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day,
 as still such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out
 their winter home;²⁰
 When the sound of dropping nuts is
 heard, though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the
 waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers
 whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and
 by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her
 youthful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and
 faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when
the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should
have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that
young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
with the flowers.

1825. *New York Review*, Nov., 1825.

"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG"

I broke the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poet's idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more,
For Poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet?
For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was Nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and streams the bloom and
light,
And glory of the stars and sun;—
And these and poetry are one.
They, ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song.

1824. *Atlantic Souvenir*, 1825.

"I CANNOT FORGET WITH WHAT FERVID DEVOTION"

I cannot forget with what fervid devotion
I worshipped the visions of verse and
of fame;
Each gaze at the glories of earth, sky, and
ocean,
To my kindled emotions, was wind over
flame.

And deep were my musings in life's early
blossom,
Mid the twilight of mountain-groves
wandering long;
How thrilled my young veins, and how
throbbed my full bosom,
When o'er me descended the spirit of
song!

'Mong the deep-cloven fells that for ages
had listened
To the rush of the pebble-paved river
between,
Where the kingfisher screamed and gray
precipice glistened,
All breathless with awe have I gazed on
the scene;

Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries
stealing,
From the gloom of the thicket that over
me hung,
And the thoughts that awoke, in that
rapture of feeling,
Were formed into verse as they rose to
my tongue.

Bright visions! I mixed with the world,
and ye faded,
No longer your pure rural worshipper
now;
In the haunts your continual presence
pervaded,
Ye shrink from the signet of care on
my brow.

In the old mossy groves on the breast of
the mountains,
In deep lonely glens where the waters
complain,
By the shade of the rock, by the gush of
the fountain,
I seek your loved footsteps, but seek
them in vain.

Oh, leave not forlorn and forever for-
saken,
Your pupil and victim to life and its
tears!
But sometimes return, and in mercy
awaken
The glories ye showed to his earlier
years.

1815-1826. *New York Review*, Feb., 1826.

JUNE¹

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,

¹ Bryant died in June, 1878.

And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should
break.

A cell within the frozen mould, 10
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer
hours,
The golden light should lie, 20
And thick young herbs and groups of
flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon 30
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow; 40
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills 50
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL¹

"Decolor, obscurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Cesariem regnum, non candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
Tunc superat pulchos cultus et quicquid Eois
Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga."
—Claudian.

I sat beside the glowing grate, fresh
heaped
With Newport coal, and as the flame
grew bright
—The many-colored flame—and played
and leaped,
I thought of rainbows, and the northern
light,
Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Re-
port,
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

At last I thought of that fair isle which
sent
The mineral fuel; on a summer day
I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the
hollow way. 10
Now dragged through sand, now jolted
over stone—
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower
grew
The deep-worn path, and horror-struck,
I thought,
Where will this dreary passage lead me
to?
This long dull road, so narrow, deep,
and hot?
I looked to see it dive in earth outright;
I looked—but saw a far more welcome
sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
At once a lovely isle before me lay, 20
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered
o'er,
As if just risen from its calm inland
bay;
Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
And the small waves that dallied with the
sedge.

¹ Bryant went to New York in 1825. It was perhaps the influence of the American followers of Byron in New York City rather than of Byron himself that suggested to Bryant the few poems of the type of the "Meditation on Rhode Island Coal."

The barley was just reaped; the heavy
sheaves
Lay on the stubble-field; the trail maize
stood
Dark in its summer growth, and shook
its leaves,
And bright the sunlight played on the
young wood—
For fifty years ago, the old men say,
The Briton hewed their ancient groves
away. 30

I saw where fountains freshened the
green land,
And where the pleasant road, from
door to door,
With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
Went wandering all that fertile region
o'er—
Rogue's Island once—but when the rogues
were dead,
Rhode Island was the name it took in-
stead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed
A lovely stranger; it has grown a
friend.
I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never
dreamed
How soon that green and quiet isle
would send 40
The treasures of its womb across the sea,
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite! that reddenest on my
hearth,
Thou in those island mines didst slum-
ber long;
But now thou art come forth to move
the earth,
And put to shame the men that mean
thee wrong:
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that
hate thee,
And warm the shins of all that under-
rate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully—they
who mocked
Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst
not burn; 50
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,
And grew profane, and swore, in bitter
scorn,
That men might to thy inner caves re-
tire,
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to
state,
That I too have seen greatness—even
I—
Shook hands with Adams, stared at La
Fayette,
When, barehead, in the hot noon of
July,
He would not let the umbrella be held
o'er him,
For which three cheers burst from the
mob before him. 60

And I have seen—not many months ago—
An eastern Governor in chapeau bras
And military coat, a glorious show!
Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah!
How oft he smiled and bowed to Jona-
than!
How many hands were shook and votes
were won!

'Twas a great Governor; thou too shalt be
Great in thy turn, and wide shall spread
thy fame
And swiftly; furthest Maine shall hear of
thee,
And cold New Brunswick gladden at
thy name; 70
And, faintly through its sleets, the weep-
ing isle
That sends the Boston folks their cod
shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and
shalt heat
The hissing rivers into steam and drive
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron
feet,
Walking their steady way, as if alive,
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
And South as far as the grim Spaniard
lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim
the sea,
Like its own monsters—boats that for
a guinea 80
Will take a man to Havre—and shalt be
The moving soul of many a spinning-
jenny,
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at winter when we
hear
The grim old churl about our dwellings
rave:
Thou, from that "ruler of the inverted
year,"

Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper
gave,
And pull him from his sledge, and drag
him in,
And melt the icicles from off his chin. 90

1826. *New York Review*, April, 1826.

THE PAST

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark
domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Young, Manhood, Age that draws us to
the ground, 10
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are
bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good,
the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire
intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives 20
thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence de-
part;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken
heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith, 30
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not
in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrec-
vered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at
last:
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past! 40

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest
time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so
sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again; 50
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and
young.¹

1828.

Talisman, 1829.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that
day;
How love should keep their memories
bright,
How wide a realm their sons should
sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be 10
wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are
breathed.

¹ Bryant's father and sister.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

1829

THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breathest through my lattice,
thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry
day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my
brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at
play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till
now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering
high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome
thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of
the sea!

Nor I alone; a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses
bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of
night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful
sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond
the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go
forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting
earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars,
and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic
rest,
Summoning from the innumerable
boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt
his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly
bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters
pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches
sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver
head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child
asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that over-
spread
His temples, while his breathing grows
more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's
bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep.
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall re-
store,
With sounds and scents from all thy
mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once
more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and
strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the
shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall
deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running
stream.

1829.

Talisman, 1830.

HYMN OF THE CITY

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven,
or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves
rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the
crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of hu-
man kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their
dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them Thou fill'st with air the un-
bounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps
 along; 20
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless
 throng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempests, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
 Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea
 brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps. 30

1830?

Christian Examiner, 1830.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN:

Our band is few but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines, 10
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us 20
 Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

¹The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian." (*Author's Note.*)

For Irving's change in the English edition of 1832, see pages 131-3 of W. A. Bradley's "Bryant" (E. M. L. Series.)

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil:
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout, 30
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds. 40
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts the tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee, 50
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton, 60
 Forever, from our shore.
 1831. ✓ 1831.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN:

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs un-
 seen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are
 flown, 10
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.

²This was reprinted in *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, January, 1844.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart. 20

1829.

"Poems," 1832.

SEVENTY-SIX

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened
land,

The thrilling cry of warfare rung
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet un-
found,
Pealed far away the startling sound 10
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain-river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath;
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death. 20

The wife, whose babe first smiled that
day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain. 30

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

New York Mirror, May, 1835

THE BATTLE-FIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed bands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her
brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird, 10
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life. 20

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou
not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn; 30
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here. 40

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

1837. *Democratic Review*, Oct., 1837.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled
 pines,
 That stream with gray-green mosses;
 here the ground
 Was never trenched by spade, and flow-
 ers spring up
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
 To linger here, among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks,
 and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they
 pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
 With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful
 shades—
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of
 years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate
 limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crowned
 his slave
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded
 man,
 Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed
 hand
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the
 sword; thy brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive
 limbs
 Are strong with struggling. Power at
 thee has launched
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten
 thee;
 They could not quench the life thou hast
 from heaven;
 Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon
 deep,
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand
 fires,
 Have forged thy chain; yet, while he
 deems thee bound,
 The links are shivered, and the prison-
 walls
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest
 forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor
 flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human
 hands:
 Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleas-
 ant fields,
 While yet our race was few, thou sat'st
 with him,
 To tend the quiet flock and watch the
 stars,
 And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
 Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
 Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
 His only foes; and thou with him didst
 draw
 The earliest furrow on the mountain-
 side,
 Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
 Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
 Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
 Is later born than thou; and as he meets
 The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
 The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse
 of years,
 But he shall fade into a feeble age—
 Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his
 snares,
 And spring them on thy careless steps, and
 clap
 His withered hands, and from their am-
 bush call
 His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall
 send
 Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant
 forms
 To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful
 words
 To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by
 stealth,
 Twine round thee threads of steel, light
 thread on thread,
 That grow to fetters; or bind down thy
 arms
 With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh!
 not yet
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay
 by
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close
 thy lids
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
 And thou must watch and combat till the
 day
 Of the new earth and heaven. But
 wouldst thou rest
 Awhile from tumult and the frauds of
 men.
 These old and friendly solitudes invite
 Thy visit. They, while yet the forest-trees
 Were young upon the unviolated earth,

And yet the moss-stains on the rock were
new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and re-
joiced. 70
1842.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Feb., 1842.

"O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE"

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild-deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet; 10
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide; 20
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-
shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams. 30

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise, 40
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of
scorn,

Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

1846. *Graham's Magazine*, July, 1847.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest, 10
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his
crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
wings, 20
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband
sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, 30
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay.
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day.
Robert is singing with all his might: 40

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, 50
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, 60
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again. 71
 Chee, chee, chee.

1855. *Putnam's Magazine*, June, 1855.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the
 spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree? 10
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson
 breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs 20
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,
 When, from the orchard-row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors;
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon, 30
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky;
 While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with
 mirth, 40
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;
 And sojourners beyond the sea 51
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
 The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie, 61
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,

Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears 70
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree." 81

1849. *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1864.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the
green. 10

Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her
track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave 19
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain-storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence; 30
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and
bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn. 40

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long-murmuring marge of sand—
Come like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against the shore!

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold 51
The grim resolve to guard it well,
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!
September, 1861.

New York Ledger, Nov. 2, 1861.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER

I

The maples redden in the sun;
In autumn gold the beaches stand;
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steer and let him go
To pasture where the gentians blow, 10
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

II

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, below,
The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer's gale, 20
The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,

And swells, an amber sea, between
 The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
 Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
 Glad voices of the coming year;
 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain,
 And from the distant grange there comes
 The clatter of the thresher's flail, 30
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willowy vale.

III

Fling wide the golden shower; we trust
 The strength of armies to the dust.
 This peaceful lea may haply yield
 Its harvest for the tented field.
 Ha! feel ye not your fingers thrill,
 As o'er them, in the yellow grains,
 Glide the warm drops of blood that fill,
 For mortal strife, the warrior's veins;
 Such as, on Solferino's day, 41
 Slaked the brown sand and flowed away—
 Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,
 Snuffed the red stream and feared to
 drink;—
 Blood that in deeper pools shall lie,
 On the sad earth, as time grows gray,
 When men by deadlier arts shall die,
 And deeper darkness blot the sky
 Above the thundering fray;
 And realms, that hear the battle-cry, 50
 Shall sicken with dismay;
 And chieftains to the war shall lead
 Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,
 To perish in a day;—
 Till man, by love and mercy taught,
 Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
 And lay the sword away!
 Oh strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
 The seed upon the helpless land,
 As if, at every step, ye cast 60
 The pelting hail and riving blast.

IV

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon the expecting soil;
 For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garner of the men who toil.
 Strew the bright seed for those who tear
 The matted sward with spade and share,
 And those whose sounding axes gleam
 Beside the lonely forest stream,
 Till its broad banks lie bare; 70
 And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,
 With hammer-blows, plied quick and
 strong,
 And him who, with the steady sledge,

Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
 Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
 For those whose toiling hands uprear
 The roof-trees of our swarming race,
 By grove and plain, by stream and
 mere;
 Who forth, from crowded city, lead
 The lengthening street, and overlay 80
 Green orchard-plot and grassy mead
 With pavement of the murmuring way.
 Cast, with full hands the harvest cast,
 For the brave men that climb the mast,
 When to the billow and the blast,
 It swings and stoops, with fearful
 strain,
 And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
 Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
 Safe as a sea-bird on the main.

V

Fling wide the grain for those who throw
 The clanking shuttle to and fro, 91
 In the long row of humming rooms,
 And into ponderous masses wind
 The web that, from a thousand looms,
 Comes forth to clothe mankind.
 Strew, with free sweep, the grain for
 them,
 By whom the busy thread
 Along the garment's even hem
 And winding seam is led;
 A pallid sisterhood, that keep 100
 The lonely lamp alight,
 In strife with weariness and sleep,
 Beyond the middle night.
 Large part be theirs in what the year
 Shall ripen for the reaper here.

VI

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
 On the soft mould beneath our feet,
 For even now I seem
 To hear a sound that lightly rings
 From murmuring harp and viol's strings,
 As in a summer dream. 111
 The welcome of the wedding-guest,
 The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
 The faint smile of the pallid bride,
 And bridesmaid's blush at matron's jest,
 And dance and song and generous dower,
 Are in the shining grains we shower.

VII

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
 Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
 In the sweet safety of the shore, 120
 And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
 Whose pulses bound with joy to hear

The herd's light bell once more.
 Freely the golden spray be shed
 For him whose heart, when night comes
 down
 On the close alleys of the town,
 Is faint for lack of bread.
 In chill roof-chambers, bleak and bare,
 Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
 She who now sees, in mute despair, 130
 Her children pine for food,
 Shall feel the dews of gladness start
 To lids long tearless, and shall part
 The sweet loaf with a grateful heart,
 Among her thin pale brood.
 Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!
 Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
 Where'er the sower walks,
 Fill the rich ears that shade the mould
 With grain for grain, a hundredfold, 140
 To bend the sturdy stalks.

VIII

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
 As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,
 For hands that delicately knead
 The consecrated bread—
 The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
 When, round the table of their Lord,
 Within a thousand temples set,
 In memory of the bitter death
 Of Him who taught at Nazareth, 150
 His followers are met,
 And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
 As of the Holy One they think,
 The glory of whose rising yet
 Makes bright the grave's mysterious
 brink.

IX

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
 The seed is in its winter bed.
 Now let the dark-brown mould be spread,
 To hide it from the sun,
 And leave it to the kindly care 160
 Of the still earth and brooding air,
 As when the mother, from her breast,
 Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
 And shades its eyes, and waits to see
 How sweet its waking smile will be.
 The tempest now may smite, the sleet
 All night on the drowned furrow beat,
 And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
 Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
 Stiffen to stone the mellow mould,
 Yet safe shall lie the wheat; 170
 Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
 Shall walk again the genial year,
 To wake with warmth and nurse with dew
 The germs we lay to slumber here.

X

Oh blessed harvest yet to be!
 Abide thou with the Love that keeps,
 In its warm bosom, tenderly,
 The Life which wakes and that which
 sleeps.
 The Love that leads the willing spheres
 Along the unending track of years, 180
 And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
 Shall brood above thy winter rest,
 And raise thee from the dust, to hold
 Light whisperings with the winds of
 May,
 And fill thy spikes with living gold,
 From summer's yellow ray;
 Then, as thy garner's give thee forth,
 On what glad errands shalt thou go,
 Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
 Roads wind and rivers flow; 190
 The ancient East shall welcome thee
 To mighty marts beyond the sea,
 And they who dwell where palm-groves
 sound
 To summer winds the whole year round,
 Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
 The sails that bring thy glistening store.

1859.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE POET

Thou who wouldst wear the name
 Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,
 And clothe in words of flame
 Thoughts that shall live within the gen-
 eral mind!
 Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
 The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers
 And wreak them on the verse that thou
 dost weave,
 And in thy lonely hours,
 At silent morning or at wakeful eve, 20
 While the warm current tingles through
 thy veins
 Set forth the burning words in fluent
 strains.

No smooth array of phrase,
 Artfully sought and ordered though it
 be,
 Which the cold rhymers lays
 Upon his page with languid industry.
 Can wake the listless pulse to livelier
 speed,
 Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that
 read.

The secret wouldst thou know
 To touch the heart or fire the blood at
 will? ²⁰
 Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
 Let thy lips quiver with the passionate
 thrill;
 Seize the great thought, ere yet its power
 be past,
 And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear
 Halting and harsh, and all unaptly
 wrought,
 Touch the crude line with fear,
 Save in the moment of impassioned
 thought;
 Then summon back the original glow, and
 mend
 The strain with rapture that with fire ³⁰
 was penned.

Yet let no empty gust
 Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
 A blast that whirls the dust
 Along the howling street and dies away;
 But feelings of calm power and mighty
 sweep,
 Like currents journeying through the
 windless deep.

Seek'st thou, in living lays,
 To limn the beauty of the earth and
 sky?
 Before thine inner gaze
 Let all that beauty in clear vision lie; ⁴⁰
 Look on it with exceeding love, and write
 The words inspired by wonder and de-
 light.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,
 Or tell of battles—make thyself a part
 Of the great tumult; cling
 To the tossed wreck with terror in thy
 heart;
 Scale, with the assaulting host, the ram-
 part's height,
 And strike and struggle in the thickest
 fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay
 That haply may endure from age to age,
 And they who read shall say: ⁵¹
 "What witchery hangs upon this poet's
 page!
 What art is his the written spells to find
 That sway from mood to mood the will-
 ing mind!"

1863.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
 We bear thee to an honored grave, ¹⁰
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of Right.

April, 1865.

January, 1866.

CHRISTMAS IN 1875

Supposed to be written by a Spaniard

No trumpet-blast profaned
 The hour in which the Prince of Peace
 was born;
 No bloody streamlet stained
 Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
 But, o'er the peaceful plain,
 The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded
 wain.

The soldier had laid by
 The sword and stripped the corselet from
 his breast,
 And hung his helm on high—
 The sparrow's winter home and summer ¹⁰
 nest;
 And, with the same strong hand
 That flung the barbèd spear, he tilled the
 land.

Oh, time for which we yearn;
 Oh, sabbath of the nations long foretold!
 Season of peace, return,
 Like a late summer when the year grows
 old,
 When the sweet sunny days
 Steeped mead and mountain-side in gold-
 en haze.

¹ This poem was written for the day of the
 funeral procession of Lincoln in New York City.

For now two rival kings
 Flaunt, o'er our bleeding land, their hos-
 tile flags, 20
 And every sunrise brings
 The hovering vulture from his mountain
 crags
 To where the battle-plain
 Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower
 of Spain.

Christ is not come, while yet
 O'er half the earth the threat of battle
 lowers,
 And our own fields are wet,
 Beneath the battle-cloud, with crimson
 showers—
 The life-blood of the slain,
 Poured out where thousands die that one
 may reign. 30

Soon, over half the earth,
 In every temple crowds shall kneel again
 To celebrate His birth
 Who brought the message of good-will to
 men,
 And bursts of joyous song
 Shall shake the roof above the prostrate
 throng.

Christ is not come, while there
 The men of blood whose crimes affront
 the skies
 Kneel down in act of prayer,
 Amid the joyous strains, and when they
 rise 40
 Go forth, with sword and flame,
 To waste the land in His most holy name.

Oh, when the day shall break
 O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel
 arts,
 And all their millions wake
 To peaceful tasks performed with loving
 hearts,
 On such a blessed morn,
 Well may the nations say that Christ is
 born.
 1875.

New York Evening Post, Dec., 1875.

A LIFETIME

I sit in the early twilight,
 And, through the gathering shade,
 I look on the fields around me
 Where yet a child I played.
 And I peer into the shadows,
 Till they seem to pass away,

And the fields and their tiny brooklet
 Lie clear in the light of day.

A delicate child and slender,
 With locks of light-brown hair, 10
 From knoll to knoll is leaping
 In the breezy summer air.

He stoops to gather blossoms
 Where the running waters shine;
 And I look on him with wonder,
 His eyes are so like mine.

I look till the fields and brooklet
 Swim like a vision by,
 And a room in a lowly dwelling
 Lies clear before my eye. 20

There stand, in the clean-swept fireplace,
 Fresh boughs from the wood in bloom,
 And the birch-tree's fragrant branches
 Perfume the humble room.

And there the child is standing
 By a stately lady's knee,
 And reading of ancient peoples
 And realms beyond the sea:

Of the cruel King of Egypt
 Who made God's people slaves, 30
 And perished, with all his army,
 Drowned in the Red Sea waves;

Of Deborah who mustered
 Her brethren long oppressed,
 And routed the heathen army,
 And gave her people rest;

And the sadder, gentler story
 How Christ, the crucified,
 With a prayer for those who slew Him,
 Forgave them as He died. 40

I look again, and there rises
 A forest wide and wild,
 And in it the boy is wandering,
 No longer a little child.

He murmurs his own rude verses
 As he roams the woods alone;
 And again I gaze with wonder,
 His eyes are so like my own.

I see him next in his chamber,
 Where he sits him down to write 50
 The rhymes he framed in his ramble,
 And he cons them with delight.

A kindly figure enters,
A man of middle age,
And points to a line just written,
And 'tis blotted from the page.

And next, in a hall of justice,
Scarce grown to manly years,
'Mid the hoary-headed wranglers
The slender youth appears.

With a beating heart he rises,
And with a burning cheek,
And the judges kindly listen
To hear the young man speak.

Another change, and I see him
Approach his dwelling-place,
Where a fair-haired woman meets him,
With a smile on her young face—

A smile that spreads a sunshine
On lip and cheek and brow;
So sweet a smile there is not
In all the wide earth now.

She leads by the hand their first-born,
A fair-haired little one,
And their eyes as they meet him sparkle
Like brooks in the morning sun.

Another change, and I see him
Where the city's ceaseless coil
Sends up a mighty murmur
From a thousand modes of toil.

And there, 'mid the clash of presses,
He plies the rapid pen
In the battles of opinion,
That divide the sons of men.

I look, and the clashing presses
And the town are seen no more,
But there is the poet wandering
A strange and foreign shore.

He has crossed the mighty ocean
To realms that lie afar,
In the region of ancient story,
Beneath the morning star.

And now he stands in wonder
On an icy Alpine height;
Now pitches his tent in the desert
Where the jackal yells at night;

Now, far on the North Sea islands,
Sees day on the midnight sky,
Now gathers the fair strange fruitage
Where the isles of the Southland lie.

I see him again at his dwelling,
Where, over the little lake,
The rose-trees droop in their beauty
To meet the image they make.

Though years have whitened his temples
His eyes have the first look still,
Save a shade of settled sadness,
A forecast of coming ill.

For in that pleasant dwelling,
On the rack of ceaseless pain,
Lies he who smiled so sweetly,
And prays for ease in vain.

And I know that his heart is breaking,
When, over those dear eyes,
The darkness slowly gathers,
And the loved and loving dies.

A grave is scooped on the hillside
Where often, at eve or morn,
He lays the blooms of the garden—
He, and his youngest born.

And well I know that a brightness
From his life has passed away,
And a smile from the green earth's beauty,
And a glory from the day.

But I behold, above him,
In the far blue deeps of air,
Dim battlements shining faintly,
And a throng of faces there;

See over crystal barrier
The airy figures bend,
Like those who are watching and waiting
The coming of a friend.

And one there is among them,
With a star upon her brow,
In her life a lovely woman,
A sinless seraph now.

I know the sweet calm features;
The peerless smile I know,
And I stretch my arms with transport
From where I stand below.

And the quick tears drown my eyelids,
But the airy figures fade,
And the shining battlements darken
And blend with the evening shade.

I am gazing into the twilight
Where the dim-seen meadows lie,
And the wind of night is swaying
The trees with a heavy sigh.

1876.

"Poems," 1876.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

FROM THE POET¹

I.

Right upward on the road of fame
With sounding steps the poet came;
Born and nourished in miracles,
His feet were shod with golden bells,
Or where he stepped the soil did peal
As if the dust were glass and steel.
The gallant child where'er he came
Threw to each fact a tuneful name.
The things whereon he cast his eyes
Could not the nations rebaptize,¹⁰
Nor Time's snows hide the names he set,
Nor last posterity forget.
Yet every scroll whereon he wrote
In latent fire his secret thought,
Fell unregarded to the ground,
Unseen by such as stood around.
The pious wind took it away,
The reverent darkness hid the lay.
Methought like water-haunting birds
Divers or dippers were his words,²⁰
And idle clowns beside the mere
At the new vision gape and jeer.
But when the noisy scorn was past,
Emerge the winged words in haste.
New-bathed, new-trimmed, on healthy
wing,
Right to the heaven they steer and sing.
A Brother of the world, his song
Sounded like a tempest strong
Which tore from oaks their branches
broad,
And stars from the ecliptic road.³⁰
Times wore he as his clothing-weeds.
He sowed the sun and moon for seeds.
As melts the iceberg in the seas,
As clouds give rain to the eastern breeze,
As snow-banks thaw in April's beam,
The solid kingdoms like a dream
Resist in vain his motive strain,
They totter now and float amain.
For the Muse gave special charge
His learning should be deep and large,⁴⁰

¹ This poem was begun as early as 1831, probably earlier, and received additions for more than twenty years, but was never completed. In its early form, it was entitled, "The Discontented Poet, A Masque,"

And his training should not scant
The deepest lore of wealth or want:
His flesh should feel, his eyes should read
Every maxim of dreadful Need;
In its fulness he should taste
Life's honeycomb, but not too fast;
Full fed, but not intoxicated;
He should be loved; he should be hated
A blooming child to children dear,
His heart should palpitate with fear.⁵⁰

And well he loved to quit his home
And, Calmuck, in his wagon roam
To read new landscapes and old skies;—
But oh, to see his solar eyes
Like meteors which chose their way
And rived the dark like a new day!
Not lazy grazing on all they saw,
Each chimney-pot and cottage door,
Farm-gear and village picket-fence,⁶⁰
But, feeding on magnificence,
They bounded to the horizon's edge
And searched with the sun's privilege.
Landward they reached the mountains old
Where pastoral tribes their flocks infold,
Saw rivers run seaward by cities high
And the seas wash the low-hung sky;
Saw the endless rack of the firmament
And the sailing moon where the cloud
was rent,
And through man and woman and sea and
star
Saw the dance of Nature forward and
far,⁷⁰
Through worlds and races and terms and
times
Saw musical order and pairing rhymes.

GOOD-BYE²

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven
foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

² Written while Emerson was a schoolmaster in Boston and lived in Roxbury.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple Office, low and high; ¹⁰
 To crowded halls, to court and street;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
 To those who go, and those who come;
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
 Where arches green, the livelong day, ²⁰
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the
 pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools and the learned
 clan;
 For what are they all, in their high con-
 ceit,
 When man in the bush with God may ³⁰
 meet?

1823. *Western Messenger*, April, 1839.

THINE EYES STILL SHINED¹

Thine eyes still shined for me, though far
 I lonely roved the land or sea:
 As I behold yon evening star,
 Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill
 And roamed the pastures through;
 How danced thy form before my path
 Amidst the deep-eyed dew!

When the redbird spread his sable wing,
 And showed his side of flame; ¹⁰
 When the rosebud ripened to the rose,
 In both I read thy name.

1829 or 1830.

"Poems," 1847.

¹ Emerson married Ellen Tucker in September, 1829. She died in 1831. See also latter part of the "Lines Written in Naples."

WRITTEN IN NAPLES

We are what we are made; each follow-
 ing day

Is the Creator of our human mould
 Not less than was the first; the all-wise
 God

Gilds a few points in every several life,
 And as each flower upon the fresh hillside,
 And every colored petal of each flower,
 Is sketched and dyed, each with a new
 design,

Its spot of purple, and its streak of brown,
 So each man's life shall have its proper
 lights,

And a few joys, a few peculiar charms, ¹⁰
 For him round-in the melancholy hours
 And reconcile him to the common days.

Not many men see beauty in the fogs
 Of close low pine-woods in a river town;
 Yet unto me not morn's magnificence,
 Nor the red rainbow of a summer eve,
 Nor Rome, nor joyful Paris, nor the halls
 Of rich men blazing hospitable light,
 Nor wit, nor eloquence,—no, nor even the
 song

Of any woman that is now alive,— ²⁰
 Hath such a soul, such divine influence,
 Such resurrection of the happy past,
 As is to me when I behold the morn
 Ope in such low moist roadside, and be-
 neath

Peep the blue violets out of the black loam,
 Pathetic silent poets that sing to me
 Thine elegy, sweet singer, sainted wife.

1833.

"Poems," 1884.

WRITTEN AT ROME

Alone in Rome. Why, Rome is lonely
 too;—

Besides, you need not be alone; the soul
 Shall have society of its own rank.
 Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
 The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,
 Shall flock to you and tarry by your side.
 And comfort you with their high com-
 pany.

Virtue alone is sweet society,
 It keeps the key to all heroic hearts,
 And opens you a welcome in them all. ¹⁰
 You must be like them if you desire them.
 Scorn trifles and embrace a better aim
 Than wine or sleep or praise;
 Hunt knowledge as the lover wooes a
 maid,

And ever in the strife of your own
 thoughts

Obey the nobler impulse; that is Rome:
That shall command a senate to your side;
For there is no might in the universe
That can contend with love. It reigns
forever.

Wait then, sad friend, wait in majestic
peace²⁰

The hour of heaven. Generously trust
Thy fortune's web to the beneficent hand
That until now has put his world in fee
To thee. He watches for thee still. His
love

Broods over thee, and as God lives in
heaven,

However long thou walkest solitary,
The hour of heaven shall come, the man
appear.

1833. "Poems," 1884.

WEBSTER¹

Ill fits the abstemious Muse a crown to
weave

For living brows; ill fits them to receive:
And yet, if virtue abrogate the law,
One portrait—fact or fancy—we may
draw;

A form which Nature cast in the heroic
mould

Of them who rescued liberty of old;
He, when the rising storm of party roared,
Brought his great forehead to the council
board,

There, while hot heads perplexed with
fears the state,

Calm as the morn the manly patriot sate;
Seemed, when at last his clarion accents
broke,¹¹

As if the conscience of the country spoke.
Not on its base Monadnoc surer stood,
Than he to common sense and common
good:

No mimic; from his breast his counsel
drew,

Believed the eloquent was aye the true;
He bridged the gulf from th' alway good
and wise

To that within the vision of small eyes.
Self-centred; when he launched the gen-
uine word

It shook or captivated all who heard,²⁰
Ran from his mouth to mountains and
the sea,

And burned in noble hearts proverb and
prophecy.

1834. "Poems," 1884.

¹From the Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1834.
This is the only passage preserved.

THE RHODORA:

On being asked, Whence is the flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our soli-
tudes,

I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
nook,

To please the desert and the sluggish
brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty
gay;

Here might the redbird come his plumes
to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his
array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and
sky,¹⁰

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made
for seeing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

The self-same Power that brought me
there brought you.

1834. *Western Messenger*, July, 1839.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon

Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one;¹¹
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;

I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,

For I did not bring home the river and
sky;—

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my
eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave²⁰

Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,

And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the
cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of
youth:"—

As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole; 50
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.
1834.

Western Messenger, Feb., 1839.

THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band, 10
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.¹

1835?

"Poems," 1847.

CONCORD HYMN

*Sung at the completion of the Battle
Monument, July 4, 1837.*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the
the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone; 10
That memory may their deed redeem.
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

1837.

16mo sheet, Concord, 1837.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing, humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer, 1.
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

¹ Compare the *Dirge*, page 207.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

1837. *Western Messenger*, Feb., 1839

THE PROBLEM¹

I like a church; I like a cowl;
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;

¹ Many of the thoughts and some of the phrasing of this poem can be found in the essay on *Art*. This double treatment of ideas and double use of phrases is of frequent occurrence in Emerson's writings.

20 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowl'd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought; 10
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 30 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe:
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
 Wrought in a sad sincerity: 21
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 40 The conscious stone to beauty grew.
 Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's
 nest

Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn her annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads? 30
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone,
 And Morning opes with haste her lids
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For out of Thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air; 40
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.
 50 These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. 50

Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind. 60

One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise,
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

1839.

The Dial, July, 1840.

WOODNOTES

I

1

When the pine tosses its cones
 To the song of its waterfall tones,
 Who speeds to the woodland walks?
 To birds and trees who talks?
 Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
 There the poet is at home.
 He goes to the river-side,—
 Not hook nor line hath he;
 He stands in the meadows wide,—
 Nor gun nor scythe to see. 10
 Sure some god his eye enchants:
 What he knows nobody wants.
 In the wood he travels glad,
 Without better fortune had,
 Melancholy without bad.
 Knowledge this man prizes best
 Seems fantastic to the rest:
 Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
 Grass-buds and caterpillar-shrouds,
 Boughs on which the wild bees settle, 20
 Tints that spot the violet's petal,
 Why Nature loves the number five,
 And why the star-form she repeats:
 Lover of all things alive,
 Wonderer at all he meets,
 Wonderer chiefly at himself,
 Who can tell him what he is?
 Or how meet in human elf
 Coming and past eternities?

2

And such I knew, a forest seer,¹ 30
 A minstrel of the natural year,
 Foreteller of the vernal ides,
 Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,

¹The section on the forest-seer is a close characterization of Thoreau and very like Emerson's prose tribute written after Thoreau's death in 1862.

A lover true, who knew by heart
 Each joy the mountain dales impart;
 It seemed that Nature could not raise
 A plant in any secret place,
 In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
 Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
 Under the snow, between the rocks, 40
 In damp fields known to bird and fox,
 But he would come in the very hour
 It opened in its virgin bower,
 As if a sunbeam showed the place,
 And tell its long-descended race.
 It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
 As if by secret sight he knew
 Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
 Many haps fall in the field 50
 Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
 But all her shows did Nature yield,
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.
 He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
 He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
 He found the tawny thrushes' broods;
 And the shy hawk did wait for him;
 What others did at distance hear,
 And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
 Was shown to this philosopher, 60
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

3

In unploughed Maine he sought the lum-
 berers' gang
 Where from a hundred lakes young rivers
 sprang;
 He trode the unplanted forest floor,
 whereon
 The all-seeing sun for ages hath not
 shone;
 Where feeds the moose, and walks the
 surly bear,
 And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
 He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous
 beds,
 The slight *Linnæa* hang its twin-born
 heads,
 And blessed the monument of the man of
 flowers, 70
 Which breathes his sweet fame through
 the northern bowers.
 He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
 With sudden roar the aged pine-tree
 falls,—
 One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect
 tree,
 Declares the close of its green century.
 Low lies the plant to whose creation went
 Sweet influence from every element;

Whose living towers the years conspired
to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to
gild.
Through these green tents, by eldest
Nature dressed, 80
He roamed, content alike with man and
beast.
Where darkness found him he lay glad at
night;
There the red morning touched him with
its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit
made,
So long he roved at will the boundless
shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps
can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he
keeps 90
To spy what danger on his pathway
creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at
home,
His hearth the earth,—his hall the azure
dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's
his road
By God's own light illumined and fore-
showed.

4

'Twas one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm; 100
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant, lowly great,
Beside the forest water sate;
The rope-like pine-roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud 110
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known,—
The public child of earth and sky.
"You ask," he said, "what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough
and wide. 120
I found the water's bed.

The watercourses were my guide;
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed.
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me, 130
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie, 140
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

The Dial, Oct., 1840.

WOODNOTES

II

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pine-tree through my
thought
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

"Whether is better, the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"
Quoth the pine-tree,
"I am the giver of honor.
My garden is the cloven rock,
And my manure the snow; 10
And drifting sand-heaps feed my stock,
In summer's scorching glow.
He is great who can live by me:
The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord;
God fills the scrip and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be;
The lord is hay, the peasant grass, 20
One dry, and one the living tree.
Who liveth by the ragged pine
Foundeth a heroic line;
Who liveth in the palace hall
Waneth fast and spendeth all.

He goes to my savage haunts,
With his chariot and his care;
My twilight realm he disenchants,
And finds his prison there.

What prizes the town and the tower? 30
Only what the pine-tree yields;
Sinew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
Chants his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth, 40
In whose feet the lion rusheth
Iron arms, and iron mould,
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat,
And I will swim the ancient sea
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine:
Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength, invites his end. 50
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with-wonted grace;
But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.
Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird, 60
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin,
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight:
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous;
Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous;
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired, 70
And of all other men desired.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down;
All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence;
The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
He shall meet the speeding year, 80
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;

He shall be happy whilst he woos,
Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone on the ground.

"Heed the old oracles,
Ponder my spells; 90
Song wakes in my pinnacles
When the wind swells.
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind.
And the countless leaves of the pine are
strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
Hearken! Hearken!
If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells; 100
O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
'Tis the chronicle of art.
To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form, 110
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm:
The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream.
O, listen to the undersong,
The ever old, the ever young;
And, far within those cadent pauses,
The chorus of the ancient Causes! 120
Delights the dreadful Destiny
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeats the pang
Whence the fair flock of Nature sprang.
O mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones
Which only the pure can hear;
Thou canst not catch what they recite
Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right, 130
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death and Fortune, Growth and
Strife."

Once again the pine-tree sung:—
"Speak not thy speech my boughs among:
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries.
Talk no more with feeble tongue;

No more the fool of space and time,
 Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
 Only thy Americans 140
 Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
 But the runes that I rehearse
 Understands the universe;
 The least breath my boughs which tossed
 Brings again the Pentecost;
 To every soul resounding clear
 In a voice of solemn cheer,—
 'Am I not thine? Are not these thine?'
 And they reply, 'Forever mine!'
 My branches speak Italian, 150
 English, German, Basque, Castilian,
 Mountain speech to Highlanders,
 Ocean tongues to islanders,
 To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
 To each his bosom-secret say.

"Come learn with me the fatal song
 Which knits the world in music strong,
 Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
 Of things with things, of times with times,
 Primal chimes of sun and shade, 160
 Of sound and echo, man and maid,
 The land reflected in the flood,
 Body with shadow still pursued.
 For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there, 170
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.
 But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
 Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed,
 Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
 Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
 Who thee divorced, deceived and left? 182
 Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
 And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
 And sunk the immortal eye so low?
 Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
 Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
 For royal man;—they thee confess
 An exile from the wilderness,—
 The hills where health with health agrees,
 And the wise soul expels disease. 191
 Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
 By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
 When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
 Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,

To thee the horizon shall express
 But emptiness on emptiness;
 There lives no man of Nature's worth
 In the circle of the earth;
 And to thine eye the vast skies fall, 200
 Dire and satirical,
 On clucking hens and prating fools,
 On thieves, on drudges and on dolls.
 And thou shalt say to the Most High,
 'Godhead! all this astronomy,
 And fate and practice and invention,
 Strong art and beautiful pretension,
 This radiant pomp of sun and star,
 Throes that were, and worlds that are,
 Behold! were in vain and in vain;— 210
 It cannot be,—I will look again.
 Surely now will the curtain rise,
 And earth's fit tenant me surprise;—
 But the curtain doth *not* rise,
 And Nature has miscarried wholly
 Into failure, into folly.'

"Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
 Blessed Nature so to see.
 Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
 And heal the hurts which sin has made.
 I see thee in the crowd alone; 221
 I will be thy companion.
 Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,
 And build to them a final tomb;
 Let the starred shade that nightly falls
 Still celebrate their funerals,
 And the bell of beetle and of bee
 Knell their melodious memory.
 Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches and thy charities; 230
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in
 wind:
 Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
 God hid the whole world in thy heart.
 Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
 Give all to them who all renounce.
 The rain comes when the wind calls;
 The river knows the way to the sea;
 Without a pilot it runs and falls, 240
 Blessing all lands with its charity;
 The sea tosses and foams to find
 Its way up to the cloud and wind;
 The shadow sits close to the flying ball;
 The date fails not on the palm-tree tall;
 And thou,—go burn thy wormy pages,—
 Shalt outsee seers, and outwit sages.
 Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
 To find what bird had piped the strain:—
 Seek not, and the little eremite 250
 Flies gayly forth and sings in sight.

"Hearken once more!
 I will tell thee the mundane lore.
 Older am I than thy numbers wot,
 Change I may, but I pass not.
 Hitherto all things fast abide,
 And anchored in the tempest ride.
 Trenchant time behoves to hurry
 All to yean and all to bury:
 All the forms are fugitive, 260
 But the substances survive.
 Ever fresh the broad creation,
 A divine improvisation,
 From the heart of God proceeds,
 A single will, a million deeds.
 Once slept the world an egg of stone,
 And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
 And God said, 'Throb!' and there was
 motion

And the vast mass became vast ocean.
 Onward and on, the eternal Pan, 270
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape,
 Like wave or flame, into new forms
 Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
 I, that to-day am a pine,
 Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
 He is free and libertine,
 Pouring of his power the wine 280
 To every age, to every race;
 Unto every race and age
 He emptieth the beverage;
 Unto each, and unto all,
 Maker and original.
 The world is the ring of his spells,
 And the play of his miracles.
 As he giveth to all to drink,
 Thus or thus they are and think.
 With one drop sheds form and feature;
 With the next a special nature; 290
 The third adds heat's indulgent spark;
 The fourth gives light which eats the
 dark;
 Into the fifth himself he flings,
 And conscious Law is King of kings.
 As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead
 changes;
 As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form He maketh haste;
 This vault which glows immense with
 light 299
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
 What reck's such Traveller if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like meadow
 flowers
 A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity?

Alike to him the better, the worse,—
 The glowing angel, the outcast corpse.
 Thou metest him by centuries,
 And lo! he passes like the breeze;
 Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency; 310
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star;
 He is the sparkle of the spar;
 He is the heart of every creature;
 He is the meaning of each feature;
 And his mind is the sky,
 Than all it holds more deep, more high."

The Dial, Oct., 1841.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the
 fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
 heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's
 end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the cou-
 rier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-
 mates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry. 10
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected
 roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or
 door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild
 work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught care he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian
 wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden
 thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to 20
 wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the
 gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and
 the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished
 Art

To mimic in slow structures, stone by
stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-
work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

The Dial, Jan., 1841.

HOLIDAYS

From fall to spring, the russet acorn,
Fruit beloved of maid and boy,
Lent itself beneath the forest,
To be the children's toy.

Pluck it now! In vain,—thou canst not;
Its root has pierced yon shady mound;
Toy no longer—it has duties;
It is anchored in the ground.

Year by year the rose-lipped maiden,
Playfellow of young and old, 10
Was frolic sunshine, dear to all men,
More dear to one than mines of gold.

Whither went the lovely hoyden?
Disappeared in blessed wife;
Servant to a wooden cradle,
Living in a baby's life.

Still thou playest;—short vacation
Fate grants each to stand aside;
Now must thou be man and artist,—
'Tis the turning of the tide. 20

The Dial, July, 1842.

ART

Give to barrows, trays and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance;
Bring the moonlight into noon
Hid in gleaming piles of stone;
On the city's paved street
Plant gardens lined with lilacs sweet;
Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square;
Let statue, picture, park and hall,
Ballad, flag and festival, 10
The past restore, the day adorn,
And make to-morrow a new morn.
So shall the drudge in dusty frock
Spy behind the city clock
Retinues of airy kings,
Skirts of angels, starry wings,
His fathers shining in bright fables,
His children fed at heavenly tables.
'Tis the privilege of Art
Thus to play its cheerful part, 20

Man on earth to acclimate
And bend the exile to his fate,
And, moulded of one element
With the days and firmament,
Teach him on these as stairs to climb,
And live on even terms with Time;
Whilst upper life the slender rill
Of human sense doth overflow.

"Essays," first series, 1841.

COMPENSATION

The wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon and tidal wave
Glow the feud of Want and Have.
Gauge of more and less through space,
Electric star or pencil plays,
The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through the eternal halls, 10
A makeweight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral Dark.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dare wrong a worm; 20
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

"Essays," first series, 1841.

FRIENDSHIP

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said, 10

Through thee alone the sky is arched,
 Through thee the rose is red;
 All things through thee take nobler form,
 And look beyond the earth,
 The mill-round of our fate appears
 A sun-path in thy worth.
 Me too thy nobleness has taught
 To master my despair;
 The fountains of my hidden life
 Are through thy friendship fair. 20

✓ "Essays," first series, 1841.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a
 gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its
 stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and
 pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of
 trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from speech
 refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be
 thine!

The Dial, Jan., 1842.

BLIGHT

Give me truths;
 For I am weary of the surfaces,
 And die of inanition. If I knew
 Only the herbs and simples of the wood
 Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and agri-
 mony,
 Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sas-
 safras,
 Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint
 pipes and sundue,
 And rare and virtuous roots, which in
 these woods
 Draw untold juices from the common
 earth,
 Untold, unknown, and I could surely
 spell 10
 Their fragrance, and their chemistry
 apply
 By sweet affinities to human flesh,
 Driving the foe and stablishing the
 friend,—
 O, that were much, and I could be a part
 Of the round day, related to the sun

And planted world, and full executor
 Of their imperfect functions,
 But these young scholars, who invade
 our hills,
 Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
 And travelling often in the cut he makes,
 Love not the flower they pluck, and know 21
 it not,
 And all their botany is Latin names.
 The old men studied magic in the flow-
 ers,
 And human fortunes in astronomy,
 And an omnipotence in chemistry,
 Preferring things to names, for these
 were men,
 Were unitarians of the united world,
 And, wheresoever their clear eye-beams
 fell,
 They caught the footsteps of the SAME.
 Our eyes
 Are armed, but we are strangers to the
 stars, 30
 And strangers to the mystic beast and
 bird,
 And strangers to the plant and to the
 mine.
 The injured elements say, "Not in us";
 And haughtily return us stare for stare.
 For we invade them impiously for gain;
 We devastate them unreligiously,
 And coldly ask their pottage, not their
 love.
 Therefore they shove us from them, yield
 to us
 Only what to our griping toil is due; 39
 But the sweet affluence of love and song,
 The rich results of the divine consents
 Of man and earth, of world beloved and
 lover,
 The nectar and ambrosia, are withheld;
 And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we
 thieves
 And pirates of the universe, shut out
 Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
 Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our
 sick eyes,
 The stunted trees look sick, the summer
 short,
 Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan
 our hay,
 And nothing thrives to reach its natural 50
 term;
 And life, shorn of its venerable length,
 Even at its greatest space is a defeat,
 And dies in anger that it was a dupe;
 And, in its highest noon and wantonness,
 Is early frugal, like a beggar's child;
 Even the hot pursuit of the best aims
 And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,

Like Alpine cataracts frozen as they
leaped,
Chilled with a miserly comparison
Of the toy's purchase with the length of
life.

1843.

The Dial, Jan., 1844.

CHARACTER:

The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measures of the feat.

"Essays," second series, 1844.

POLITICS

Gold and Iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Boded Merlin wise,
Proved Napoleon great,
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Out of dust to build
What is more than dust,—
Walls Amphion piled
Phœbus stablish must.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat,—
When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

"Essays," second series, 1844.

¹ A part of this motto was taken from "The Poet," an early poem never published by Emerson.

DIRGE²

Concord, 1838

I reached the middle of the mount
Up which the incarnate soul must climb,
And paused for them, and looked around,
With me who walked through space and
time.

Five rosy boys with morning light
Had leaped from one fair mother's
arms,
Fronted the sun with hope as bright,
And greeted God with childhood's
psalms.

Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn, 10
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood. 20

But they are gone,—the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low and pale.

10 My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood; 30
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,—
They treated nature as they would.

20 They colored the horizon round;
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearkened for their sound,—
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew. 40

² Emerson was one of five sons. The death of his youngest brother, Charles, in 1836, left him the sole survivor.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou
Its heavy tale divine.

"Go, lonely man," it saith;
"They loved thee from their birth; 50
Their hands were pure, and pure their
faith,—
There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all;
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

"You cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem." 60

1838.

*The Gift: A Christmas, New Year and
Birthday Present, Philadelphia, 1845.*

FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little
Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace 10
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so sly.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

*The Diadem for 1846: A Present for all
Seasons, Philadelphia, 1846*

THRENODY¹

The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs; 10
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round,—
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day,— 20
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day, the South-wind
searches,
And finds young pines and budding
birches;
But finds not the budding man;
Nature, who lost, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and
sweet 30
O, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know:
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child!
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys 40
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken,
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest
And let the world's affairs go by,
A while to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,

¹ Emerson's first son, Waldo, was born in October, 1836, and died in January, 1842.

Still plotting how their hungry ear 50
 That winsome voice again might hear;
 For his lips could well pronounce
 Words that were persuasions.
 Gentlest guardians marked serene
 His early hope, his liberal mien;
 Took counsel from his guiding eyes
 To make this wisdom earthly wise.
 Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
 The school-march, each day's festival,
 When every morn my bosom glowed 60
 To watch the convoy on the road;
 The babe in willow wagon closed,
 With rolling eyes and face composed;
 With children forward and behind,
 Like Cupids studiously inclined;
 And he the chieftain paced beside,
 The centre of the troop allied,
 With sunny face of sweet repose,
 To guard the babe from fancied foes.
 The little captain innocent 70
 Took the eye with him as he went;
 Each village senior paused to scan
 And speak the lovely caravan.
 From the window I look out
 To mark thy beautiful parade,
 Stately marching in cap and coat
 To some tune by fairies played;—
 A music heard by thee alone
 To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain, 80
 Up and down their glances strain.
 The painted sled stands where it stood;
 The kennel by the corded wood;
 His gathered sticks to stanch the wall
 Of the snow-tower, when snow should
 fall;
 The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
 And childhood's castles built or planned;
 His daily haunts I well discern,—
 The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,—
 And every inch of garden ground 90
 Paced by the blessed feet around,
 From the roadside to the brook
 Whereinto he loved to look.
 Step the meek fowls where erst they
 ranged;
 The wintry garden lies unchanged;
 The brook into the stream runs on;
 But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
 Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
 When thou didst yield thy innocent
 breath 100
 In birdlike heavings unto death,
 Night came, and Nature had not thee;
 I said, "We are mates in misery."

The morrow dawned with needless glow;
 Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must
 crow;
 Each tramper started; but the feet
 Of the most beautiful and sweet
 Of human youth had left the hill
 And garden,—they were bound and still.
 There's not a sparrow or a wren, 110
 There's not a blade of autumn grain,
 Which the four seasons do not tend
 And tides of life and increase lend;
 And every chick of every bird,
 And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
 O ostrichlike forgetfulness!
 O loss of larger in the less!
 Was there no star that could be sent,
 No watcher in the firmament,
 No angel from the countless host 120
 That loiters round the crystal coast,
 Could stoop to heal that only child,
 Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
 And keep the blossom of the earth,
 Which all her harvests were not worth?
 Not mine,—I never called thee mine,
 But Nature's heir,—if I repine,
 And seeing rashly torn and moved
 Not what I made, but what I loved,
 Grow early old with grief that thou 130
 Must to the wastes of Nature go,—
 'Tis because a general hope
 Was quenched, and all must doubt and
 grope.
 For flattering planets seemed to say
 This child should ill of ages stay.
 By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
 Bring the flown Muses back to men.
 Perchance not he but Nature ailed,
 The world and not the infant failed.
 It was not ripe yet to sustain 140
 A genius of so fine a strain,
 Who gazed upon the sun and moon
 As if he came unto his own,
 And, pregnant with his grander thought,
 Brought the old order into doubt.
 His beauty once their beauty tried;
 They could not feed him, and he died,
 And wandered backward as in scorn,
 To wait an æon to be born.
 Ill day which made this beauty waste, 150
 Plight broken, this high face defaced!
 Some went and came about the dead;
 And some in books of solace read;
 Some to their friends the tidings say;
 Some went to write, some went to pray;
 One tarried here, there hurried one;
 But their heart abode with none.
 Covetous death bereaved us all,
 To aggrandize one funeral.

The eager fate which carried thee 160
Took the largest part of me:
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft. 170
The world dishonored thou has left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered, "Weepest thou?
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before,— 180
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost?
Taught he not thee—the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?
To-morrow, when the masks shall fall
That dizen Nature's carnival, 190
The pure shall see by their own will,
Which overflowing Love shall fill,
'Tis not within the force of fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.
But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable; 200
Taught thee each private sign to raise
Lit by the supersolar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing
breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend;
Dearest, to thee I did not send 210
Tutors, but a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks, a form of wonder.
Laughter rich as woodland thunder,

That thou might'st entertain apart
The richest flowering of all art:
And, as the great all-loving Day
Through smallest chambers takes its way,
That thou might'st break thy daily bread
With prophet, savior and head; 220
That thou might'st cherish for thine own
The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon.
And thoughtest thou such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest?
Would rushing life forget her laws,
Fate's glowing revolution pause?
High omens ask diviner guess;
Not to be conned to tediousness.
And know my higher gifts unbind 230
The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.
Wilt thou freeze love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through Nature circling go? 240
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates,
Blood is blood which circulates,
Life is life which generates,
And many-seeming life is one,—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none?
Its onward force too starkly pent
In figure, bone and lineament?
Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
Talker! the unreplying Fate? 250
Nor see the genius of the whole
Ascendant in the private soul,
Beckon it when to go and come,
Self-announced its hour of doom?
Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built to last a season;
Masterpiece of love benign,
Fairer that expansive reason
Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know 260
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayer of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye 270
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;

No, but a nest of bending reeds,
 Flowering grass and scented weeds;
 Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
 Or bow above the tempest bent;
 Built of tears and sacred flames,
 And virtue reaching to its aims;
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
 Silent rushes the swift Lord
 Through ruined systems still restored,
 Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
 Plants with worlds the wilderness;
 Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
 Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
 House and tenant go to ground,
 Lost in God, in Godhead found."

1842-1846.

"Poems," 1847.

ODE:

Inscribed to W. H. Channing

Though loath to grieve
 The evil time's sole patriot,
 I cannot leave
 My honeyed thought
 For the priest's cant,
 Or statesman's rant.

If I refuse
 My study for their politique,
 Which at the best is trick,
 The angry Muse
 Puts confusion in my brain.

But who is he that prates
 Of the culture of mankind,
 Of better arts and life?
 Go, blindworm, go,
 Behold the famous States
 Harrying Mexico
 With rifle and with knife!
 Or who, with accent bolder,
 Dare praise the freedom-loving moun-
 taineer?
 I found by thee, O rushing Contoocook!
 And in thy valleys, Agiochook!
 The jackals of the negro-holder.

¹ W. H. Channing (1780-1842) though a gentle scholarly man, was among the early, fearless enemies of slavery. Emerson hated slavery, but no more than many another human evil. According to Emerson's son this poem was probably addressed to W. H. Channing the younger, a nephew, who was also an urgent anti-slavery advocate.

The God who made New Hampshire
 Taunted the lofty land
 With little men;—
 Small bat and wren
 House in the oak:—
 If earth-fire cleave
 The upheaved land, and bury the folk,
 The southern crocodile would grieve.
 Virtue palters; Right is hence;
 Freedom praised, but hid;
 Funeral eloquence
 Rattles the coffin-lid.

What boots thy zeal,
 O glowing friend,
 That would indignant rend
 The northland from the south?
 Wherefore? to what good end?
 Boston Bay and Bunker Hill
 Would serve things still;—
 Things are of the snake.

The horseman serves the horse,
 The neatherd serves the neat,
 The merchant serves the purse,
 The eater serves his meat;
 'Tis the day of the chattel,
 Web to weave, and corn to grind;
 Things are in the saddle,
 And ride mankind.

There are two laws discrete,
 Not reconciled,—
 Law for man, and law for thing;
 The last builds town and fleet,
 But it runs wild,
 And doth the man unking.

'Tis fit the forest fall,
 The steep be graded,
 The mountain tunnelled,
 The sand shaded,
 The orchard planted,
 The glebe tilled,
 The prairie granted,
 The steamer built.

Let man serve law for man;
 Live for friendship, live for love,
 For truth's and harmony's behoof;
 The state may follow how it can,
 As Olympus follows Jove.

Yet do not I implore
 The wrinkled shopman to my sounding
 woods,
 Nor bid the unwilling senator
 Ask votes of thrushes in the solitudes.
 Every one to his chosen work;—

Foolish hands may mix and mar;
 Wise and sure the issues are.
 Round they roll till dark is light,
 Sex to sex, and even to odd;—
 The over-god
 Who marries Right to Might,
 Who peoples, unpeoples,—
 He who exterminates
 Races by stronger races,
 Black by white faces,—
 Knows to bring honey
 Out of the lion;
 Grafts gentlest scion
 On pirate and Turk.
 The Cossack eats Poland,
 Like stolen fruit;
 Her last noble is ruined,
 Her last poet mute:
 Straight, into double band
 The victors divide;
 Half for freedom strike and stand;—
 The astonished Muse finds thousands at
 her side.

“Poems,” 1847.

THE WORLD-SOUL

Thanks to the morning light,
 Thanks to the foaming sea,
 To the uplands of New Hampshire,
 To the green-haired forest free;
 Thanks to each man of courage,
 To the maids of holy mind,
 To the boy with his games undaunted
 Who never looks behind.

Cities of proud hotels,
 Houses of rich and great,
 Vice nestles in your chambers,
 Beneath your roofs of slate.
 It cannot conquer folly,—
 Time-and-space-conquering steam,—
 And the light-outspeaking telegraph
 Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base;
 The letters do not cheer;
 And 'tis far in the deeps of history,
 The voice that speaketh clear.
 Trade and the streets ensnare us,
 Our bodies are weak and worn;
 We plot and corrupt each other,
 And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlor sits
 Some figure of noble guise,—
 Our angel, in a stranger's form,
 Or woman's pleading eyes;

Or only a flashing sunbeam
 In at the window-pane;
 Or Music pours on mortals
 Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
 Finds them who in cellars be;
 And be sure the all-loving Nature
 Will smile in a factory.
 Yon ridge of purple landscape,
 Yon sky between the walls,
 Hold all the hidden wonders
 In scanty intervals.

Alas! the Sprite that haunts us
 Deceives our rash desire;
 It whispers of the glorious gods,
 And leaves us in the mire.
 We cannot learn the cipher
 That's writ upon our cell;
 Stars taunt us by a mystery
 Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it,
 The world would blush in flame;
 The sage, till he hit the secret,
 Would hang his head for shame.
 Our brothers have not read it,
 Not one has found the key;
 And henceforth we are comforted,—
 We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses;
 The nearing clouds draw down;
 The crimson morning flames into
 The fopperies of the town.
 Within, without the idle earth,
 Stars weave eternal rings;
 The sun himself shines heartily,
 And shares the joy he brings.

And what if Trade sow cities
 Like shells along the shore,
 And thatch with towns the prairie broad
 With railways ironed o'er?—
 They are but sailing foam-bells
 Along Thought's causing stream,
 And take their shape and sun-color
 From him that sends the dream.

For Destiny never swerves
 Nor yields to men the helm;
 He shoots his thought, by hidden nerves,
 Throughout the solid realm.
 The patient Dæmon sits,
 With roses and a shroud;
 He has his way, and deals his gifts,
 But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl nor trifler,
 And his viceroy is none,—
 Love-without-weakness,—
 Of Genius sire and son.
 And his will is not thwarted;
 The seeds of land and sea
 Are the atoms of his body bright,
 And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,
 The brave he loves amain;
 He kills the cripple and the sick,
 And straight begins again;
 For gods delight in gods,
 And thrust the weak aside;
 To him who scorns their charities
 Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile
 And the ages are effete,
 He will from wrecks and sediment
 The fairer world complete.
 He forbids to despair;
 His cheeks mantle with mirth;
 And the unimagined good of men
 Is yearning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
 When sixty years are told;
 Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
 And we are never old;
 Over the winter glaciers
 I see the summer glow,
 And through the wild-piled snow-drift
 The warm rosebuds below.

The Diadem: A Present for All Seasons, Philadelphia, 1847.

MERLIN

Thy trivial harp will never please
 Or fill my craving ear;
 Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
 Free, peremptory, clear.
 No jingling serenader's art,
 Nor tinkle of piano strings,
 Can make the wild blood start
 In its mystic springs.
 The kingly bard
 Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
 As with hammer or with mace;
 That they may render back
 Artful thunder, which conveys
 Secrets of the solar track,
 Sparks of the supersolar blaze,
 Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,

Chiming with the forest tone,
 When boughs buffet boughs in the wood;
 Chiming with the gasp and moan
 Of the ice-imprisoned flood;
 With the pulse of manly hearts;
 With the voice of orators;
 With the din of city arts;
 With the cannonade of wars;
 With the marches of the brave;
 And prayers of might from martyrs' cave.

Great is the art,
 Great be the manners, of the bard.
 He shall not his brain encumber
 With the coil of rhythm and number;
 But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
 He shall aye climb
 For his rhyme.
 "Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
 "In to the upper doors,
 Nor count compartments of the floors,
 But mount to paradise
 By the stairway of surprise."

Blameless master of the games,
 King of sport that never shames,
 He shall daily joy dispense
 Hid in song's sweet influence.
 Forms more cheerly live and go,
 What time the subtle mind
 Sings aloud the tune whereto
 Their pulses beat,
 And march their feet,
 And their members are combined.

By Sybarites beguiled,
 He shall no task decline.
 Merlin's mighty line
 Extremes of nature reconciled,—
 Bereaved a tyrant of his will,
 And made the lion mild.
 Songs can the tempest still,
 Scattered on the stormy air,
 Mould the year to fair increase,
 And bring in poetic peace.

He shall not seek to weave,
 In weak, unhappy times,
 Efficacious rhymes;
 Wait his returning strength.
 Bird that from nadir's floor
 To the zenith's top can soar,—
 The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds
 that journey's length.
 Nor profane affect to hit
 Or compass that, by meddling wit,
 Which only the propitious mind
 Publishes when 'tis inclined.
 There are open hours

When the God's will sallies free,
And the dull idiot might see
The flowing fortunes of a thousand
years;—

Sudden, at unawares,
Self-moved, fly to the doors,
Nor sword of angels could reveal
What they conceal.

1845-46.

"Poems," 1847.

HAMATREYA

Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meri-
am, Flint¹

Possessed the land which rendered to their
toil

Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool
and wood.

Each of these landlords walked amidst
his farm,

Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's and
my name's.

How sweet the west wind sounds in my
own trees!

How graceful climb those shadows on
my hill!

I fancy these pure waters and the flags
Know me, as does my dog: we sympa-
thize;

And, I affirm, my actions smack of the
soil." 10

Where are these men? Asleep beneath
their grounds:

And strangers, fond as they, their fur-
rows plough.

Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boast-
ful boys

Earth-proud; proud of the earth which
is not theirs;

Who steer the plough, but cannot steer
their feet

Clear of the grave.

They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,
And sighed for all that bounded their
domain;

"This suits me for a pasture; that's my
park;

We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-
ledge. 20

And misty lowland, where to go for peat.
The land is well,—lies fairly to the south.

'Tis good, when you have crossed the sea
and back,

¹ All early settlers in Concord. Peter Bulkley, a direct ancestor of Emerson, was the first minister of the parish.

To find the sitfast acres where you left
them."

Ah! the hot owner sees not Death, who
adds

Him to his land, a lump of mould the
more.

Hear what the Earth says:—

EARTH-SONG

"Mine and yours;

Mine, not yours.

Earth endures;

Stars abide—

Shine down in the old sea;

Old are the shores;

But where are old men?

I who have seen much,

Such have I never seen. 30

"The lawyer's deed

Ran sure,

In tail,

To them, and to their heirs 40

Who shall succeed,

Without fail,

Forevermore.

"Here is the land,

Shaggy with wood,

With its old valley,

Mound and flood.

But the heritors?—

Fled like the flood's foam.

The lawyer, and the laws, 50

And the kingdom,

Clean swept herefrom.

"They called me theirs,

Who so controlled me;

Yet every one

Wished to stay, and is gone,

How am I theirs,

If they cannot hold me,

But I hold them?"

When I heard the Earth-song 60

I was no longer brave;

My avarice cooled

Like lust in the chill of the grave.

"Poems," 1847.

MUSKETAQUID

Because I was content with these poor
fields,

Low, open meads, slender and sluggish
streams,

And found a home in haunts which others
scorned,

The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
 And granted me the freedom of their
 state,
 And in their secret senate have prevailed
 With the dear, dangerous lords that rule
 our life,
 Made moon and planets parties to their
 bond,
 And through my rock-like, solitary wont
 Shot million rays of thought and tender-
 ness. 10

For me, in showers, in sweeping showers,
 the Spring
 Visits the valley;—break away the
 clouds,—

I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
 And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
 Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
 Blue-coated,—flying before from tree to
 tree,

Courageous sing a delicate overture
 To lead the tardy concert of the year.
 Onward and nearer rides the sun of May;
 And wide around, the marriage of the
 plants 20

Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
 The surge of summer's beauty; dell and
 crag,

Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade,
 Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged
 cliff

Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
 Through which at will our Indian rivulet
 Winds mindful still of sannup and of
 squaw,

Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough un-
 buries,

Here in pine houses built of new-fallen
 trees, 30

Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers
 dwell.

Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious
 road,

Or, it may be, a picture; to these men,
 The landscape is an armory of powers,
 Which, one by one, they know to draw
 and use.

They harness beast, bird, insect, to their
 work;

They prove the virtues of each bed of
 rock,

And, like the chemist 'mid his loaded jars,
 Draw from each stratum its adapted use
 To drug their crops or weapon their arts
 withal. 40

They turn the frost upon their chemic
 heap,

They set the wind to winnow pulse and
 grain,

They thank the spring-flood for its fertile
 slime,

And, on cheap summit-levels of the snow,
 Slide with the sledge to inaccessible woods
 O'er meadows bottomless. So, year by
 year,

They fight the elements with elements
 (That one would say, meadow and forest
 walked,

Transmuted in these men to rule their
 like),

And by the order in the field disclose 50
 The order regnant in the yeoman's brain.

What these strong masters wrote at large
 in miles,

I followed in small copy in my acre;
 For there's no rood has not a star above
 it;

The cordial quality of pear or plum
 Ascends as gladly in a single tree

As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
 And every atom poises for itself,

And for the whole. The gentle deities
 Showed me the lore of colors and of
 sounds, 60

The innumerable tenements of beauty,
 The miracle of generative force,

Far-reaching concords of astronomy
 Felt in the plants and in the punctual
 birds;

Better, the linked purpose of the whole,
 And, chiefest prize, found I true liberty
 In the glad home plain-dealing Nature
 gave.

The polite found me impolite; the great
 Would mortify me, but in vain; for still
 I am a willow of the wilderness, 70

Loving the wind that bent me. All my
 hurts

My garden spade can heal. A woodland
 walk,

A quest of river-grapes, a mocking
 thrush,

A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
 Salve my worst wounds.

For thus the wood-gods murmured in my
 ear:

"Dost love our manners? Canst thou
 silent lie?

Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like Nature
 pass

Into the winter night's extinguished mood?
 Canst thou shine now, then darkle, 80

And being latent, feel thyself no less?

As, when the all-worshipped moon attracts the eye,
The river, hill, stems, foliage are obscure,
Yet envies none, none are unenviable."

"Poems," 1847.

ÉTIENNE DE LA BOÉCE¹

I serve you not, if you I follow,
Shadowlike, o'er hill and hollow;
And bend my fancy to your leading,
All too nimble for my treading.
When the pilgrimage is done,
And we've the landscape overrun,
I am bitter, vacant, thwarted,
And your heart is unsupported.
Vainly valiant, you have missed
The manhood that should yours resist,—¹⁰
Its complement, but if I could,
In severe or cordial mood,
Lead you rightly to my altar,
Where the wisest muses falter,
And worship that world-warning spark
Which dazzles me in midnight dark,
Equalizing small and large,
While the soul it doth surcharge,
Till the poor is wealthy grown,
And the hermit never alone,—²⁰
The traveller and the road seem one
With the errand to be done,—
That were a man's and lover's part,
That were Freedom's whitest chart.

1833.

"Poems," 1847.

BRAHMA²

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,¹¹
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

¹ The friendship between Étienne de La Boécé and Montaigne has become proverbial. It is described by Montaigne himself in the twenty-seventh chapter of his "Essays."

² For a good brief discussion of this much discussed poem, see C. F. Richardson's "American Literature," p. 161 et seq.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.
1857.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will.
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the
pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,¹⁰
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

1851.

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1857.

THE ROMANY GIRL

The sun goes down, and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls! you scorn our race;
You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sickly days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
And say it frankly without guile,¹⁰
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,
And I the lady all the while.

If on the heath, below the moon,
I court and play with paler blood,
Me false to mine dare whisper none,—
One sallow horseman knows me good.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;
My swarthy tint is in the grain,
The rocks and forest know it real.²⁰

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies.

You doubt we read the stars on high,
Nathless we read your fortunes true;
The stars may hide in the upper sky,
But without glass we fathom you.

1854.

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1857.

SEASHORE¹

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to
come?

Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the
heats,

My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there
learn

A little hut suffices like a town.¹⁰
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges
home,

And carve the coastwise mountain into
caves.

Lo! here is Rome and Nineveh and
Thebes,

Karnak and Pyramid and Giant's Stairs
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest
slab

Older than all thy race.

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;²⁰
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from mem-
ory,

And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods:—who gives gifts
but they?

They grope the sea for pearls, but more
than pearls:

They pluck Force thence, and give it to
the wise.

For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,³⁰
Wealth to the cunning artist who can
work

This matchless strength. Where shall he
find, O waves!

A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

¹ This poem, as E. W. Emerson records, is a striking illustration of Emerson's oneness in method and point of view in his writing of prose and verse. The day after a two-weeks' visit to Cape Ann in 1857 he entered in his journal a prose passage, which with almost no changes he recast into this blank verse. The original entry in the Journal occurs for July 3, 1857. A similar parallel passage is supplied for "Two Rivers," in E. W. Emerson's "Emerson in Concord," pp. 232, 3.

I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out.
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary
main.⁴⁰

I too have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me
to deal

With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his
palm,

A few rods off he deems it gems and
clouds.

Planting strange fruits and sunshine on
the shore,

I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or
die.

1857. *The Boatswain's Whistle*, Boston,
Nov. 18, 1864.

TWO RIVERS

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord
Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward
flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream¹⁰
Through years, through men, through Na-
ture fleet,
Through love and thought, through power
and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam
And ages drop in it like rain.²⁰

1856. *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1858.

WALDEINSAMKEIT

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me.

In plains that room for shadows make
Of skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take
Their colors from the sky;

Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with time?
For this the day was made.

Cities of mortals woe-begone
Fantastic care derides,
But in the serious landscape lone
Stern benefit abides.

Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only a mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad.

There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.

Still on the seeds of all he made
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear and forms that
fade,
Immortal youth returns.

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,
The bittern's boom, a desert make
Which no false art refines.

Down in yon watery nook,
Where bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom Chaos knew,
The sires of Nature, hide.

Aloft, in secret veins of air,
Blows the sweet breath of song,
O, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they to all belong!

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of cares;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs.

1857.

Atlantic Monthly, Oct., 1858.

WORSHIP

This is he, who, felled by foes,
Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
He to captivity was sold,
But him no prison-bars would hold:
Though they sealed him in a rock,
Mountain chains he can unlock:
Thrown to lions for their meat,
The crouching lion kissed his feet;
Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
But arched o'er him an honoring vault.
This is he men miscall Fate,
Threading dark ways, arriving late,
But ever coming in time to crown
The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
He is the oldest, and best known,
More near than aught thou call'st thy
own

Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
Disconcerts with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

"Conduct of Life," 1860.

THE TEST

(Musa loquitur.)

I hung my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through.
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive?

Atlantic Monthly, Jan., 1861.

THE TITMOUSE

You shall not be overbold
 When you deal with arctic cold,
 As late I found my lukewarm blood
 Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.
 How should I fight? my foeman fine
 Has million arms to one of mine:
 East, west, for aid I looked in vain,
 East, west, north, south, are his domain.
 Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;
 Must borrow his winds who there would
 come. 10

Up and away for life! be fleet!—
 The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
 Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,
 Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
 Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the
 sense,
 And hems in life with narrowing fence.
 Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,—
 The punctual stars will vigil keep,—
 Embalmed by purifying cold;
 The winds shall sing their dead-march
 old, 20
 The snow is no ignoble shroud,
 The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,
 'Twas coming fast to such anointing,
 When piped a tiny voice hard by,
 Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chic-a-dee-dee! saucy note
 Out of sound heart and merry throat,
 As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
 Fine afternoon, old passenger! 30
 Happy to meet you in these places,
 Where January brings few faces."

This poet, though he live apart,
 Moved by his hospitable heart,
 Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
 To do the honors of his court,
 As fits a feathered lord of land;
 Flew near, with soft wing grazed my
 hand.
 Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
 Prints his small impress on the snow, 40
 Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
 Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath,
 Hurling defiance at vast death;
 This scrap of valor just for play
 Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,
 As if to shame my weak behavior;
 I greeted loud my little savior,
 "You pet! what dost here? and what for?
 In these woods, thy small Labrador, 50
 At this pinch, wee San Salvador!

What fire burns in that little chest
 So frolic, stout and self-possessed?
 Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
 Ashes and jet all hues outshine.
 Why are not diamonds black and gray,
 To ape thy dare-devil array?
 And I affirm, the spacious North
 Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
 I think no virtue goes with size; 60
 The reason of all cowardice
 Is, that men are overgrown,
 And, to be valiant, must come down
 To the titmouse dimension."

'Tis good will makes intelligence,
 And I began to catch the sense
 Of my bird's song: "Live out of doors
 In the great woods, on prairie floors.
 I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the
 sea,
 I too have a hole in a hollow tree; 70
 And I like less when Summer beats
 With stifling beams on these retreats,
 Than noontide twilights which snow
 makes
 With tempest of the blinding flakes.
 For well the soul, if stout within,
 Can arm impregnably the skin;
 And polar frost my frame defied,
 Made of the air that blows outside."

With glad remembrance of my debt,
 I homeward turn; farewell, my pet! 80
 When here again thy pilgrim comes,
 He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.
 Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,
 Thou first and foremost shalt be fed;
 The Providence that is most large
 Takes hearts like thine in special charge,
 Helps who for their own need are strong,
 And the sky doats on cheerful song.
 Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant
 O'er all that mass and minster vaunt; 90
 For men mis-hear thy call in Spring,
 As 'twould accost some frivolous wing,
 Crying out of the hazel copse, *Phe-be!*
 And, in winter, *Chic-a-dee-dee!*
 I think old Cæsar must have heard
 In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
 And, echoed in some frosty wold,
 Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.
 And I will write our annals new,
 And thank thee for a better clew, 100
 I, who dreamed not when I came here
 To find the antidote of fear,
 Now hear thee say in Roman key,
Pæan! Veni, vidi, vici.

1862.

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1862.

VOLUNTARIES

I

Low and mournful be the strain,
 Haughty thought be far from me;
 Tones of penitence and pain,
 Moanings of the tropic sea;
 Low and tender in the cell
 Where a captive sits in chains,
 Crooning ditties treasured well
 From his Afric's torrid plains.
 Sole estate his sire bequeathed,—
 Hapless sire to hapless son,—
 Was the wailing song he breathed,
 And his chain when life was done.

What his fault, or what his crime?
 Or what ill planet crossed his prime?
 Heart too soft and will too weak
 To front the fate that crouches near,—
 Dove beneath the vulture's beak;—
 Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?
 Dragged from his mother's arms and
 breast,
 Displaced, disfurnished here,
 His wistful toil to do his best
 Chilled by a ribald jeer.

Great men in the Senate sate,
 Sage and hero, side by side,
 Building for their sons the State,
 Which they shall rule with pride.
 They forbore to break the chain
 Which bound the dusky tribe,
 Checked by the owners' fierce disdain,
 Lured by "Union" as the bribe.
 Destiny sat by, and said,
 "Pang for pang your seed shall pay,
 Hide in false peace your coward head,
 I bring round the harvest day."

II

Freedom all winged expands,
 Nor perches in a narrow place;
 Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
 She loves a poor and virtuous race.
 Clinging to a colder zone
 Whose dark sky sheds the snowflake
 down,
 The snowflake is her banner's star,
 Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
 Long she loved the Northman well;
 Now the iron age is done,
 She will not refuse to dwell
 With the offspring of the Sun;
 Foundling of the desert far,
 Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,
 He roves unhurt the burning ways
 In climates of the summer star.

He has avenues to God
 Hid from men of Northern brain,
 Far beholding, without cloud,
 What these with slowest steps attain.
 If once the generous chief arrive
 To lead him willing to be led,
 For freedom he will strike and strive,
 And drain his heart till he be dead.

III

In an age of fops and toys,
 Wanting wisdom, void of right,
 Who shall nerve heroic boys
 To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—
 Break sharply off their jolly games,
 Forsake their comrades gay
 And quit proud homes and youthful dames
 For famine, toil and fray?
 Yet on the nimble air benign
 Speed nimbler messages,
 That waft the breath of grace divine
 To hearts in sloth and ease.
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
 The youth replies, *I can*.

IV

Oh, well for the fortunate soul
 Which Music's wings infold,
 Stealing away the memory
 Of sorrows new and old!
 Yet happier he whose inward sight,
 Stayed on his subtile thought,
 Shuts his sense on toys of time,
 To vacant bosoms brought.
 But best befriended of the God
 He who, in evil times,
 Warned by an inward voice,
 Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
 Biding by his rule and choice,
 Feeling only the fiery thread
 Leading over heroic ground,
 Walled with mortal terror round,
 To the aim which him allures,
 And the sweet heaven his deed secures.
 Peril around, all else appalling,
 Cannon in front and leaden rain
 Him duty through the clarion calling
 To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
 Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,
 Justice conquers evermore,
 Justice after as before,—

And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

v

Blooms the laurel which belongs
To the valiant chief who fights;
I see the wreath, I hear the songs
Lauding the Eternal Rights,
Victors over daily wrongs: 110
Awful victors, they misguide
Whom they will destroy,
And their coming triumph hide
In our downfall, or our joy:
They reach no term, they never sleep,
In equal strength through space abide;
Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and
creep,
The strong they slay, the swift outstride:
Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,
And rankly on the castled steep,— 120
Speak it firmly, these are gods,
All are ghosts beside.

1863. *Atlantic Monthly*, Oct., 1863.

MY GARDEN

If I could put my woods in song
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my gardens throng,
And leave the cities void.

In my plot no tulips blow,—
Snow-loving pines and oaks instead;
And rank the savage maples grow
From Spring's faint flush to Autumn red.

My garden is a forest ledge 10
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-
edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

Here once the Deluge ploughed,
Laid the terraces, one by one;
Ebbing later whence it flowed,
They bleach and dry in the sun.

The sowers make haste to depart,—
The wind and the birds which sowed it;
Not for fame, nor by rules of art,
Planted these, and tempests flowed it. 20

Waters that wash my garden-side
Play not in Nature's lawful web,
They heed not moon or solar tide,—
Five years elapse from flood to ebb.

Hither hasted, in old time, Jove,
And every god,—none did refuse;
And be sure at last came Love,
And after Love, the Muse.

Keen ears can catch a syllable,
As if one spake to another, 30
In the hemlocks tall, untamable,
And what the whispering grasses smother.

Æolian harps in the pine
Ring with the song of the Fates;
Infant Bacchus in the vine,—
Far distant yet his chorus waits.

Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,
Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky? 40

Wonderful verse of the gods,
Of one import, of varied tone;
They chant the bliss of their abodes
To man imprisoned in his own.

Ever the words of the gods resound;
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom in this low life's round
Are unsealed, that he may hear.

Wandering voices in the air
And murmurs in the wold 50
Speak what I cannot declare,
Yet cannot all withhold.

When the shadow fell on the lake,
The whirlwind in ripples wrote
Air-bells of fortune that shine and break,
And omens above thought.

But the meanings cleave to the lake,
Cannot be carried in book or urn;
Go thy ways now, come later back,
On waves and hedges still they burn. 60

These the fates of men forecast,
Of better men than live to-day;
If who can read them comes at last
He will spell in the sculpture, "Stay."

1846. *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1866.

TERMINUS¹

It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy
root.

Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softens the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And,—fault of novel germs,—
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

1866. *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1867.

FRAGMENTS

The sun set, but set not his hope:—
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy.
Deeper and older seemed his eye,
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of Time.

¹ Emerson was sixty-three years old when he wrote this poem. His powers of mind began to decline about five years later, although he lived in vigorous health for fifteen years.

I grieve that better souls than mine
Docile read my measured line:
High destined youths and holy maids
Hallow these my orchard shades;
Environ me and me baptize
With light that streams from gracious
eyes.

I dare not be beloved and known,
I ungrateful, I alone.

Ever find me dim regards,
Love of ladies, love of bards,
Marked forbearance, compliments,
Tokens of benevolence.
What then, can I love myself?
Fame is profitless as pelf,
A good in Nature not allowed
They love me, as I love a cloud
Sailing falsely in the sphere,
Hated mist if it came near.

For thought, and not praise;
Thought is the wages
For which I sell days,
Will gladly sell ages
And willing grow old
Deaf and dumb and blind and cold,
Melting matter into dreams,
Panoramas which I saw
And whatever glows or seems
Into substance, into law.

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

For what need I of book or priest,
Or sibyl from the mummied East,
When every star is Bethlehem star?
I count as many as there are
Cinquefoils or violets in the grass,
So many saints and saviours,

So many high behaviors
Salute the bard who is alive
And only sees what he doth give.

Hold of the Maker, not the Made;
Sit with the Cause, or grim or glad.

I have no brothers and no peers,
And the dearest interferes:
When I would spend a lonely day,
Sun and moon are in my way.

He planted where the deluge ploughed,
His hired hands were wind and cloud;
His eyes detect the Gods concealed
In the hummock of the field.

That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.
Unless to Thought is added Will,
Apollo is an imbecile.

What parts, what gems, what colors
shine,—
Ah, but I miss the grand design.

Shun passion, fold the hands of thrift,
Sit still and Truth is near:
Suddenly it will uplift
Your eyelids to the sphere:
Wait a little, you shall see
The portraiture of things to be.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.

His instant thought a poet spoke,
And filled the age his fame;
An inch of ground the lightning strook
But lit the sky with flame.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)

TAMERLANE¹

Kind solace in a dying hour!
Such, father, is not (now) my theme—
I will not madly deem that power
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in—
I have no time to dote or dream:
You call it hope—that fire of fire!
It is but agony of desire:
If I *can* hope—O God! I can—
Its fount is holier—more divine— 10
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.
O yearning heart! I did inherit
Thy withering portion with the fame,
The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the Jewels of my throne,
Halo of Hell! and with a pain
Not Hell shall make me fear again— 20
O craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours!
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon thy emptiness—a knell.

I have not always been as now:
The fever'd diadem on my brow
I claim'd and won usurpingly—
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given 30
Rome to the Cæsar—this to me?
The heritage of a kingly mind,
And a proud spirit which hath striven
Triumphantly with human kind.

¹ "Tamerlane" appeared first in *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, 1827, but was entirely rewritten for the 1829 volume, *Al Aaraf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. The text here used is practically that of the 1829 volume. A comparison of the two versions is valuable, as showing Poe's growth in poetic power if not in narrative strength.

As Poe conceives the story, Tamerlane is lured from his shepherd home in the mountains and from his early love by ambition. He conquers the entire Eastern world, and returns home to find that his love has died of neglect. The opening lines of the 1827 version give the setting more clearly.

On mountain soil I first drew life:
The mists of the Taglay have shed²
Nightly their dew upon my head,
And, I believe, the wingèd strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair. 40

So late from Heaven—that dew—it fell
(Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of Hell,
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy,
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice, 50
My own voice, silly child!—was swelling
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry)
The battle-cry of Victory!

The rain came down upon my head
Unshelter'd—and the heavy wind
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me: and the rush—
The torrent of the chilly air 60
Gurgled within my ear the crash
Of empires—with the captive's prayer—
The hum of suitors—and the tone
Of flattery 'round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
Usurp'd a tyranny which men
Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to
power,

My innate nature—be it so:
But, father, there liv'd one who, then,
Then—in my boyhood—when their fire 70
Burn'd with a still intenser glow
(For passion must, with youth, expire)
E'en *then* who knew this iron heart
In woman's weakness had a part.

² The mountains of Belur Taglay are a branch of the Imaus, in the southern part of Independent Tartary. They are celebrated for the singular wildness and beauty of their valleys. (Poe, 1827.)

I have no words—alas!—to tell
 The loveliness of loving well!
 Nor would I now attempt to trace
 The more than beauty of a face
 Whose lineaments, upon my mind,
 Are—shadows on th' unstable wind: 80
 Thus I remember having dwelt
 Some page of early lore upon,
 With loitering eye, till I have felt
 The letters—with their meaning—melt
 To fantasies—with none.

O, she was worthy of all love!
 Love—as in infancy was mine—
 'Twas such as angel minds above
 Might envy; her young heart the shrine
 On which my every hope and thought 90
 Were incense—then a goodly gift,
 For they were childish and upright—
 Pure—as her young example taught:
 Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
 Trust to the fire within, for light?

We grew in age—and love—together—
 Roaming the forest, and the wild;
 My breast her shield in wintry weather—
 And, when the friendly sunshine smil'd,
 And she would mark the opening skies, 100
 I saw no Heaven—but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is—the heart:
 For 'mid that sunshine, and those
 smiles,
 When, from our little cares apart,
 And laughing at her girlish wiles,
 I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
 And pour my spirit out in tears—
 There was no need to speak the rest—
 No need to quiet any fears
 Of her—who ask'd no reason why, 110
 But turn'd on me her quiet eye!
 Yet *more* than worthy of the love
 My spirit struggled with, and strove,
 When, on the mountain peak, alone,
 Ambition lent it a new tone—
 I had no being—but in thee:
 The world, and all it did contain
 In the earth—the air—the sea—
 Its joy—its little lot of pain
 That was new pleasure—the ideal, 120
 Dim vanities of dreams by night—
 And dimmer nothings which were real—
 (Shadows—and a more shadowy light!)
 Parted upon their misty wings,
 And, so, confusedly, became
 Thine image and—a name—a name!
 Two separate—yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious—have you known
 The passion, father? You have not:
 A cottager, I mark'd a throne 130
 Of half the world as all my own,
 And murmur'd at such lowly lot—
 But, just like any other dream,
 Upon the vapor of the dew
 My own had past, did not the beam
 Of beauty which did while it thro'
 The minute—the hour—the day—oppress
 My mind with double loveliness.
 We walk'd together on the crown
 Of a high mountain which look'd down
 Afar from its proud natural towers 140
 Of rock and forest, on the hills—
 The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers
 And shouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
 But mystically—in such guise
 That she might deem it nought beside
 The moment's converse; in her eyes
 I read, perhaps too carelessly—
 A mingled feeling with my own— 150
 The flush on her bright cheek, to me
 Seem'd to become a queenly throne
 Too well that I should let it be
 Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then
 And donn'd a visionary crown—
 Yet it was not that Fantasy
 Had thrown her mantle over me—
 But that, among the rabble—men,
 Lion ambition is chain'd down— 160
 And crouches to a keeper's hand—
 Not so in deserts where the grand—
 The wild—the terrible conspire
 With their own breath to fan his fire.

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand! 1—
 Is she not queen of Earth? her pride
 Above all cities? in her hand
 Their destinies? in all beside
 Of glory which the world hath known
 Stands she not nobly and alone? 170
 Falling—her veriest stepping-stone
 Shall form the pedestal of a throne—
 And who her sovereign? Timour²— he
 Whom the astonished people saw
 Striding o'er empires haughtily
 A diadem'd outlaw!

¹ I believe it was after the battle of Angora that Tamerlane made Samarcand his residence. It became for a time the seat of learning and the arts. (POE, 1827.)

² He was called Timur Bek as well as Tamerlane. (POE, 1827.)

O, human love! thou spirit given,
 On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!
 Which fall'st into the soul like rain
 Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain, 180
 And, failing in thy power to bless,
 But leav'st the heart a wilderness!
 Idea! which bindest life around
 With music of so strange a sound
 And beauty of so wild a birth—
 Farewell! for I have won the Earth.

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could
 see

No cliff beyond him in the sky,
 His pinions were bent droopingly—
 And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye.
 'Twas sunset: when the sun will part
 There comes a sullenness of heart 192
 To him who still would look upon
 The glory of the summer sun.
 That soul will hate the ev'ning mist
 So often lovely, and will list
 To the sound of the coming darkness
 (known
 To those whose spirits harken) as one
 Who, in a dream of night, *would* fly
 But *cannot* from a danger nigh. 200

What tho' the moon—the white moon
 Shed all the splendor of her noon,
Her smile is chilly—and *her* beam,
 In that time of dreariness, will seem
 (So like you gather in your breath)
 A portrait taken after death.

And boyhood is a summer sun
 Whose waning is the dreariest one—
 For all we live to know is known
 And all we seek to keep hath flown— 210
 Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
 With the noon-day beauty—which is all.

I reach'd my home—my home no more—
 For all had flown who made it so.

I pass'd from out its mossy door,
 And, tho' my tread was soft and low,
 A voice came from the threshold stone
 Of one whom I had earlier known—
 O, I defy thee, Hell, to show
 On beds of fire that burn below, 220
 An humbler heart—a deeper woe.
 Father, I firmly do believe—

I *know*—for Death who comes for me
 From regions of the blest afar,
 Where there is nothing to deceive,
 Hath left his iron gate ajar,
 And rays of truth you cannot see
 Are flashing thro' Eternity—

I do believe that Eblis hath
 A snare in every human path— 230
 Else how, when in the holy grove
 I wandered of the idol, Love,
 Who daily scents his snowy wings
 With incense of burnt offerings
 From the most unpolluted things,
 Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
 Above with trellic'd rays from Heaven
 No mote may shun—no tiniest fly—
 The light'ning of his eagle eye—
 How was it that Ambition crept, 240
 Unseen, amid the revels there,
 Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt
 In the tangles of Love's very hair?

In "Tamerlane and Other Poems," 1829.

TO — —

I saw thee on thy bridal day—
 When a burning blush came o'er thee,
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
 (Whatever it might be)
 Was all on Earth my aching sight
 Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—
 As such it well may pass— 10
 Though its glow hath raised a fiercer
 flame
 In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
 When that deep blush *would* come o'er
 thee,
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee.
 1826.

In "Tamerlane and Other Poems," 1829.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow!
 And, in parting from you now,
 Thus much let me avow—
 You are not wrong, who deem
 That my days have been a dream;
 Yet if hope has flown away
 In a night, or in a day,
 In a vision, or in none,
 Is it therefore the less *gone*?
 All that we see or seem 10
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
 Of a surf-tormented shore,
 And I hold within my hand
 Grains of the golden sand—
 How few! yet how they creep
 Through my fingers to the deep,
 While I weep—while I weep!
 O God! can I not grasp
 Them with a tighter clasp?
 O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
 Is *all* that we see or seem
 But a dream within a dream?

As "Imitation" in "Tamerlane and
 Other Poems," 1827.

ROMANCE

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
 With drowsy head and folded wing,
 Among the green leaves as they shake
 Far down within some shadowy lake,
 To me a painted paroquet
 Hath been—a most familiar bird—
 Taught me my alphabet to say—
 To lisp my very earliest word
 While in the wild wood I did lie,
 A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
 So shake the very Heaven on high
 With tumult as they thunder by,
 I have no time for idle cares
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
 And when an hour with calmer wings
 Its down upon my spirit flings—
 That little time with lyre and rhyme
 To while away—forbidden things!
 My heart would feel to be a crime
 Unless it trembled with the strings.

Preface to "Al Aaraf, Tamerlane and
 Minor Poems," 1829.

SONNET—TO SCIENCE

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou
 art!
 Who alterest all things with thy peering
 eyes.
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's
 heart,
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
 How should he love thee? or how deem
 thee wise,
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wan-
 dering

To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her
 car?
 And driven the Hamadryad from the
 wood
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her
 flood,
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from
 me
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind
 tree?

In "Al Aaraf, Tamerlane and Minor
 Poems," 1829.

TO —

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
 The wantonest singing birds,
 Are lips—and all thy melody
 Of lip-begotten words—
 Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined
 Then desolately fall,
 O God! on my funereal mind
 Like starlight on a pall—
 Thy heart—*thy* heart!—I wake and sigh,
 And sleep to dream till day
 Of the truth that gold can never buy—
 Of the baubles that it may.

In "Al Aaraf, Tamerlane and Minor
 Poems," 1829.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy-Land!

In "Poems," 1831.

ISRAFEL¹

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
 None sung so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamored moon
 Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven,)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
 That Israfeli's fire
 Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings—
 The trembling living wire
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
 Where deep thoughts are a duty—
 Where Love's a grown-up God—
 Where the Houri glances are
 Imbued with all the beauty
 Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
 Israfeli, who despisest
 An unimpassioned song;
 To thee the laurels belong,
 Best bard, because the wisest!
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
 With thy burning measures suit—
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
 With the fervor of thy lute—
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
 Is a world of sweets and sour;
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
 Is the sunshine of ours.

¹ And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN. (*Poe's note, 1845.*)
 Poe added the words "Whose heart-strings are a lute" to a phrase quoted by Thomas Moore in "Lalla Rookh" from Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" to the *Koran*.

If I could dwell
 Where Israfel
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,
 He might not sing so wildly well
 A mortal melody,
 While a bolder note than this might swell
 From my lyre within the sky.

In "Poems," 1831.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
 In a strange city lying alone
 Far down within the dim West,
 Where the good and the bad and the
 worst and the best
 Have gone to their eternal rest.
 There shrines and palaces and towers
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
 Resemble nothing that is ours.
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
 On the long night-time of that town;
 But light from out the lurid sea
 Streams up the turrets silently—
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine
 Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
 Yawn level with the luminous waves
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye—
 Not the gayly-jewelled dead
 Tempt the waters from their bed;
 For no ripples curl, alas!
 Along that wilderness of glass—
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea—
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir in the air!
 The wave—there is a movement there!
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy Heaven.
 The waves have now a redder glow—
 The hours are breathing faint and low—
 And when, amid no earthly moans, 50
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

As "The Doomed City" in "Poems," 1831.

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
 I stand beneath the mystic moon.
 An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
 Exhales from out her golden rim,
 And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
 Upon the quiet mountain top,
 Steals drowsily and musically
 Into the universal valley.
 The rosemary nods upon the grave;
 The lily lolls upon the wave; 10
 Wrapping the fog about its breast,
 The ruin moulders into rest;
 Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
 A conscious slumber seems to take,
 And would not, for the world, awake.
 All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies
 Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—
 This window open to the night?
 The wanton airs, from the tree-top, 20
 Laughingly through the lattice drop—
 The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
 Flit through thy chamber in and out,
 And wave the curtain canopy
 So fitfully—so fearfully—
 Above the closed and fringed lid
 'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
 That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
 Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
 Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear? 30
 Why and what art thou dreaming here?
 Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
 A wonder to these garden trees!
 Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
 Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
 And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
 Which is enduring, so be deep!
 Heaven have her in its sacred keep!

This chamber changed for one more holy,
 This bed for one more melancholy, 41
 I pray to God that she may lie
 Forever with unopened eye,
 While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
 As it is lasting, so be deep!
 Soft may the worms about her creep!
 Far in the forest, dim and old,
 For her may some tall vault unfold—
 Some vault that oft hath flung its black
 And wingèd panels fluttering back, 51
 Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
 Of her grand family funerals—
 Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
 Against whose portal she hath thrown,
 In childhood, many an idle stone—
 Some tomb from out whose sounding door
 She ne'er shall force an echo more,
 Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
 It was the dead who groaned within. 60

As "Irene" in "Poems," 1831.

LENORE¹

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit
 flown forever!
 Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on
 the Stygian river;
 And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—
 weep now or never more!
 See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies
 thy love, Lenore!
 Come! let the burial rite be read—the
 funeral song be sung!—
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that
 ever died so young—
 A dirge for her the doubly dead in that
 she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth
 and hated her for her pride,
 And when she fell in feeble health, ye
 blessed her—that she died!
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—
 the requiem how be sung 10
 By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours,
 the slanderous tongue
 That did to death the innocence that died,
 and died so young?"

¹ The poem is a dialogue between the relatives of the dead Lenore and her lover, Guy De Vere.

The poem appeared in 1843 in a short line version. A comparison of the two forms is interesting. The general opinion seems to be that the earlier is the better version.

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a
Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may
feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before,"
with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that
should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now
so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not
within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the
death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No
dirge will I upraise. 20
But waft the angel on her flight with a
pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll—lest her sweet soul,
amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up
from the damnèd Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the
indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up
within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne,
beside the King of Heaven."

1831. As "A Pæan" in "Poems," 1831.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness. 10
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye—
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!

They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dew comes down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

As "The Valley Nis," in "Poems," 1831.

TO ONE IN PARADISE:

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flow-
ers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries, 10
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
"No more—no more—no more—"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar! 20

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Godey's Lady's Book, Jan., 1831.

THE COLISEUM

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reli-
quary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in
thee lie.)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and
glory!

¹ From the tale now called "The Assignation."

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of
 Eld! ¹⁰
 Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
 I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
 O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
 Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
 O charms more potent than the rapt
 Chaldee
 Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
 Here, where the mimic eagle glared in
 gold,
 A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
 Here, where the dames of Rome their
 gilded hair ²⁰
 Waved to the wind, now wave the reed
 and thistle!
 Here, where on golden throne the mon-
 arch lolled,
 Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home.
 Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
 The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad ar-
 cades—
 These mouldering plinths—these sad and
 blackened shafts—
 These vague entablatures—this crumbling
 frieze—
 These shattered cornices—this wreck—
 this ruin—
 These stones—alas! these gray stones—
 are they all— ³⁰
 All of the famed, and the colossal left
 By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all"—the Echoes answer me—"not
 all!
 Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
 From us, and from all Ruin, unto the
 wise,
 As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
 We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we
 rule
 With a despotic sway all giant minds.
 We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
 Not all our power is gone—not all our
 fame— ⁴⁰
 Not all the magic of our high renown—
 Not all the wonder that encircles us—
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
 Not all the memories that hang upon
 And cling around about us as a garment,
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

The Baltimore Saturday Visitor, 1833.

HYMN

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
 Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
 In joy and woe—in good and ill—
 Mother of God, be with me still!
 When the Hours flew brightly by,
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,
 My soul, lest it should truant be,
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
 Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
 Darkly my Present and my Past, ¹⁰
 Let my Future radiant shine
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Southern Literary Messenger, 1835.

TO F——¹

Beloved! amid the earnest woes
 That crowd around my earthly path—
 (Drear path, alas! where grows
 Not even one lonely rose)—
 My soul at least a solace hath
 In dreams of thee, and therein knows
 An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
 Like some enchanted far-off isle ¹⁰
 In some tumultuous sea—
 Some ocean throbbing far and free
 With storms—but where meanwhile
 Serenest skies continually
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1835.

SONNET TO ZANTE

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all
 flowers,
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost
 take!
 How many memories of what radiant
 hours
 At sight of thee and thine at once
 awake!
 How many scenes of what departed bliss!
 How many thoughts of what entombèd
 hopes!
 How many visions of a maiden that is
 No more—no more upon thy verdant
 slopes!

¹ In 1835 the title of this poem was "To Mary," in 1842 "To One Departed," in 1845 "To F——."

No more! alas, that magical sad sound
 Transforming all! Thy charms shall
 please no more—¹⁰
 Thy memory no more! Accursèd ground
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled
 shore;
 O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
 "Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

Southern Literary Messenger, Jan., 1837.

THE HAUNTED PALACE¹

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,¹⁰
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago,)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
 Through two luminous windows, saw
 Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law,²⁰
 Round about a throne where, sitting,
 (Porphyrogene!)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing,
 flowing
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,³⁰
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate.
 (Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

¹ From *The Fall of the House of Usher*, in which tale it is sung by Usher himself.

And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.⁴⁰

And travellers, now, within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody,
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door
 A hideous throng rush out forever
 And laugh—but smile no more.

Baltimore Museum, April, 1839.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theatre, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,¹⁰
 Mutter and mumble low,
 And hither and thither fly—
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
 At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their Condor wings
 Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
 With its Phantom chased for evermore,
 By a crowd that seize it not,²⁰
 Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot,
 And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
 A crawling shape intrude!
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!
 It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal
 pangs
 The mimes become its food,³⁰
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
 In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And, over each quivering form,
 The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,

While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man," 40
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

Graham's Magazine, Jan., 1843.

DREAM-LAND

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sub-
lime,
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover 11
For the tears that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily. 20

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,—
By the mountains—near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—
By the gray woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp,
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls,— 30
By each spot the most unholy—
In each nook most melancholy,—
There the traveller meets, aghast,
Sheeted Memories of the Past—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by—
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region— 40
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not—dare not openly view it;

Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely, 51
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

Graham's Magazine, June, 1844.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume
of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping
at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping
at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the
bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought
its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I
had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sor-
row for the lost Lenore— 10
For the rare and radiant maiden whom
the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of
each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic ter-
rors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my
heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at
my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at
my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more."

¹ In his *Philosophy of Composition* Poe gives his own account of the writing of "The Raven."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesi-
tating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your for-
giveness I implore; 20
But the fact is I was napping, and so
gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping
at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here
I opened wide the door;
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the
stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the
whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured
back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my
soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something
at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this
mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the
saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a
minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber door— 40
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wander-
ing from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." 50

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to
hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little
relevancy bore; 50
For we cannot help agreeing that no liv-
ing human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid
bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a
feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other
friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my
hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore." 60

Startled at the stillness broken by reply
so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melan-
choly burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy
into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this omi-
nous bird of yore— 70
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt
and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my
head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the
lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the
lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

ULALUME: ✓

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
 perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls
 tinkled on the tufted floor. 80

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee
 —by these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy
 memories of Lenore;
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and
 forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet
 still, if bird or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tem-
 pest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert
 land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me
 truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell
 me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." 90

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
 prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by
 that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within
 the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird
 or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the
 Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that
 lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the
 bust above my door! 100

Take thy beak from out my heart, and
 take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sit-
 ting, *still* is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above
 my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a
 demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
 throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that
 lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

1842-44? *Evening Mirror*, Jan. 1845.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
 The leaves they were crisped and sere—
 The leaves they were withering and
 sere;

It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year;

It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—

It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic, 10
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.

These were days when my heart was vol-
 canic

As the scoriac rivers that roll—

As the lavas that restlessly roll

Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—

That groan as they roll down Mount
 Yaanek

In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober, 20
 But our thoughts they were palsied and
 sere—

Our memories were treacherous and
 sere—

For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the
 year—

(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)

We noted not the dim lake of Auber—

(Though once we had journeyed down
 here)—

Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of
 Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent 30

And star-dials pointed to morn—

As the star-dials hinted of morn—

At the end of our path a liquescent

And nebulous lustre was born,

Out of which a miraculous crescent

Arose with a duplicate horn—

Astarte's bediamonded crescent

Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:

She rolls through an ether of sighs—

She revels in a region of sighs: 41

¹ Poe's wife Virginia died in January, 1847.
 "Ulalume" was published in December of that
 year.

She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never
 dies
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies—
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes." 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
 Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
 Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings until they trailed in the dust—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust— 59
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
 Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
 With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
 See!—it flickers up the sky through
 the night!
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright, 70
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through
 the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a
 tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said—"What is within, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?"
 She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume— 80
 'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crisped and
 sere—
 As the leaves that were withering and
 sere,
 And I cried—"It was surely October
 On *this* very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down
 here—
 That I brought a dread burden down
 here—
 On this night of all nights in the year,

Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Au-
 ber— 91

This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of
 Auber,
 This ghoulish-woodland of Weir."

American Whig Review, Dec., 1847.

THE BELLS:

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody
 foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme, 10
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically
 wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the
 bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten-golden notes, 20
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels 30

¹ Mrs. M. A. Shew suggested the subject and some of the lines of the original version of this poem, which was but seventeen lines long. An eighteenth line was added and the poem submitted by Poe to the *Union Magazine* in the autumn of 1848. It was not published until a year later, and then in an enlarged and revised form similar to the present version.

To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the
 bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now their turbu-
 lency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak, ⁴¹
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of
 the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon. ⁵⁰

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows; ⁶⁰
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clanging of the
 bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells— ⁷⁰
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their
 tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple, ⁸⁰
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:—
 And their king it is who tolls:—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, ⁹⁰
 Rolls

A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells:—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time ¹⁰⁰
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells:—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme.
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells:—
 To the tolling of the bells— ¹¹⁰
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the
 bells.

1848-1849.

Sartain's Union Magazine, Nov., 1849.

TO MY MOTHER ¹ ✓

Because I feel that, in the Heavens above,
 The angels, whispering to one another,
 Can find, among their burning terms of
 love,
 None so devotional as that of "Mother,"
 Therefore by that dear name I long have
 called you—
 You who are more than mother unto me,
 And fill my heart of hearts, where Death
 installed you,
 In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
 My mother—my own mother, who died
 early,

¹ The sonnet is written to Mrs. Clemm, the
 mother of Poe's wife.

Was but the mother of myself; but you ¹⁰
 Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
 And thus are dearer than the mother I
 knew
 By that infinity with which my wife
 Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

Flag of Our Union, 1849.

ANNABEL LEE ✓

It was many and many a year ago
 In a kingdom by the sea
 That a maiden there lived whom you may
 know
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
 And this maiden she lived with no other
 thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more
 than love—
 I and my ANNABEL LEE— ¹⁰
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre ²⁰
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men
 know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by
 night,
 Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than
 the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above, ³⁰
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bring-
 ing me dreams
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE,
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
 the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and
 my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea— ⁴⁰
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

1849. *New York Tribune, Oct. 9, 1849.*

ELDORADO ✓

Gaily bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song,
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow ¹⁰
 Fell as he found
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow—
 "Shadow," said he,
 "Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
 Of the Moon, ²⁰
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,
 Ride, boldly ride,"
 The shade replied,—
 "If you seek for Eldorado."

"Griswold's Poets and Poetry of
 America," 1850.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807-1892)

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain,
A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name;
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
And steeled the Afric's heart,
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on, the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom;
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal;
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

1832.

Read at the convention in Philadelphia which founded the American Anti-Slavery Society in December, 1833. Whittier was a delegate from Massachusetts.

EXPOSTULATION¹

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves, in a land of light and law!
Slaves, crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's
war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there,
The falling lash, the fetter's clank!
Slaves, slaves are breathing in that air
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

¹ Dr. Charles Follen, a German patriot, who had come to America for the freedom which was denied him in his native land, allied himself with the abolitionists, and at a convention of delegates from all the anti-slavery organizations in New England, held at Boston in May, 1834, was chairman of a committee to prepare an address to the people of New England. Toward the close of the address occurred the passage which suggested these lines:—

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?" (*Author's Note.*)

What ho! our countrymen in chains!
 The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains
 Caught from her scourging, warm and
 fresh! 20
 What! mothers from their children riven!
 What! God's own image bought and
 sold!
 Americans to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long,
 Of holy Liberty and Light; 30
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
 And millions hail with pen and tongue
 Our light on all her altars burning? 40

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's
 wall,
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call?
 And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain?
 And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave? 50
 And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
 And bid his bondmen cast the chain
 From fettered soul and limb aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From farthest Ind to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea? 60
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go, let us ask of Constantine
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
 To spare the struggling Suliote;
 Will not the scorching answer come
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful
 Russ: 70
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
 Then turn and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn, the heathen's
 mirth,
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking Earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to
 bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain 79
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
 From graybeard eld to fiery youth,
 And on the nation's naked heart
 Scatter the living coals of Truth!
 Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet
 The shadow of our fame is growing!
 Up! while ye pause, our sun may set
 In blood around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
 The gathered wrath of God and man, 90
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
 When hail and fire above it ran.
 Hear ye no warnings in the air?
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
 Up, up! why will ye slumber where
 The sleeper only wakes in death?

Rise now for Freedom! not in strife
 Like that your sterner fathers saw,
 The awful waste of human life,
 The glory and the guilt of war: 100
 But break the chain, the yoke remove,
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
 Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood;
 Nor longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood;
 But rear another altar there,
 To Truth and Love and Mercy given, 110
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's
 prayer,
 Shall call an answer down from Heav-
 en!

PENTUCKET¹

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
 The mellow light of sunset shone!
 Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
 Mirror the forest and the hill,
 Reflected from its waveless breast
 The beauty of a cloudless west,
 Glorious as if a glimpse were given
 Within the western gates of heaven,
 Left, by the spirit of the star
 Of sunset's holy hour, ajar! 10

Beside the river's tranquil flood
 The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
 Where many a rood of open land
 Stretched up and down on either hand,
 With corn-leaves waving freshly green
 The thick and blackened stumps between.
 Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
 The wild, untravelled forest spread,
 Back to those mountains, white and cold,
 Of which the Indian trapper told, 20
 Upon whose summits never yet
 Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without fear
 Of danger darkly lurking near,
 The weary laborer left his plough,
 The milkmaid carolled by her cow;
 From cottage door and household hearth
 Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
 At length the murmur died away,
 And silence on that village lay. 30
 —So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
 Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,
 Undreaming of the fiery fate
 Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
 The Merrimac along his bed.
 Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
 Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,

¹ The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Chaillons, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door. In a paper entitled "The Border War of 1708," published in my collection of *Recreations and Miscellanies*, I have given a prose narrative of the surprise of Haverhill. (Author's Note.)

Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
 As the hushed grouping of a dream. 40
 Yet on the still air crept a sound,
 No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
 Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
 Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
 Which downward from the hillside beat?
 What forms were those which darkly
 stood
 Just on the margin of the wood?—
 Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
 Or paling rude, or leafless limb? 50
 No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs
 glowed,
 Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
 Wild from their native wilderness,
 With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
 Swelled the night air, far and clear;
 Then smote the Indian tomahawk
 On crashing door and shattering lock;
 Then rang the rifle-shot, and then
 The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—
 Sank the red axe in woman's brain, 60
 And childhood's cry arose in vain.
 Bursting through roof and window came,
 Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,
 And blended fire and moonlight glared
 On still dead men and scalp-knives bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
 The river willows, wet with dew.
 No sound of combat filled the air,
 No shout was heard, nor gunshot there;
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke 70
 From mouldering ruins slowly broke;
 And on the greensward many a stain,
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped
 Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
 Still show the door of wasting oak,
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
 And point the curious stranger where 80
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare;
 Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
 Bore not a trace of hair nor beard;
 And still, within the churchyard ground,
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies
 The victims of that sacrifice.

MEMORIES

A beautiful and happy girl,
 With step as light as summer air,
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
 Shadowed by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined and flowing hair;
 A seeming child in everything,
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening
 charms,
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light ¹⁰
 Which melted through its graceful
 bower,
 Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
 And stainless in its holy white,
 Unfolding like a morning flower:
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
 With every breath of feeling woke,
 And, even when the tongue was mute,
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening
 chain
 Of memory, at the thought of thee! ²⁰
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,
 As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
 And timidly again arise ³⁰
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
 Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than
 they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
 My picture of thy youth to see,
 When, half a woman, half a child,
 Thy very artlessness beguiled, ⁴⁰
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour
 The lights of memory backward stream,
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,
 Of graver care and deeper thought;
 And unto me the calm, cold face
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought. ⁵⁰

More wide, perchance, for blame than
 praise,
 The school-boy's humble name has
 flown;
 Thine, in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer, ⁶⁰
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;
 For me, the silent reverence where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
 An impress Time has worn not out,
 And something of myself in thee,
 A shadow from the past, I see,
 Linger, even yet, thy way about;
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn
 That lesson of its better hours, ⁷⁰
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,
 And, smiling through them, round us lies
 The warm light of our morning skies,—
 The Indian Summer of the heart!
 In secret sympathies of mind,
 In founts of feeling which retain
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find ⁸⁰
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

1841.

1843.

HAMPTON BEACH

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
 Where, miles away,
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
 A luminous belt, a misty light,
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of
 sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
 Against its ground
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
 Still as a picture, clear and free,
 With varying outline mark the coast for
 miles around. ¹⁰

On — on — we tread with loose-flung
 rein
 Our seaward way,
 Through dark-green fields and blos-
 soming grain,

Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering
locust spray.

Hæ! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life, the healing of
the seas! 20

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds
with cool spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thoughts away. 30

I draw a freer breath, I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun, the white-winged
gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,
And far-off sails which flit before the
southwind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the
vastness grow. 40

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the
new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the
soul's new morning. 50

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and
gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer
waves shuts down! 60

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and
wind;
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them
rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer! wave and
shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once
more
To where my native hill-tops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing
sunset sky. 70

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, fare-
well!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing
by the Sea.

1843.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA¹

The blast from Freedom's Northern hills,
upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massa-
chusetts Bay:
No word of haughty challenging, nor
battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor
clang of horsemen's steel,

¹ Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, who was seized in Boston without warrant at the request of James B. Grey, of Norfolk, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement North and South, and led to the presentation of a petition to Congress, signed by more than fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts, calling for such laws and proposed amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the Commonwealth from all further participation in the crime of oppression. George Latimer himself was finally given free papers for the sum of four hundred dollars. (*Author's Note.*)

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along
our highways go;
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies
the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon
their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but
none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy
words and high
Swell harshly on the Southern winds
which melt along our sky;
Yet not one brown, hard hand foregoes
its honest labor here,
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends
his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs
along St. George's bank;
Cold on the shores of Labrador the fog
lies white and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding
mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the
seaboats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare
on their icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or
wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough
as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat
against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath
she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept
the Briton's steel array?
How, side by side with sons of hers, the
Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and
stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer
to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out
from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came
pulsing on each breath
Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds
of "Liberty or Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now
her sons have proved
False to their fathers' memory, false to
the faith they loved;

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great
charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth
and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Sla-
very's hateful hell;
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the
bloodhound's yell;
We gather, at your summons, above our
fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear
your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massa-
chusetts bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her
even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood
moves slow and calm and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a
sister's slave and tool!

All that a sister State should do, all that
a free State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in
our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden ye
must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye your-
selves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling
slaves, and burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash,
and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that
writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a
land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the
cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where
human flesh is sold;
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count
his market value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall
pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the
Virginia name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with
rankest weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair
universe;
We wash our hands forever of your sin
and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from
Freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of
Berkshire's mountain men:
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly
lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-
swept hill. 60

And when the prowling man-thief came
hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's
shaft of gray,
How, through the free lips of the son, the
father's warning spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect,
the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were
lifted up on high,
A hundred thousand voices sent back their
loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the
startling summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel
her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex, of
thousands as of one,
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of
Lexington; 70
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from
Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of
ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where
through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the
gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the
mountain larches stir,
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of
"God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with
the salt sea spray;
And Bristol sent her answering shout
down Narragansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hamp-
den felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen
swept down from Holyoke Hill. 80

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free
sons and daughters,
Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound
of many waters!

Against the burden of that voice what
tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State? No slave
upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness
we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your in-
sult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels,
you've hunted for our lives;
And shaken round our hearths and homes
your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we fling
no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine be-
neath your soil of sin; 90
We leave ye with your bondmen, to
wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and
godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow
which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered
in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate
on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave
upon our land!

1842. *The Liberator*, Jan. 27, 1843.

THE SHOEMAKERS

Hol workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer! 10
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing,
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing; 20

For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
 The woodman's fire is lighting;
 For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
 The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
 The rosin-gum is stealing;
 For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
 Her silken skein is reeling;
 For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
 His rugged Alpine ledges; 30
 For you, round all her shepherd homes,
 Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
 On moated mound or heather,
 Where'er the need of trampled right
 Brought toiling men together;
 Where the free burghers from the wall
 Defied the mail-clad master,
 Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
 No craftsmen rallied faster. 40

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,
 Ye heed no idle scorner;
 Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
 And duty done your honor.
 Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
 The jury Time empanels,
 And leave to truth each noble name
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
 In strong and hearty German; 50
 And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
 And patriot fame of Sherman;
 Still from his book, a mystic seer,
 The soul of Behmen teaches,
 And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
 Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
 It treads your well-wrought leather,
 On earthen floor, in marble halls
 On carpet, or on heather. 60
 Still there the sweetest charm is found
 Of matron grace or vestal's,
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
 Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,
 With footsteps slow and weary,
 May wander where the sky's blue span
 Shuts down upon the prairie.
 On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
 By Saratoga's fountains, 70
 Or twinkle down the summer dance
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
 The brown earth to the tiller's
 The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
 Like fairy Cinderella's!
 As they who shunned the household maid
 Beheld the crown upon her,
 So all shall see your toil repaid
 With hearth and home and honor. 80

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
 In water cool and brimming.—
 "All honor to the good old Craft,
 Its merry men and women!"
 Call out again your long array,
 In the old time's pleasant manner:
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
 Fling out his blazoned banner!

1845.

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long
 autumnal rain
 Had left the summer harvest-fields all
 green with grass again;
 The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving
 all the woodlands gay
 With the hues of summer's rainbow, or
 the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning,
 the sun rose broad and red,
 At first a rayless disk of fire, he bright-
 ened as he sped;
 Yet even his noontide glory fell chast-
 ened and subdued,
 On the cornfields and the orchards and
 softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping
 to the night,
 He wove with golden shuttle the haze with
 yellow light; 10
 Slanting through the painted beeches, he
 glorified the hill;
 And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay
 brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
 caught glimpses of that sky,
 Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and
 laughed, they knew not why;
 And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers,
 beside the meadow brooks,
 Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-
 shine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the
patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.

No sound was in the woodlands, save the
squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
low rustling as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested; the
stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and
shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys
fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the
heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,
through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge,
shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many
a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and
many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load
of husk and grain; 30
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the
sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day
in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on
meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all
afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder
glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were
mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight
lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the
tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and
hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done,
the merry huskers came. 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from
pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the
pleasant scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the
golden ears' before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and
brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of
look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men
sat apart;

While up and down the unhusked pile, or
nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,
the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a
maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and
pride of soft brown hair, 50
The master of the village school, sleek of
hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a
husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine; 60

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of
flowers
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May, 70
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home. 80

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls;⁹⁰
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,¹⁰⁰
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

1847.

THE CRISIS

*Written on learning the terms of the
treaty with Mexico.*

Across the Stony Mountains, o'er the
desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the
western ocean's strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila,
wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to Cali-
fornia's sea;
And from the mountains of the east, to
Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air
no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple
children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids
of Pecos keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra
Madre's pines,
And Santa Barbara toll her bells amidst
her corn and vines;¹⁰

For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with
eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on
broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what
sound the winds bring down
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from
cold Nevada's crown!
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with
rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the
sunrise at his back,
By many a lonely river, and gorge of
fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly
camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of
lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys
fat with grain,²⁰
Of mountains white with winter, looking
downward, cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled
and lapped in softest green;
Swift through whose black volcanic gates,
o'er many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's
dusty trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes
whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of
Saxon oars;
Great herds that wander all unwatched,
wild steeds that none have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and
birds the Saxon never named;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles,
where Nature's chemic powers
Work out the Great Designer's will; all
these ye say are ours!³⁰

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the
burden lies;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung
across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn
the poised and trembling scale?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber
Wrong prevail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag
in starry splendour waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear
the tread of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East of which
the prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the
Christian Age of Gold;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle
blade to clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and
her serfs stand up as men;
The isles rejoice together, in a day are
nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and
by Stamboul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day
for us to sow
The soil of new-gained empire with
slavery's seeds of woe?
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old
World's cast-off crime,
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth,
from the tired lap of Time?
To run anew the evil race the old lost
nations ran,
And die like them of unbelief of God,
and wrong of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End
in this the prayers and tears,
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our
younger, better years?
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall
ours in shadow turn,
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through
outer darkness borne?
Where the far nations look for light, a
blackness in the air?
Where for words of hope they listened,
the long wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face
with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the
Sphinx in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of
Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we
holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's
cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts
of cursing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their
agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with
which the prophets came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the
hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across
the blackness of the Past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who
for Earth's freedom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us
choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful
on his way;
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Fran-
cisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and
sow the vales with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the
Bible in his train;
The mighty West shall bless the East,
and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, Praise
God, for we are free!

1848.

ICHABOD:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all:
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

¹ This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the Seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the "Compromise," and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest.

But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in "The Lost Occasion," I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of Slavery, and, in view of this desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable." (Author's Note.)

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
 From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains;
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled: 30
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame!

1850. *The Era*, May 2, 1850.

KOSSUTH¹

Type of two mighty continents!—com-
 bining
 The strength of Europe with the
 warmth and glow
 Of Asian song and prophecy,—the shin-
 ing
 Of Orient splendors over Northern
 snow!
 Who shall receive him? Who, unblush-
 ing, speak
 Welcome to him, who while he strove to
 break
 The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks,
 smote off
 At the same blow the fetters of the serf,
 Rearing the altar of his Fatherland
 On the firm base of freedom, and
 thereby 10

¹ It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood. (*Author's Note.*)

Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless
 hand,
 Mocked not the God of Justice with a
 lie!

Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece?
 Who shall give
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugi-
 tive?

Not he who, all her sacred trusts betray-
 ing,

In scourging back to slavery's hell of
 pain

The swarthy Kossuths of our land
 again!

Not he whose utterance now from lips
 designed

The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,
 And call her hosts beneath the breaking
 light, 20

The keen reveille of her morn of fight,
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-
 hound's baying,

The wolf's long howl behind the bond-
 man's flight!

Oh for the tongue of him who lies at
 rest

In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sympa-
 thies,

And hail the coming of the noblest guest
 The Old World's wrong has given the
 New World of the West!

1851.

PICTURES

I

Light, warmth, and sprouting greenness,
 and o'er all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, rain-
 ing down

Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed
 town,

The freshening meadows, and the hill-
 sides brown;

Voice of the west-wind from the
 hills of pine,

And the brimmed river from its distant
 fall,

Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
 Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting
 wood,—

Heralds and prophecies of sound and
 sight,

Blessed forerunners of the warmth and
 light, 10

Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
 With reverent footsteps keeping pace
 with mine,—
 Once more, through God's great love,
 with you I share
 A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
 As that which saw, of old, in Pales-
 tine,
 Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom
 From the dark night and winter of the
 tomb!

II

White with its sun-bleached dust, the
 pathway winds
 Before me; dust is on the shrunken
 grass.
 And on the trees beneath whose boughs
 I pass;
 Frail screen against the Hunter of
 the sky,
 Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
 While mounting with his dog-star
 high and higher
 Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds
 The burnished quiver of his shafts
 of fire.
 Between me and the hot fields of his
 South
 A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-
 mouth,
 Glimmers and swims before my daz-
 zled sight,
 As if the burning arrows of his ire
 Broke as they fell, and shattered into
 light;
 Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken
 bees,
 Tales of fair meadows, green with
 constant streams,
 And mountains rising blue and cool be-
 hind,
 Where in moist dells the purple orchis
 gleams,
 And starred with white the virgin's bower
 is twined.
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
 Along life's summer waste, at times is
 fanned,
 Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
 Of a serener and a holier land,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall
 bland.
 Breath of the blessed Heaven for which
 we pray,
 Blow from the eternal hills! make glad
 our earthly way!

1852.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS

In calm and cool and silence, once again
 I find my old accustomed place among
 My brethren, where, perchance, no hu-
 man tongue
 Shall utter words; where never hymn
 is sung,
 Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor cen-
 ser swung,
 Nor dim light falling through the pic-
 tured pane!
 There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
 The still small voice which reached the
 prophet's ear;
 Read in my heart a still diviner law
 Than Israel's leader on his tables saw! 10
 There let me strive with each besetting
 sin,
 Recall my wandering fancies, and re-
 strain
 The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
 And, as the path of duty is made plain,
 May grace be given that I may walk
 therein,
 Not like the hireling, for his selfish
 gain,
 With backward glances and reluctant
 tread,
 Making a merit of his coward dread,
 But, cheerful, in the light around me
 thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led; 20
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in his
 strength alone!

1852.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

I. NOON

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the
 deep,
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
 The sunshine on the hills asleep!
 O isles of calm! O dark, still wood!
 And stiller skies that overbrood
 Your rest with deeper quietude!
 O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,
 through
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
 Beyond the purple and the blue,
 To stiller sea and greener land, 10
 And softer lights and airs more bland,
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain
friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release 20
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers! 30

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say,—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I 40
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to His creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree,

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know, 50
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming
crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply
show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains
seem, 60
Dim-looking through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and
grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light 70
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall
break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave 80
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering
here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy, 90
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night, ¹⁰⁰
 And folded in the strong embrace
 Of the great mountains, with the light,
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
 Of beauty still, and while above
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.

1853.

MAUD MULLER:

Maud Muller on a summer's day
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her
 breast,— ¹⁰

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that
 flowed
 Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bub-
 bled up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup, ²⁰

¹The poem had no real foundation in fact, though a hint of it may have been found in recalling an incident, trivial in itself, of a journey on the picturesque Maine seaboard with my sister some years before it was written. We had stopped to rest our tired horse under the shade of an apple-tree, and refresh him with water from a little brook which rippled through the stone wall across the road. A very beautiful young girl in scantest summer attire was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck. (Author's Note.)

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered
 gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter
 draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and
 trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming
 bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
 whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul
 weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles, bare and brown;
 And listened, while a pleased surprise ³¹
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
 That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
 My brother should sail a painted boat. ⁴⁰

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
 And the baby should have a new toy each
 day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the
 poor,
 And all should bless me who left our
 door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
 hill,
 And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair. ⁵⁰

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
 Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and
cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone. 60

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise. 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her
door. 80

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face. 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been." 100

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have
been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! 110

The National Era, 1854.

LETTER

From a Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Kansas, to a distinguished politician.

DOUGLAS MISSION, *August, 1854.*

Last week—the Lord be praised for all
His mercies

To His unworthy servant!—I arrived
Safe at the Mission, *via* Westport; where
I tarried over night, to aid in forming
A Vigilance Committee, to send back.
In shirts of tar, and feather-doublers
quilted

With forty stripes save one, all Yankee
comers,

Uncircumcised and Gentile, aliens from
The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise
The prize of the high calling of the
saints, 120

Who plant amidst this heathen wilderness

Pure gospel institutions, sanctified
 By patriarchal use. The meeting opened
 With prayer, as was most fitting. Half
 an hour,
 Or thereaway, I groaned, and strove, and
 wrestled,
 As Jacob did at Penue! till the power
 Fell on the people, and they cried "Amen!"
 "Glory to God!" and stamped and clapped
 their hands;
 And the rough river boatmen wiped their
 eyes;
 "Go it, old hoss!" they cried, and cursed
 the niggers—
 Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,
 "Cursed be Canaan." After prayer, the
 meeting
 Chose a committee—good and pious
 men—
 A Presbyterian Elder, Baptist deacon,
 A local preacher, three or four class-
 leaders,
 Anxious inquirers, and renewed back-
 sliders,
 A score in all—to watch the river ferry,
 (As they of old did watch the fords of
 Jordan,)
 And cut off all whose Yankee tongues
 refuse
 The Shibboleth of the Nebraska bill. 30
 And then, in answer to repeated calls,
 I gave a brief account of what I saw
 In Washington; and truly many hearts
 Rejoiced to know the President, and you
 And all the Cabinet regularly hear
 The gospel message of a Sunday morning,
 Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere
 Milk of the Word. Glory! Amen, and
 Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have
 gone well:
 The brother who, throughout my absence,
 acted 40
 As overseer, assures me that the crops
 Never were better. I have lost one negro,
 A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen.
 He ran away some time last spring, and
 hid
 In the river timber. There my Indian
 converts
 Found him, and treed and shot him. For
 the rest,
 The heathens round about begin to feel
 The influence of our pious ministrations
 And works of love; and some of them
 already
 Have purchased negroes, and are settling
 down 50

As sober Christians! Bless the Lord for
 this!
 I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear,
 Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,
 To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus,
 Long John, and Dutch Free-Soilers.
 May your arm
 Be clothed with strength, and on your
 tongue be found
 The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires
 Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

P. S. All's lost. Even while I write
 these lines,
 The Yankee abolitionists are coming 60
 Upon us like a flood—grim, stalwart men,
 Each face set like a flint of Plymouth
 Rock
 Against our institutions—staking out
 Their farm lots on the wooded Wakarusa,
 Or squatting by the mellow-bottomed
 Kansas;
 The pioneers of mightier multitudes,
 The small rain-patter, ere the thunder
 shower
 Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man
 is not.
 Oh, for a quiet berth at Washington,
 Snug naval chaplaincy, or clerkship,
 where 70
 These rumors of free labor and free soil
 Might never meet me more. Better to be
 Door-keeper at the White House, than to
 dwell
 Amidst these Yankee tents, that, whiten-
 ing, show
 On the green prairie like a fleet becalmed.
 Methinks I hear a voice come up the river
 From those far bayous, where the alli-
 gators
 Mount guard around the camping fili-
 busters:
 "Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to
 Cuba—
 (That golden orange just about to fall, 80
 O'er-ripe, into the Democratic lap;)
 Keep pace with Providence, or, as we say,
 Manifest destiny. Go forth and follow
 The message of *our* gospel, thither borne
 Upon the point of Quitman's bowie-knife,
 And the persuasive lips of Colt's revolvers.
 There may'st thou, underneath thy vine
 and fig-tree,
 Watch thy increase of sugar-cane and
 negroes,
 Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent!"
 Amen: So mote it be. So prays your
 friend. 90

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye,—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
 Oh for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight

Through the day and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread;
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

1855?

ARISEN AT LAST¹

I said I stood upon thy grave,
 My Mother State, when last the moon
 Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

¹ On the passage of the bill to protect the rights and liberties of the people of the State against the Fugitive Slave Act. (*Author's Note.*)

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded wing,
And thou hast risen with the spring!

Once more thy strong maternal arms¹⁰
Are round about thy children flung,—
A lioness that guards her young!

No threat is on thy closed lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.²¹

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But, acting on the wiser plan,
Thou 'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man,
In virtue, as in stature great
Embodied in a Christian State.³⁰

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last;

When North and South shall strive no
more,
And all their feuds and fears be lost
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

1855.

1855?

THE PANORAMA

(Conclusion.)

My task is done. The Showman and
his show,
Themselves but shadows, into shadows go;
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung;
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
And the rough picture overwrought ap-
pears;

With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,
Such as might Milton's jarring trump
require,

Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid
fire.¹⁰

Oh, not of choice, for themes of public
wrong

I leave the green and pleasant paths of
song,

The mild, sweet words which soften and
adorn,

For sharp rebuke and bitter laugh of
scorn.

More dear to me some song of private
worth,

Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales,
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside
tales

Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,
Lost barks at parting hung from stem
to helm²⁰

With prayers of love like dreams on
Virgil's elm.

Nor private grief nor malice holds my
pen;

I owe but kindness to my fellow-men;
And, South or North, wherever hearts of
prayer

Their woes and weakness to our Father
bear,

Wherever fruits of Christian love are
found

In holy lives, to me is holy ground.

But the time passes. It were vain to crave
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.

Forget the poet, but his warning heed,³⁰
And shame his poor word with your
nobler deed.

1856.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—

On Apuleius's Golden Ass,

Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,

Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—

The strangest ride that ever was sped

Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart¹⁰

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,

Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt, 20
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'
 twang,
 Over and over the Mænads sang: 30
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
 From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!" 40
 And off he sailed through the fog and
 rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a
 cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not
 be! 50
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a
 cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;

Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse re-
 frain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim, 71
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin 80
 To the nameless horror that lives within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the
 dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a
 cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, "God has touched him! why should
 we!" 90
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and
 sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a
 cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

I

O'er the bare woods, whose outstretched
hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and green-
ness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling
morn atone.

II

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod; ¹⁰
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the
sweet wild-rose!

III

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and
fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky, ²⁰
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy
jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid
them stay.

IV

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of
day
Was warm as June's; and save that
snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees, ³⁰
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft
wind at play.

V

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and
wild,
Yon river, in its overflow

Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and
gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thun-
der's organ rolled. ⁴⁰

VI

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern
clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands
gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier
smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what
fruits and flowers.
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in
its round been ours!

VII

I know not how, in other lands, ⁴⁹
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a travel-
ler's tale.

VIII

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils ⁶⁰
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sun-
set call to prayer!

IX

The eye may well be glad that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and
fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz
smiles, ⁷¹
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his wood-
land aisles.

X

And thus it is my fancy blends
 The near at hand and far and rare;
 And while the same horizon bends
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair
 Which flashed the light of morning
 skies
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
 Within its round of sea and sky and field,
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the
 Kosmos stands revealed. 80

XI

And thus the sick man on his bed,
 The toiler to his task-work bound,
 Behold their prison-walls outspread,
 Their clipped horizon widen round!
 While freedom-giving fancy waits,
 Like Peter's angel at the gates,
 The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
 To bring the lost world back, and make
 it theirs again!

XII

What lack of goodly company,
 When masters of the ancient lyre 90
 Obey my call, and trace for me
 Their words of mingled tears and
 fire!
 I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
 And priest and sage, with solemn brows
 austere,
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of
 Thought, draw near.

XIII

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
 "In vain the human heart we mock;
 Bring living guests who love the day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
 The herbs we share with flesh and
 blood 101
 Are better than ambrosial food
 With laurelled shades." I grant it, noth-
 ing loath,
 But doubly blest is he who can partake
 of both.

XIV¹

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,
 And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
 Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanac 110

¹ Stanzas xiv-xvi, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, Sumner.

Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's
 dream,
 Links Manu's age of thought to Fulton's
 age of steam!

XV

Here too, of answering love secure,
 Have I not welcomed to my hearth
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half the
 earth;
 Whose pages, like the magic mat
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
 Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple
 vines,
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's
 mountain pines! 120

XVI

And he, who to the lettered wealth
 Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
 The wisdom and the moral health,
 The ethics of the school of Christ;
 The statesman to his holy trust,
 As the Athenian archon, just,
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth
 alone,
 Has he not graced my home with beauty
 all his own?

XVII

What greetings smile, what farewells
 wave,
 What loved ones enter and depart! 130
 The good, the beautiful, the brave,
 The Heaven-lent treasures of the
 heart!
 How conscious seems the frozen sod
 And beechen slope whereon they trod!
 The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass
 bends
 Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or ab-
 sent friends.

XVIII

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss; 138
 To bear the winter's lingering chills,
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
 I dream of lands where summer smiles,
 And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
 But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flow-
 ers be sweet,
 Could I not feel thy soil, New England,
 at my feet!

XIX

At times I long for gentler skies,
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,
 But homesick tears would fill the eyes
 That saw the Cross without the Bear.
 The pine must whisper to the palm, ¹⁴⁹
 The north-wind break the tropic calm;
 And with the dreamy languor of the
 Line,
 The North's keen virtue blend, and
 strength to beauty join.

XX

Better to stem with heart and hand
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
 Of God's occasions drifting by!
 Better with naked nerve to bear
 The needles of this goading air,
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
 The godlike power to do, the godlike aim
 to know. ¹⁶⁰

XXI

Home of my heart! to me more fair
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's
 halls,
 The painted, shingly town-house where
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
 The simple roof where prayer is made,
 Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
 The living temple of the heart of man,
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or
 many-spired Milan!

XXII

More dear thy equal village schools,
 Where rich and poor the Bible
 read, ¹⁷⁰
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft
 rules,
 And Learning wears the chains of
 Creed;
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
 The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
 Than the mad license ushering Lenten
 pains,
 Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance
 in chains.

XXIII

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
 And perch along these wooded swells;
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales, ¹⁷⁹
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
 Nor woman winged before her time,

But with the faults and follies of the race,
 Old home-bred virtues hold their not un-
 honored place.

XXIV

Here manhood struggles for the sake
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 The graces and the loves which make
 The music of the march of life;
 And woman, in her daily round
 Of duty, walks on holy ground. ¹⁹⁰
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
 Is the bad lesson learned at human rights
 to sneer.

XXV

Then let the icy north-wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming storm,
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
 As gayly as I did of old;
 And I, who watch them through the
 frosty pane,
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er
 again. ²⁰⁰

XXVI

And I will trust that He who heeds
 The life that hides in mead and wold,
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
 And stains these mosses green and
 gold,
 Will still, as He hath done, incline
 His gracious care to me and mine;
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong
 debar,
 And, as the earth grows dark, make
 brighter every star!

XXVII

I have not seen, I may not see,
 My hopes for man take form in fact,
 But God will give the victory ²¹¹
 In due time; in that faith I act.
 And he who sees the future sure,
 The baffling present may endure,
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand
 that leads
 The heart's desires beyond the halting step
 of deeds.

XXVIII

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
 Where harsher songs of mine have
 flown;
 Go, find a place at home and hearth
 Where'er thy singer's name is
 known; ²²⁰

Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, per-
chance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him
for thy sake.

1856.

1857.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

From the hills of home forth looking, far
beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the
headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the
ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of
its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and
its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a
pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the
ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom
around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the
summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the
younger Mather penned,¹⁰
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all
strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the
chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of
the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence;
outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull
and vulgar clay,
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web
of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past;
but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from
the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and
the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the
true man owes his time.²⁰

So, with something of the feeling which
the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scot-
land's moorland graveyards through,

From the graves of old traditions I part
the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones,
and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward.
hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the
gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof
and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with
the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry,
south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white
with breakers stretching north,—³⁰
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift,
jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the
wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly
lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their
muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the veni-
son haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly
round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—
talked of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs
and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the
dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom
of morning clouds;⁴⁰

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the
depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—
blossoms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the
tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the
twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to
husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the
powers of evil near;—
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel
and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the
mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came,—

Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame; 50
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted grimly marching in the moon.

"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun. 60

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain; "never mortal foes were there;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall: 70
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann. 80

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly; 90
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

1857.

TELLING THE BEES¹

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

¹ A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremony was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.—(*Author's Note.*)

There is the house, with the gate red-
barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the
cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the
wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink¹⁰
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-
o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same
sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in
the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.²⁰

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my
hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow
and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at
last
On the little red gate and the well-
sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,³⁰
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the
door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl
small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun⁴¹
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway
sill,
With his cane to his chin,⁵⁰
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

The Atlantic Monthly, April, 1858.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY

"Concerning ye Amphisbæna, as soon as I re-
ceived your commands, I made diligent inquiry:
. . . he assures me yt had really two heads,
one at each end; two mouths, two stings or
tongues."—*Rev. Christopher Toppan to Cotton
Mather.*

Far away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water, and air, and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
So from the childhood of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes down
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!¹²

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and
old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the
dew
When Time was young, and the world²⁰
was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon,
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared
and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
 Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood
 blown,
 Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the
 North,
 Of the troubled throes of the quaking
 earth,
 And the dismal tales the Indian told,
 Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew
 cold,
 And he shrank from the tawny wizard
 boasts,
 And the hovering shadows seemed full of
 ghosts, 30
 And above, below, on every side,
 The fear of his creed seemed verified;—
 And think, if his lot were now thine own,
 To grope with terrors nor named nor
 known,
 How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
 And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
 And own to thyself the wonder more
 That the snake had two heads, and not
 a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
 Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's
 Den, 40
 Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
 Or coiled by the Northman's Written
 Rock,
 Nothing on record is left to show;
 Only the fact that he lived, we know,
 And left the cast of a double head
 In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
 For he carried a head where his tail
 should be,
 And the two, of course, could never agree,
 But wriggled about with main and might,
 Now to the left and now to the right; 50
 Pulling and twisting this way and that
 Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near!
 Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear!
 Think what ancient gossips might say,
 Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
 Between the meetings on Sabbath-day!
 How urchins, searching at day's decline
 Th: Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
 The terrible double-ganger heard 60
 In leafy rustle or whir of bird!
 Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
 In berry-time, if the younger sort,
 As over pastures blackberry-twined,
 Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
 And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
 The maiden clung to her lover's arm;

And how the spark, who was forced to
 stay,
 By his sweetheart's fears, till the break
 of day,
 Thanked the snake for the fond delay! 70

Far and wide the tale was told,
 Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
 The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
 And it served, in the worthy minister's
 eye,
 To paint the primitive serpent by.
 Cotton Mather came galloping down
 All the way to Newbury town,
 With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
 And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
 Stirring the while in the shallow pool 80
 Of his brains for the lore he learned at
 school,
 To garnish the story, with here a streak
 Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
 And the tales he heard and the notes he
 took,
 Behold! are they not in his Wonder-
 Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
 If the snake does not, the tale runs still
 In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
 And still, whenever husband and wife
 Publish the shame of their daily strife, 90
 And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and
 strain
 At either end of the marriage-chain,
 The gossips say, with a knowing shake
 Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double
 Snake!
 One in body and two in will,
 The Amphisbæna is living still!"

The Atlantic Monthly, March, 1859.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his
 dying day:
 "I will not have to shrive my soul a priest
 in Slavery's pay.
 But let some poor slave-mother whom I
 have striven to free,
 With her children, from the gallows-stair
 put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him
 out to die;
 And lo! a poor slave-mother with her
 little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and
the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
and kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that mo-
ment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand
forgave the loving heart.¹⁰
That kiss from all its guilty means re-
deemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the
martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks
through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained
with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the
thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but
the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the
Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash
on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their
guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might,
and justice more than mail!²⁰

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in
array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead
the winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but
she dares not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall
open wide to Love!

1859.

THE WAITING

I wait and watch: before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears arise
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!¹⁰

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.²⁰

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do! Oh baffled will!
Oh prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,²⁹
And good but wished with God is done!
1862.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE¹

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-
wall;¹⁰

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down;²⁰

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

¹ See Pickard's "Life of Whittier," vol. ii, pp. 454-459.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word; 40

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town! 60

1863. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Oct., 1863.

LAUS DEO!¹

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear, 10
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad; 20
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!" 30

Did we dare,

In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,

Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war 40
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

¹ On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. The resolution was adopted by Congress, January 31, 1865. The ratification by the requisite number of States was announced December 18, 1865. (*Author's Note.*)

Blotted out!
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin;
 Freer breathe the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
 Bells of joy! On morning's wing
 Send the song of praise abroad!
 With a sound of broken chains
 Tell the nations that He reigns,
 Who alone is Lord and God!

1865. *The Independent*, Feb. 9, 1865.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
 The quiet aisles of prayer,
 Glad witness to your zeal for God
 And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
 Your logic linked and strong
 I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
 And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
 To hold your iron creeds:
 Against the words ye bid me speak
 My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
 Who talks of scheme and plan?
 The Lord is God! He needeth not
 The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
 Ye tread with boldness shod;
 I dare not fix with mete and bound
 The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
 His pitying love I deem:
 Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
 The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
 A world of pain and loss;
 I hear our Lord's beatitudes
 And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
 Myself, alas! I know:
 Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
 Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
 I feel the guilt within;
 I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
 The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
 And tossed by storm and flood,
 To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
 I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
 And seraphs may not see,
 But nothing can be good in Him
 Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
 I dare not throne above,
 I know not of his hate,—I know
 His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
 Of greater out of sight,
 And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
 His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
 But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond his love and care. 80

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!

1865?

FROM SNOW-BOUND¹

A WINTER IDYL

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD
 IT DESCRIBES THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood Fire; and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same.—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

EMERSON. *The Snow Storm*.

The sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.

¹The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district school-master, who boarded with us.

In my boyhood, in our lonely farm-house, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the Almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing and, it must be confessed, with stories, which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the

Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
 Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
 Impatient down the stanchion rows
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;
 While, peering from his early perch
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
 The cock his crested helmet bent
 And down his querulous challenge sent. 30

Unwarmed by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line
 posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cocheco, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's "conjuring book," which he solemnly opened when consulted. It is a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's *Magic*, printed in 1651, dedicated to Dr. Robert Child, who, like Michael Scott, had learned

the art of glammore
 In Padua beyond the sea,

and who is famous in the annals of Massachusetts, where he was at one time a resident, as the first man who dared petition the General Court for liberty of conscience. The full title of the book is *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, Doctor of both Laws Counsellor to Caesar's Sacred Majesty and Judge of Prerogative Court. (Author's Note.)

So all night long the storm roared on;
 The morning broke without a sun;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake, and pellicle,
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent 50
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below,—
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes
 and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile
 showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat 60
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
 Count such a summons less than joy?)
 Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through.
 And, where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
 And to our own his name we gave.
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
 We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.
 The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And grave with wonder gazed about;
 The cock his lusty greeting said,
 And forth his speckled harem led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked;
 The horned patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
 The loosening drift its breath before;

Low circling round its southern zone,
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist
 shone.
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone
 To the savage air, no social smoke
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
 A solitude made more intense 100
 By dreary-voiced elements,
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
 Beyond the circle of our hearth
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth
 Unbound the spell, and testified
 Of human life and thought outside.
 We minded that the sharpest ear 110
 The buried brooklet could not hear,
 The music of whose liquid lip
 Had been to us companionship,
 And, in our lonely life, had grown
 To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack 120
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room 130
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
 free.

The crane and pendent trammels showed,
 The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell
 The meaning of the miracle, 140
 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,
 When fire outdoors burns merrily,
 There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
 Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp
 ravine
 Took shadow, or the sombre green

Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back. 150
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."¹
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
The languorous sin-sick air, I heard:

*"Does not the voice of reason cry, 220
Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"*

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone 230
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away.
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread

¹ "The African Chief" was the title of a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, wife of the Hon. Perez Morton, a former attorney-general of Massachusetts. Mrs. Morton's *nom de plume* was *Philenia*. The school-book in which "The African Chief" was printed was Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*. (Author's Note.)

Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths
along 240

The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay 250
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundelow
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheco town,
And how her own great-uncle bore 260
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,

So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past; 720
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,

Green hills of life that slope to death,
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
 Shade off to mournful cypresses
 With the white amaranths underneath.
 Even while I look, I can but heed
 The restless sands' incessant fall, 730
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
 And duty keeping pace with all.
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
 I hear again the voice that bids
 The dreamer leave his dream midway
 For larger hopes and graver fears;
 Life greatens in these later years,
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
 The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
 And dear and early friends—the few
 Who yet remain—shall pause to view
 These Flemish pictures of old days;
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
 And stretch the hands of memory forth
 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown 751
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
 The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air.

1865. Separately published, 1866.

OUR MASTER:

Immortal Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!

Out outward lips confess the name
 All other names above;
 Love only knoweth whence it came
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
 The mists of earth away! 10
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray!

¹ Five well-known hymns are taken from this poem.

Hush every lip, close every book,
 The strife of tongues forbear;
 Why forward reach, or backward look,
 For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down:
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown. 20

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
 The lineaments restore
 Of Him we know in outward shape
 And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;
 The world's long hope is dim;
 The weary centuries watch in vain
 The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
 And ear are answerless; 30
 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
 Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
 And every symbol wanes;
 The Spirit over-brooding all
 Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John His smile of love,
 With Peter His rebuke. 40

In joy of inward peace, or sense
 Of sorrow over sin,
 He is His own best evidence,
 His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He; 50
 And faith has still its Olivet
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
 said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name. 60

Our Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity
 Doth all our lusts condemn;
 The love that draws us nearer Thee
 Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
 And, naked to Thy glance, 70
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
 Thy tender light shines in;
 Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
 Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
 Thou dost our service own;
 We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
 And Thou rejectest none. 80

To Thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong;
 The wrong of man to man on Thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee; who loves be-
 comes
 Therein to Thee allied;
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
 Within our earthly sod,
 Most human and yet most divine,
 The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
 Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
 We know in Thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God revealed. 100

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
 But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
 The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render Thee
 Is still our Father's own;
 No jealous claim or rivalry
 Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds, 110
 And simple trust can find Thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
 No place for me and mine;
 Our human strength is weakness, death
 Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
 All labor vainly done;
 The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
 Is better than the sun. 120

Alone, O Love ineffable!
 Thy saving name is given;
 To turn aside from Thee is hell,
 To walk with Thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
 Our noisy championship!
 The sighing of the contrite heart
 Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
 Nor Thine the zealot's ban; 130
 Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
 Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may Thy service be?—
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone;
 He serves Thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and Thy own. 140

Thy litanies, sweet offices
 Of love and gratitude;
 Thy sacramental liturgies,
 The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
 The vaulted nave around;
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altars raise; 150
 Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
 And its obedience praise!
 1866.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT¹

In the old days (a custom laid aside
 With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
 Their wisest men to make the public laws.
 And so, from a brown homestead, where
 the Sound
 Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
 Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil
 deaths,
 Stamford sent up to the councils of the
 State
 Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
 Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
 Over the bloom and sweet life of the
 Spring,¹¹
 Over the fresh earth and the heaven of
 noon,
 A horror of great darkness, like the night
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-
 hung sky
 Was black with ominous clouds, save
 where its rim
 Was fringed with a dull glow, like that
 which climbs
 The crater's sides from the red hell be-
 low.
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-
 yard fowls²⁰
 Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
 Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on
 leathern wings
 Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears
 grew sharp
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet
 shatter
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of
 Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as
 He looked
 A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim
 as ghosts,³⁰
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.

¹ The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19, 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our ancestors, but its occurrence brought something more than philosophical speculation into the minds of those who passed through it. The incident of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy protest is a matter of history. (*Author's Note.*)

"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us ad-
 journ,"
 Some said; and then, as if with one ac-
 cord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Daven-
 port.
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady
 voice
 The intolerable hush. "This well may be
 The Day of Judgment which the world
 awaits;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's com-
 mand⁴⁰
 To occupy till He come. So at the post
 Where He hath set me in His providence.
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to
 face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from my
 task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest
 calls;
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would
 say,
 Let God do His work, we will see to
 ours.
 Bring in the candles." And they brought
 them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker
 read,
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking
 hands,⁵⁰
 An act to amend an act to regulate
 The shad and alewife fisheries. Where-
 upon
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Daven-
 port,
 Straight to the question, with no figures
 of speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humor natural to the
 man:
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all
 the while
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the
 cloud.⁶⁰

And there he stands in memory to this
 day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
 Against the background of unnatural
 dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass.
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.

The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1866.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819-1891)

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THIS PERFECT LOVE OF OURS"

I would not have this perfect love of ours
Grow from a single root, a single stem,
Bearing no goodly fruit, but only flowers
That idly hide life's iron diadem:
It should grow always like that Eastern
tree
Whose limbs take root and spread forth
constantly;
That love for one, from which there doth
not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless
thing.
Not in another world, as poets prate,
Dwell we apart above the tide of things, ¹⁰
High floating o'er earth's clouds on faery
wings;
But our pure love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood
All earthly things, making them pure and
good.

1840.

"FOR THIS TRUE NOBLENES I SEEK IN VAIN"

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning
pain."
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look
again,
Look *inward* through the depths of thine
own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and
whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly
stain?
BE NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead, ¹⁰
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many
eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be
shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.
1840.

1840.

"MY LOVE, I HAVE NO FEAR THAT THOU SHOULDST DIE"

My Love, I have no fear that thou
shouldst die;
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle
kiss,
While Time and Peace with hands en-
lockèd fly;
Yet care I not where in Eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the
bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings
high:
Love hath so purified my being's core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled, ¹⁰
even,
To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone
before;
Since, with thy love, this knowledge too
was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen
more and more,
That they who love are but one step from
Heaven.

1841.

In "Poems," 1844.

"OUR LOVE IS NOT A FADING EARTHLY FLOWER"

Our love is not a fading earthly flower:
Its wingèd seed dropped down from Para-
dise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun
and shower,
Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty
green.
Our summer hearts make summer's ful-
ness, where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love,—whose forgetfulness is beauty's
death, ¹⁰
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou
and I

Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow
grate
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's own
palace-gate.

1842.

In "Poems," 1844.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine, 10
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use, 30
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and
springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-
naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

Boston Miscellany, 1842.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR

He spoke of Burns: men rude and
rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple
stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never
weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard, 10
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and
strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love. 20

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-
souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth, 30
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear
flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot
 die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man. 40

And thus, among the untaught poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skyey arches with exulting span
 O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul, 50
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole:

In his wide brain the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges
 leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands
 glorified,
 A moveless pyramid. 60

Nor is he far astray, who deems
 That every hope, which rises and grows
 broad
 In the world's heart, by ordered impulse
 streams
 From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
 Hope is but vague and undefined,
 Till from the poet's tongue the message
 rolls
 A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
 So full of heaven to me, as when 70
 I saw how it would pierce through pride
 and fear.
 To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or
 three
 High souls, like those far stars that come
 in sight
 Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men; 80

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood
 shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with
 those
 Who live and speak for aye.

1842. *Democratic Review*, Oct., 1842.

SONG

O moonlight deep and tender,
 A year and more ago,
 Your mist of golden splendor
 Round my betrothal shone!

O elm-leaves dark and dewy,
 The very same ye seem,
 The low wind trembles through ye,
 Ye murmur in my dream!

O river, dim with distance,
 Flow thus forever by, 10
 A part of my existence
 Within your heart doth lie!

O stars, ye saw our meeting,
 Two beings and one soul,
 Two hearts so madly beating
 To mingle and be whole!

O happy night, deliver
 Her kisses back to me,
 Or keep them all, and give her
 A blissful dream of me! 20

1842.

In "Poems," 1844.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

He stood upon the world's broad thresh-
 old; wide
 The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
 He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
 That sank in seeming loss before its foes:
 Many there were who made great haste
 and sold
 Unto the cunning enemy their swords,
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and
 power, and gold,
 And, underneath their soft and flowery
 words,
 Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he
 went
 And humbly joined him to the weaker
 part,¹⁰
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
 So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
 Through all the widespread veins of end-
 less good.

In "Poems," 1844.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st be-
 side the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless
 gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and full of pride
 uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that
 they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample
 round
 May match in wealth, thou art more
 dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms
 may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Span-
 ish prow¹⁰
 Through the primeval hush of Indian
 seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'T is the Spring's largess, which she
 scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never under-
 stand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded
 eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me²¹
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or
 time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
 ment

In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles
 burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the
 grass,
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle
 graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,³⁰
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
 ways,
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
 mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle
 through
 Some woodland gap, and of a sky
 above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray
 lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
 linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's
 song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day
 long,⁴⁰
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he
 could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were
 happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When, thou, for all thy gold, so common
 art!

Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty
 gleam⁵⁰
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous
 secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom
 look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

1844? *Graham's Magazine*, Jan., 1845.

COLUMBUS

The cordage creaks and rattles in the
 wind,
 With whims of sudden hush; the reeling
 sea
 Now thumps like solid rock beneath the
 stern,
 Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes
 short, and falling,
 Crumbled to whispery foam, slips rustling
 down
 The broad backs of the waves, which
 jostle and crowd
 To fling themselves upon that unknown
 shore,
 Their used familiar since the dawn of
 time,
 Whither this foredoomed life is guided on
 To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring
 poise¹⁰
 One glittering moment, then to break ful-
 filled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
 The melancholy wash of endless waves,
 The sigh of some grim monster unde-
 scried,
 Fear-painted on the canvas of the dark,
 Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine!
 Yet night brings more companions than
 the day
 To this drear waste; new constellations
 burn,
 And fairer stars, with whose calm height
 my soul
 Finds nearer sympathy than with my
 herd²⁰
 Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty
 ring
 Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
 Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
 Knowing in vain my own free heaven
 beyond.
 O God! this world, so crammed with
 eager life,
 That comes and goes and wanders back
 to silence
 Like the idle wind, which yet man's shap-
 ing mind
 Can make his drudge to swell the longing
 sails
 Of highest endeavor,—this mad, unthrift
 world,
 Which, every hour, throws life enough
 away³⁰
 To make her deserts kind and hospitable,
 Lets her great destinies be waved aside
 By smooth, lip-reverent, formal infidels,

Who weigh the God they not believe with
 gold,
 And find no spot in Judas, save that he,
 Driving a duller bargain than he ought,
 Saddled his guild with too cheap prece-
 dent.
 O Faith! if thou art strong, thine opposite
 Is mighty also, and the dull fool's sneer
 Hath oftentimes shot chill palsy through the
 arm⁴⁰
 Just lifted to achieve its crowning deed,
 And made the firm-based heart, that
 would have quailed
 The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf
 Wrinkled with frost, and loose upon its
 stem.
 The wicked and the weak, by some dark
 law,
 Have a strange power to shut and rivet
 down
 Their own horizon round us, to unwing
 Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to blur
 With surly clouds the Future's gleaming
 peaks,
 Far seen across the brine of thankless
 years.⁵⁰
 If the chosen soul could never be alone
 In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
 No greatness ever had been dreamed or
 done;
 Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
 The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.
 The old world is effete; there man with
 man
 Jostles, and, in the brawl for means to
 live,
 Life is trod underfoot,—Life, the one
 block
 Of marble that 's vouchsafed wherefrom
 to carve
 Our great thoughts, white and godlike, to
 shine down⁶⁰
 The future, Life, the irredeemable block,
 Which one o'er-hasty chisel-dint oft mars,
 Scanting our room to cut the features out
 Of our full hope, so forcing us to crown
 With a mean head the perfect limbs, or
 leave
 The god's face glowing o'er a satyr's
 trunk,
 Failure's brief epitaph.

Yes, Europe's world
 Reels on to judgment; there the common
 need,
 Losing God's sacred use, to be a bond
 'Twixt Me and Thee, sets each one scowl-
 ingly⁷⁰

O'er his own selfish hoard at bay; no
state,
Knit strongly with eternal fibres up
Of all men's separate and united weals,
Self-poised and sole as stars, yet one as
light,
Holds up a shape of large Humanity
To which by natural instinct every man
Pays loyalty exulting, by which all
Mould their own lives, and feel their
pulses filled
With the red, fiery blood of the general
life,
Making them mighty in peace, as now in
war 80
They are, even in the flush of victory,
weak
Conquering that manhood which should
them subdue.
And what gift bring I to this untried
world?
Shall the same tragedy be played anew,
And the same lurid curtain drop at last
On one dread desolation, one fierce crash
Of that recoil which on its makers God
Lets Ignorance and Sin and Hunger make,
Early or late? Or shall that common-
wealth
Whose potent unity and concentric force
Can draw these scattered joints and parts
of men 91
Into a whole ideal man once more,
Which sucks not from its limbs the life
away,
But sends it flood-tide and creates itself
Over again in every citizen,
Be there built up? For me, I have no
choice;
I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opes all Fortune's
doors;
But whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme 100
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of its
ends.

Here am I; for what end God knows, not
I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul:
Here am I, with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in swift
death;
This have I mused on, since mine eye
could first
Among the stars distinguish and with joy
Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the
north, 110

On some blue promontory of heaven
lighted
That juts far out into the upper sea;
To this one hope my heart hath clung for
years,
As would a foundling to the talisman
Hung round his neck by hands he knew
not whose;
A poor, vile thing and dross to all beside,
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
By the sad pressure of a mother's hand,
And unto him it still is tremulous
With palpitating haste and wet with
tears, 120
The key to him of hope and humanness,
The coarse shell of life's pearl, Expec-
tancy.
This hope hath been to me for love and
fame,
Hath made me wholly lonely on the earth,
Building me up as in a thick-ribbed tower,
Wherewith enwalled my watching spirit
burned,
Conquering its little island from the Dark,
Sole as a scholar's lamp, and heard men's
steps,
In the far hurry of the outward world,
Pass dimly forth and back, sounds heard
in dream. 130
As Ganymede by the eagle was snatched
up
From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-
bearer,
So was I lifted by my great design:
And who hath trod Olympus, from his
eye
Fades not that broader outlook of the
gods;
His life's low valleys overbrow earth's
clouds,
And that Olympian spectre of the past
Looms towering up in sovereign memory,
Beckoning his soul from meaner heights
of doom.
Had but the shadow of the Thunderer's
bird, 140
Flashing athwart my spirit, made of me
A swift-betraying vision's Ganymede,
Yet to have greatly dreamed precludes low
ends;
Great days have ever such a morning-red,
On such a base great futures are built up,
And aspiration, though not put in act,
Comes back to ask its plighted troth again.
Still watches round its grave the unlaid
ghost
Of a dead virtue, and makes other hopes,
Save that implacable one, seem thin and
bleak 150

As shadows of bare trees upon the snow,
Bound freezing there by the un pitying
moon.

While other youths perplexed their man-
dolins,
Praying that Thetis would her fingers
twine

In the loose glories of her lover's hair,
And wile another kiss to keep back day,
I, stretched beneath the many-centuried
shade

Of some writhed oak, the wood's La-
ocoön,

Did of my hope a dryad mistress make,
Whom I would woo to meet me privily, 160
Or underneath the stars, or when the
moon

Flecked all the forest floor with scat-
tered pearls.

O days whose memory tames to fawning
down

The surly fell of Ocean's bristled neck!

I know not when this hope enthralled me
first,

But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine-forests of the Apennine
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut
down 170

O'er the huge whisper of great watery
wastes,

The while a pair of herons trailingy
Flapped inland, where some league-wide
river hurled

The yellow spoil of unconjectured realms
Far through a gulf's green silence, never
scarred

By any but the North-wind's hurrying
keels.

And not the pines alone; all sights and
sounds

To my world-seeking heart paid fealty,
And catered for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter, 180
Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,
Godlike foremusing the rough thunder's
gripe;

Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing o'er
That iron bridge the Tuscan built to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-chains
Whose adamantine links, his manacles,
The western main shook growling, and
still gnawed.

I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale

Of happy Atlantis, and heard Björne's
keel 190

Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland
shore:

I listened, musing, to the prophecy
Of Nero's tutor-victim; lo, the birds
Sing darkling, conscious of the climbing
dawn.

And I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

Ah me! old hermits sought for solitude
In caves and desert places of the earth, 200
Where their own heart-beat was the only
stir

Of living thing that comforted the year;
But the bald pillar-top of Simeon,
In midnight's blankest waste, were popu-
lous,

Matched with the isolation drear and deep
Of him who pines among the swarm of
men,

At once a new thought's king and pris-
oner,

Feeling the truer life within his life,
The fountain of his spirit's prophecy, 209
Sinking away and wasting, drop by drop,
In the ungrateful sands of sceptic ears,
He in the palace-aisles of untrod woods
Doth walk a king; for him the pent-up
cell

Widens beyond the circles of the stars,
And all the sceptred spirits of the past
Come thronging in to greet him as their
peer;

But in the market-place's glare and throng
He sits apart, an exile, and his brow
Aches with the mocking memory of its
crown.

Yet to the spirit select there is no choice;
He cannot say, This will I do, or that, 221
For the cheap means putting Heaven's
ends in pawn,

And bartering his bleak rocks, the free-
hold stern

Of destiny's first-born, for smoother fields
That yield no crop of self-denying will;
A hand is stretched to him from out the
dark,

Which grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for
God.

The trial still is the strength's comple-
ment, 229

And the uncertain, dizzy path that scales
The sheer heights of supremest purposes
Is steeper to the angel than the child.

Chances have laws as fixed as planets
 have,
 And disappointment's dry and bitter root,
 Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
 Of the world's scorn, are the right mother-
 milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer their
 kind,
 And break a pathway to those unknown
 realms
 That in the earth's broad shadow lie en-
 thralled;
 Endurance is the crowning quality, ²⁴⁰
 And patience all the passion of great
 hearts;
 These are their stay, and when the leaden
 world
 Sets its hard face against their fateful
 thought,
 And brute strength, like the Gaulish con-
 queror,
 Clangs his huge glaive down in the other
 scale,
 The inspired soul but flings his patience
 in,
 And slowly that outweighs the ponderous
 globe,—
 One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
 One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

 Thus ever seems it when my soul can
 hear ²⁵⁰
 The voice that errs not; then my triumph
 gleams,
 O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all
 night
 My heart flies on before me as I sail;
 Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,
 That rose like Ganges 'mid the freezing
 snows
 Of a world's solitude, sweep broadening
 down,
 And, gathering to itself a thousand
 streams,
 Grow sacred ere it mingle with the sea;
 I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
 With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid
 night, ²⁶⁰
 Fade like a wreath of unreturning mist
 Before the irreversible feet of light;—
 And lo, with what clear omen in the east
 On day's gray threshold stands the eager
 dawn,
 Like young Leander rosy from the sea
 Glowing at Hero's lattice!

One day more
 These muttering shoalbrains leave the
 helm to me:

God, let me not in their dull ooze be
 stranded;
 Let not this one frail bark, to hollow
 which
 I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
 Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so ²⁷¹
 Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
 Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle
 off
 His cheek-swollen pack, and from the
 leaning mast
 Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day!—
 Remember whose and not how short it is!
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
 A lavish day! One day, with life and
 heart, ²⁷⁸
 Is more than time enough to find a world.
 1844. In "Poems," 1848.

THE CHANGELING¹

I had a little daughter,
 And she was given to me
 To lead me gently backward
 To the Heavenly Father's knee,
 That I, by the force of nature,
 Might in some dim wise divine
 The depth of His infinite patience
 To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
 But to me she was wholly fair, ¹⁰
 And the light of the heaven she came
 from
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
 For it was as wavy and golden,
 And as many changes took,
 As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
 On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
 Upon me, her kneeling lover,
 How it leaped from her lips to her eye-
 lids,
 And dimpled her wholly over, ²⁰
 Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
 And I almost seemed to see
 The very heart of her mother
 Sending sun through her veins to me!

¹ Blanche, Lowell's first child, was born in December, 1845, and died in March, 1847. His second daughter, Mabel, was born in September, 1847. See *She Came and Went* and *The First Snow-fall*.

She had been with us scarce a twelve-month,

And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings, 30
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky. 40

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dew drops earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest, 50
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast:
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

1847 In "Poems," 1849.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent, 10
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim.
Only to think she came and went. 20

1847?

In "Poems," 1849.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS¹

FIRST SERIES

No. I

A LETTER²

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO
THE HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR
OF THE BOSTON COURIER, INCLOSING A
POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

JAYLEM, June 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER,—Our Hosea wuz down
to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin
Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a
hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a
drummin and fin arter him like all nater.
the sarjunt he thout Hosea hed n't gut
his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo 's
though he 'd jest com down, so he cal'lated
to hook him in, but Hosy wood n't take
none o' his sarse for all he hed much as
20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and
eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and
down on his shoulders and figureed onto
his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater
hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder
out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal
riled, and arter I 'd gone to bed I heern
Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed
Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she
to me, ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee 's
gut the chollery or suthin another ses
she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he 's
oney amakin pottery³ ses i, he 's ollers

¹ "I only know that I believed our war with Mexico (though we had as just ground for it as a strong nation ever has against a weak one) to be essentially a war of false pretences, and that it would result in widening the boundaries and so prolong the life of slavery. . . . Against these and many other things I thought all honest men should protest." *Lowell, in a letter to Thomas Hughes, September 13, 1859.*

² The act of May 13, 1846, authorized President Polk to employ the militia, and call out 50,000 volunteers, if necessary. He immediately called for the full number of volunteers, asking Massachusetts for 777 men.

³ *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.* H. W. (H. W. is Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M.—Parson Wilbur—to whom Hosea submits his manuscripts for editing.)

on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosity he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he did n't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' did n't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I 've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you 'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Kezian used to say it 's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he 's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you 'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
S'posin' you should try salt hay fer 't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'T would n't suit them Southun fellers,
They 're a drefle graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het;
May be it 's all right ez preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no funder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It 's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you 've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'T aint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'T aint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it 's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it 's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they 're pupple in the face,—
It 's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-States in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to get the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it 's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart;

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
 Hev one glory an' one shame.
 Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same.

'T aint by turnin' out to hack folks
 You 're agoin' to git your right,
 Nor by lookin' down on black folks
 Coz you 're put upon by wite;
 Slavery aint o' nary color,
 'T aint the hide thet makes it wus,
 All it keers fer in a feller
 'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
 I expect you 'll hev to wait;
 Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You 'll begin to kal'late;
 S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
 Coz you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I 'd be sech a goose
 Ez to jine ye,—guess you 'd fancy
 The etarnal bung wuz loose!
 She wants me fer home consumption,
 Let alone the hay 's to mow,—
 Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,
 You 've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet 's crowin'
 Like a cockerel three months old,—
 Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
 Though they 'd *be* so blasted bold;
 Aint they a prime lot o' fellers?
 'Fore they think on 't guess they 'll
 sprout
 (Like a peach thet 's got the yellors),
 With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
 Help the men thet 's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fathers' graves;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few,
 Help the men thet call your people
 Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew! 120

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She 's akneelin' with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
 In her grand old eagle-nest;
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless
 W'ile the wracks are round her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world!

Ha'n't they sold your colored seamen?
 Ha'n't they made your env'ys w'iz?¹
 Wut 'll make ye act like freemen? 130
 Wut 'll git your dander riz?
 Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
 Is our dooty in this fix,
 They 'd ha' done 't 'ez quick ez winkin'
 In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
 Call all true men to disown
 The tradoochers of our people,
 The enslavers o' their own; 140
 Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South:—

"I 'll return ye good fer evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil
 Makin' man the cus o' man;
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,— 150
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I 'd *my* way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,
 They take one way, we take t' other,
 Guess it would n't break my heart;
 Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined;
 An' I should n't gretly wonder
 Ef there 's thousands o' my mind. 160

June 17, 1846.

No. III

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS²

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his
 folks;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

¹ Mr. Hoar was driven out of South Carolina and Mr. Hubbard out of Louisiana where they had gone to represent Massachusetts in behalf of free colored seamen in 1844.

² Governor B. was Geo. N. Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts from 1844 to 1851. General C. was Caleb Cushing, who had been a somewhat elusive Congressman, and in this state campaign of 1847 was defeated by Briggs. John P. was J. P. Robinson, formerly an influential Whig, who in this campaign went over to the side of Cushing, much to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Lowell, as this poem shows.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o' course,—
thet 's flat;

Guess we shall hev to come round (don't
you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all
that;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a drefle smart man:

He 's ben on all sides thet gives places or
pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan,—

He 's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is
himself;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;

He don't vally princerple more 'n an old
cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs
fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an'
blood?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must ollers be
took,

An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our
country.

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a
book

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per*
contry;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to
a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argi-
munts lies;

Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest
fee, faw, fum;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half
rum;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee.

Wal, it 's a marcy we 've gut folks to tell
us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these mat-
ters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits in
in a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hol-
lers out Gee!

Boston Courier, Nov. 2, 1847.

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong." It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor minish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright

patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude, "*Our country, however bounded!*" he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her. . . . H. W.]

No. VI

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;¹
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty 's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

¹ The monarchy of Louis Philippe had just been overthrown by the Revolution of 1848 in France.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I 'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

10

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the texes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

20

I du believe it 's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

30

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

40

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people 's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine 's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

50

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut 's his'n unto Cæsar,
 Fer it 's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air; 60
 I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his superscription,—
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 'O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN';
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest, 70
 I *don't* believe in princerple,
 But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t' other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin';
 It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 'uthout I 'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness, 90
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n'
 ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
 Fer it 's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally; 100
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this 'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

The Anti-Slavery Standard, May 4, 1848.

FROM THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL¹

FROM PART FIRST

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the
 darksome gate,
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by
 the same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as
 he sate;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a
 thrill, 151
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink
 and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer
 morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

80 The leper raised not the gold from the
 dust:
 "Better to me the poor man's crust, 160
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;
 That is no true alms which the hand can
 hold;
 He gives only the worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty;
 But he who gives but a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining
 Beauty

¹ According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the supposed date of King Arthur's reign. (*Author's Note.*)

Which runs through all and doth all
unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his
alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness
before."

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly; 241
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had
spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the
cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and
cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitiy
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard
gate, 250
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy
Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the
cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time; 260
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and
snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and
small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the
shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant
played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome
thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-aisles of Northern
seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets
and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and
side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in
his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straight-
way he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise 290
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded
mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper
fed, 300
And 't was red wine he drank with his
thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast
face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful
Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves
 from the pine, 310
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on
 the brine,
 That mingle their softness and quiet in
 one
 With the shaggy unrest they float down
 upon;
 And the voice that was softer than silence
 said,
 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy
 Grail;
 Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but
 now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee, 320
 This water his blood that died on the
 tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds
 three,
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond:
 "The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 330
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the
 hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at
 the door,
 She entered with him in disguise, 340
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on
 ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole
 year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there 's no poor man in the North
 Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as
 he.

1848.

Separately published, 1848.

FROM A FABLE FOR CRITICS¹

*Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too
 late), and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate*

A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

(I LIKE, AS A THING THAT THE READER'S FIRST
 FANCY MAY STRIKE, AN OLD-FASHIONED TITLE-PAGE,
 SUCH AS PRESENTS A TABULAR VIEW OF THE VOL-
 UME'S CONTENTS),

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY
PROGENIES

(MRS. MALAPROP'S WORD)

FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

BY A WONDERFUL QUIZ,

WHO ACCOMPANIES HIMSELF WITH A RUB-A-DUB-
 DUB, FULL OF SPIRIT AND GRACE, ON THE TOP OF
 THE TUB.

*Set forth in October, the 31st day,
 In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.*

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich
 words, every one,
 Are like gold nails in temples to hang
 trophies on,
 Whose prose is grand verse, while his
 verse, the Lord knows,
 Is some of it pr— No, 't is not even
 prose;
 I 'm speaking of metres; some poems
 have welled
 From those rare depths of soul that have
 ne'er been excelled;
 They 're not epics, but that does n't matter
 a pin,
 In creating, the only hard thing 's to begin;
 A grass-blade 's no easier to make than
 an oak;
 If you 've once found the way, you 've
 achieved the grand stroke; 10

¹ This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till after several persons had laid claim to its authorship. (*Author's Note.*)
 See Scudder's *Life of Lowell*, vol. i, pp. 238-255.

In the worst of his poems are mines of
rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a
clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general
tone,
The something pervading, uniting the
whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable
soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that,
you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the
statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly per-
fect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they
don't make a tree. 20

"But, to come back to Emerson (whom,
by the way,
I believe we left waiting),—his is, we
may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders,
whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t' other
the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although I 'm
afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have
been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyp-
tian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-
jowl coexist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts
he's got
To I do n't (nor they either) exactly know
what; 30
For though he builds 'glorious temples,
't is odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a
god.
'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people
like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly re-
spected
As parts of himself—just a little pro-
jected;
And who 's willing to worship the stars
and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if
they were dead; 40
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that
sort,

He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a
cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a
mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to con-
jecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine
parts pure lecturer;
You are filled with delight at his clear
demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the
occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he 'll
sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a
post mortem. 50

"There are persons, mole-blind to the
soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and
Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be
vastly fairer,
Carlyle 's the more burly, but E. is the
rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, true-
lier,
If C. 's as original, E. 's more peculiar;
That he 's more of a man you might say
of the one,
Of the other he 's more of an Emerson;
C. 's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of
limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and
slim; 60
The one 's two thirds Norseman, the other
half Greek,
Where the one 's most abounding the
other 's to seek;
C. 's generals require to be seen in the
mass,—
E. 's specialties gain if enlarged by the
glass;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of
the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mys-
tical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp
common-sense;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of
night,— 70
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every
day;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fu-
seli,—

Not sketching their bundles of muscles
and thews illy,
He paints with a brush so untamed and
profuse
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles
and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and
severe,
And a colorless outline, but full, round,
and clear;—
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly
accords
The design of a white marble statue in
words.
C. labors to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions
and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as
granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is
wanted.

"He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man but his wisdom and
wit,—
Who go carefully o'er the sky-blue of his
brain,
And when he has skimmed it once, skim
it again;
If at all they resemble him, you may be
sure it is
Because their shoals mirror his mists and
obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven
for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected
within it.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and
as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is
ignified,
Save when by reflection 't is kindled o'
nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill
Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first
bard of your nation
(There 's no doubt that he stands in su-
preme iceolation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his
heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal follow-
ing peal on,—
He 's too smooth and too polished to hang
any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I 'll grant, if you
choose, he has 'em,

But he lacks the one merit of kindling
enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul.
Like being stirred up with the very North
Pole.

"He is very nice reading in summer,
but *inter*
Nos, we do n't want *extra* freezing in
winter;
Take him up in the depth of July, my
advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to
ices.
But, deduct all you can, there 's enough
that 's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and
wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls,
or where'er it is,
Glow, softens, and thrills with the ten-
derest charities—
To you mortals that delve in this trade-
ridden planet?
No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their
limestone and granite.
If you 're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here)
desipis,
You will get of his outermost heart (as
I guess) a piece;
But you 'd get deeper down if you came
as a precipice,
And would break the last seal of its in-
wardest fountain,
If you only could palm yourself off for a
mountain.
Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as discern-
ing,
Some scholar who 's hourly expecting his
learning,
Calls B. the American Wordsworth; but
Wordsworth
May be rated at more than your whole
tuneful herd 's worth.
No, don't be absurd, he 's an excellent
Bryant;
But, my friends, you 'll endanger the life
of your client,
By attempting to stretch him up into a
giant:
If you choose to compare him, I think
there are two per-
-sons fit for a parallel—Thomson and
Cowper;¹

¹ To demonstrate quickly and easily how per-
versely absurd 't is to sound this name *Cowper*,
As people in general call him named *super*,
I remark that he rhymes it himself with horse-
trooper.

I don't mean exactly,—there's something
 of each,¹³⁰
 There's T.'s love of nature, C.'s penchant
 to preach;
 Just mix up their minds so that C.'s spice
 of craziness
 Shall balance and neutralize T.'s turn for
 laziness,
 And it gives you a brain cool, quite fric-
 tionless, quiet,
 Whose internal police nips the buds of all
 riot,—
 A brain like a permanent strait-jacket put
 on
 The heart that strives vainly to burst off
 a button,—
 A brain which, without being slow or me-
 chanic,
 Does more than a larger less drilled, more
 volcanic;
 He's a Cowper condensed, with no crazy-
 ness bitten,¹⁴⁰
 And the advantage that Wordsworth be-
 fore him had written.

"But, my dear little bardlings, don't
 prick up your ears
 Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant
 as peers;
 If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to
 say
 There is nothing in that which is grand
 in its way;
 He is almost the one of your poets that
 knows
 How much grace, strength, and dignity lie
 in Repose;
 If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise
 to mar
 His thought's modest fulness by going too
 far;
 'T would be well if your authors should
 all make a trial¹⁵⁰
 Of what virtue there is in severe self-
 denial,
 And measure their writings by Hesiod's
 staff,
 Which teaches that all has less value than
 half.

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and
 vehement heart
 Strains the strait-breasted drab of the
 Quaker apart,
 And reveals the live Man, still supreme
 and erect,
 Underneath the bemummying wrappers of
 sect;

There was ne'er a man born who had
 more of the swing
 Of the true lyric bard and all that kind
 of thing;
 And his failures arise (though he seem
 not to know it)¹⁶⁰
 From the very same cause that has made
 him a poet,—
 A fervor of mind which knows no separa-
 tion
 'Twixt simple excitement and pure in-
 spiration,
 As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred
 from not knowing
 If 't were I or mere wind through her
 tripod was blowing;
 Let his mind once get head in its favorite
 direction
 And the torrent of verse bursts the dams
 of reflection,
 While, borne with the rush of the metre
 along,
 The poet may chance to go right or go
 wrong,
 Content with the whirl and delirium of
 song;¹⁷⁰
 Then his grammar's not always correct,
 nor his rhymes,
 And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics
 sometimes,
 Not his best, though, for those are struck
 off at white-heats
 When the heart in his breast like a trip-
 hammer beats,
 And can ne'er be repeated again any
 more
 Than they could have been carefully plot-
 ted before:
 Like old what's-his-name there at the
 battle of Hastings
 (Who, however, gave more than mere
 rhythmical bastings),
 Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights
 For reform and whatever they call human
 rights,¹⁸⁰
 Both singing and striking in front of the
 war,
 And hitting his foes with the mallet of
 Thor;
Anne hæc, one exclaims, on beholding his
 knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
 Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid
 din,
 Preaching brotherly love and then driving
 it in
 To the brain of the tough old Goliath of
 sin,

With the smoothest of pebbles from Cas-
taly's spring
Impressed on his hard moral sense with
a sling?

“There comes Poe, with his raven, like
Barnaby Rudge, ¹⁹⁰
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths
sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pen-
tameters,
In a way to make people of common sense
damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the
best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed
out by the mind,
Who— But hey-day! What 's this?
Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow
so,
Does it make a man worse that his char-
acter 's such
As to make his friends love him (as you
think) too much?
Why, there is not a bard at this moment
alive ²⁰⁰
More willing than he that his fellows
should thrive;
While you are abusing him thus, even now
He would help either one of you out of a
slough;
You may say that he 's smooth and all
that till you 're hoarse,
But remember that elegance also is force;
After polishing granite as much as you
will,
The heart keeps its tough old persistency
still;
Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you at
bay;
Why, he 'll live till men weary of Collins
and Gray.
I 'm not over-fond of Greek metres in
English, ²¹⁰
To me rhyme 's a gain, so it be not too
jinglish,
And your modern hexameter verses are
no more
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is
like Homer;
As the roar of the sea to the coo of a
pigeon is,
So, compared to your moderns, sounds
old Melesigenes;
I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps,
o't is
That I 've heard the old blind man recite
his own rhapsodies,

And my ear with that music impregnate
may be,
Like the poor exiled shell with the soul
of the sea,
Or as one can't bear Strauss when his na-
ture is cloven ²²⁰
To its deeps within deeps by the stroke of
Beethoven;
But, set that aside, and 't is truth that I
speak,
Had Theocritus written in English, not
Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would
scarce change a line
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral
Evangeline.
That 's not ancient nor modern, its place
is apart
Where time has no sway, in the realm of
pure Art,
'T is a shrine of retreat from Earth's hub-
bub and strife
As quiet and chaste as the author's own
life.

“There 's Holmes, who is matchless
among you for wit; ²³⁰
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from
which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;
In long poems 't is painful sometimes, and
invites
A thought of the way the new Telegraph
writes,
Which pricks down its little sharp sen-
tences spitefully
As if you got more than you 'd title to
rightfully,
And you find yourself hoping its wild
father Lightning
Would flame in for a second and give
you a fright'ning.
He has perfect sway of what I call a
sham metre,
But many admire it, the English pentame-
ter, ²⁴⁰
And Campbell, I think, wrote most com-
monly worse,
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the
same kind of verse.
Nor e'er achieved aught in 't so worthy
of praise
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand
Marseillaise.
You went crazy last year over Bulwer's
New Timon;—
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should
rhyme on,

Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon
tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and
vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave
you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with
satiric
In a measure so kindly you doubt if the
toes
That are trodden upon are your own or
your foes'.

"There is Lowell, who 's striving Par-
nassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together
with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles
and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on
his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come
nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt sing-
ing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring
pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of
the shell,
And rattle away till he 's old as Methusa-
lem,
At the head of a march to the last new
Jerusalem."

1848.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL¹

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

¹ See *The Changeling* and note.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood. 20

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow, 30
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed
her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow. 40
1849.

Anti-Slavery Standard, Dec. 27, 1849.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the
door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side, 10
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled
load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon. 20

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
With which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt 30
'T would still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

Nay, when, once paid my mortal fee,
Some idler on my headstone grim
Traces the moss-blurred name, will he
Think me the happier, or I him?

Putnam's Magazine, April, 1854.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN¹

SUMMER

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dewdrops that fell that night,
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*” 10

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*” . . .

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear “*Auf wiedersehen!*” 20

¹ Lowell became engaged to Miss Maria White in 1840. They were married in 1844, and Mrs. Lowell died in October, 1853.

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Putnam's Monthly, Dec., 1854.

PALINODE

AUTUMN

Still thirteen years: 't is autumn now
On field and hill, in heart and brain;
The naked trees at evening sough;
The leaf to the forsaken bough
Sighs not,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
That now is void, and dank with rain,
And one,—oh, hope more frail than foam!
The bird to his deserted home
Sings not,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*” 10

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
Once, parting there, we played at pain;
There came a parting, when the weak
And fading lips essayed to speak
Vainly,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith
Softly,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*” 20

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, “*Auf Wiedersehen!*”

Putnam's Monthly, Dec., 1854.

INVITA MINERVA

The Bardling came where by a river grew
The pennoned reeds, that, as the west-
wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they
knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy one
of them,
And with wise lips enliven it through and
through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is all I
need;
Once I have sought me out a clear, smooth
reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder mid
the rocks,
The strange youth blows, that tends Ad-
metus's flocks,
And all the maidens shall to me pay
heed."

The summer day he spent in questful
round,
And many a reed he marred, but never
found
A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned
sound;
At last his vainly wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his brain her cobweb
wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother through
his dreams,
Saying: "The reeds along a thousand
streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots and
schemes
To snare the melodies wherewith my
breath
Sounds through the double pipes of Life
and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord seems?"

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds
constrain,
And make them utter their melodious
pain;
He flies the immortal gift, for well he
knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come
again."

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless sub-
jects wrong,
'T is not the singer's wish that makes the
song:
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how
long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet
consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate
more strong."

The Crayon, May 30, 1855.

THE ORIGIN OF DIDACTIC POETRY

When wise Minerva still was young
And just the least romantic,
Soon after from Jove's head she flung
That preternatural antic,
'T is said, to keep from idleness
Or flirting, those twin curses,
She spent her leisure, more or less,
In writing po——, no, verses.

How nice they were! to rhyme with *far*
A kind *star* did not tarry;
The metre, too, was regular
As schoolboy's dot and carry;
And full they were of pious plums,
So extra-super-moral,—
For sucking Virtue's tender gums
Most tooth-enticing coral.

A clean, fair copy she prepares,
Makes sure of moods and tenses,
With her own hand,—for prudence spares
A man-(or woman-)-uensis;
Complete, and tied with ribbons proud,
She hinted soon how cosy a
Treat it would be to read them loud
After next day's Ambrosia.

The Gods thought not it would amuse
So much as Homer's Odyssees,
But could not very well refuse
The properest of Goddesses;
So all sat round in attitudes
Of various dejection,
As with a *hem!* the queen of prudes
Began her grave prelection.

At the first pause Zeus said, "Well sung!—
I mean—ask Phœbus,—*he* knows."
Says Phœbus, "Zounds! a wolf's among
Admetus's merinos!
Fine! very fine! but I must go;
They stand in need of me there;
Excuse me!" snatched his stick, and so
Plunged down the gladdened ether.

With the next gap, Mars said, "For me
Don't wait.—naught could be finer,
But I 'm engaged at half past three.—
A fight in Asia Minor!"
Then Venus lisped, "I 'm sorely tried,
These duty-calls are vip'rous;
But I *must* go; I have a bride
To see about in Cyprus."

Then Bacchus,—“I must say good-by,
 Although my peace it jeopards; 50
 I meet a man at four, to try
 A well-broke pair of leopards.”
 His words woke Hermes. “Ah!” he said,
 “I so love moral theses!”
 Then winked at Hebe, who turned red,
 And smoothed her apron’s creases.

Just then Zeus snored,—the Eagle drew
 His head the wing from under;
 Zeus snored,—o’er startled Greece there
 flew
 The many-volumed thunder. 60
 Some augurs counted nine, some, ten;
 Some said ’t was war, some, famine,
 And all, that other-minded men
 Would get a precious —.

Proud Pallas sighed, “It will not do;
 Against the Muse I ’ve sinned, oh!”
 And her torn rhymes sent flying through
 Olympus’s back window.
 Then, packing up a peplus clean,
 She took the shortest path thence, 70
 And opened, with a mind serene,
 A Sunday-school in Athens.

The verses? Some in ocean swilled,
 Killed every fish that bit to ’em;
 Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
 Found morphine the residuum;
 But some that rotted on the earth
 Sprang up again in copies,
 And gave two strong narcotics birth, 80
 Didactic verse and poppies.

Years after, when a poet asked
 The Goddess’s opinion,
 As one whose soul its wings had tasked
 In Art’s clear-aired dominion,
 “Discriminate,” she said, “betimes;
 The Muse is unforgiving;
 Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
 Your morals in your living.”

The Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1857.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

OCTOBER, 1861

Along a river-side, I know not where,
 I walked one night in mystery of dream;
 A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my
 hair,
 To think what chanced me by the pallid
 gleam
 Of a moon-wraith that waned through
 haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-
 mist
 Their halos, wavering thistle downs of
 light;
 The loon, that seemed to mock some gob-
 lin tryst,
 Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in af-
 fright,
 Like Odin’s hounds, fled baying down the
 night. 10

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
 A movement in the stream that checked
 my breath:
 Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
 But something said, “This water is of
 Death!
 The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to
 hear!”

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three
 Known to the Greek’s and to the North-
 man’s creed,
 That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
 Still crooning, as they weave their endless
 brede,
 One song: “Time was, Time is, and Time
 shall be.” 20

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had
 deemed,
 But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
 Something too high for joy, too deep for
 sorrow,
 Thrilled in their tones, and from their
 faces gleamed.

“Still men and nations reap as they have
 strawn,”
 So sang they, working at their task the
 while;
 “The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere
 dawn;
 For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen’s
 isle?
 O’er what quenched grandeur must our
 shroud be drawn?” 30

“Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
 That gathered States like children round
 his knees,
 That tamed the wave to be his posting
 horse,
 Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
 Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son
 of Thor’s?”

"What make we, murmur'st thou? and
what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring
the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and
proud?
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—
why not he?" 40

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "so strong,
so fair!
Our Fowler whose proud bird would
brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn yet golden in his
hair?"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un pitying
dames!
I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must no-
blest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of
names?" 50

"When grass-blades stiffen with red bat-
tle-dew,
Ye deem we choose the victor and the
slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and
true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of
brain?
Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowl-
edge, Will,—
These twain are strong, but stronger yet
the third,—
Obedience,—'t is the great tap-root that
still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend
their utmost skill. 60

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'T is
not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance
sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's
seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their
maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more
sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for
Law?
Then let him hearken for the doomster's
feet! 70

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flint-
iest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those
with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal
mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre
hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell
the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and
woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and
know,
See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of
tow. 80

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory or of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely
his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the
tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the
abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for
him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star by
star
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's
rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden
bar,
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow
dim! 90

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for
those
That walk unblenching through the trial-
fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of
woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted with
his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those
 who win
 Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;
 Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the
 battle-din,
 The wiser ear some text of God divines,
 For the sheathed blade may rust with
 darker sin. 100

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to
 sleep,
 But sword on thigh, and brow with pur-
 pose knit!
 And let our Ship of State to harbor
 sweep,
 Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
 And her leashed thunders gathering for
 their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands and pas-
 sionate pain,
 Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side;
 Again the loon laughed mocking, and
 again
 The echoes bayed far down the night and
 died,
 While waking I recalled my wandering
 brain. 110

1861. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Nov., 1861.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

SECOND SERIES

No. I

THE COURTIN'¹

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

¹ The only attempt I had ever made at any-
 thing like a pastoral (if that may be called an
 attempt which was the result almost of pure acci-
 dent) was in "The Courtin'." While the Intro-
 duction to the First Series was going through
 the press, I received word from the printer that
 there was a blank page left which must be filled.
 I sat down at once and improvised another fic-
 titious "notice of the press," in which, because
 verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose,
 I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of
 Mr. Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the
 printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was
 filled. Presently I began to receive letters ask-

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in— 10
 There war n't no stoves (tell comfort
 died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back f'om Concord busted. 20

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clear grit an' human natur'. 30
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il. 40

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

ing for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance*
 of it. I had none, but to answer such demands,
 I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition.
 Those who had only the first continued to im-
 portune me. Afterward, being asked to write it
 out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary
 Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some
 of which I infused a little more sentiment in a
 homely way, and after a fashion completed it by
 sketching in the characters and making a con-
 nected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but
 I shall put it at the end of this Introduction,
 to answer once for all those kindly importunings.
 (LOWELL, in the "Introduction" to the *Biglow*
Papers, 1866.)

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul, 50
 For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle. 60

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
 "To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be persumin'; 70
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her. 80

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin', 90
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.
 1848-1866?

With "Biglow Papers," 1st ser., 1848.

No. II

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL¹

I love to start out arter night 's begun,
 An' all the chores about the farm are
 done,
 The critters milked an' foddered, gates
 shet fast,
 Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper
 past,
 An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp,—
 I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
 To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,
 An' kind o' rack my life off from the
 dregs
 Thet 's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
 Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
 Hard work is good an' wholesome, past
 all doubt; 11
 But 't ain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered
 out.
 Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,
 There 's certin spots where I like best to
 go:
 The Concord road, for instance (I, for
 one,
 Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's*
Run),
 The field o' Lexin'ton where England
 tried
 The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,
 An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he
 came,
 Found was the bee-line track to heaven
 an' fame, 20

¹ In 1861, John M. Mason and John Slidell, commissioners from the Confederacy to England and France, after having eluded the Union blockade, were taken off a British steamer and held as prisoners of war. Two issues were involved in the British demand for their release. To give them up was to establish the American contention against the analogous act of impressing British seamen found on neutral vessels; but to give them up was to concede that while hostile messages were contraband of war, the bearers of such messages were not subject to interference. The commissioners were surrendered, but the whole episode was complicated by the kind of acrimonious debate that has accompanied many of the decisions in international law during the more recent European war. Lowell uttered, through the Bridge and the Monument, almost all the basic contentions of 1914-1917.

Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so 's to save
the toll.

They 're 'most too fur away, take too
much time
To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme;
But the 's a walk thet 's hendier, a sight,
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's
night,—

I mean the round whale's-back o' Pros-
pect Hill.

I love to l'iter there while night grows
still,

An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved
lights goes out, ³⁰

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false
alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy
farms,

Where some wise rooster (men act jest
thet way)

Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break
o' day

(So Mister Seward sticks a three-months'
pin

Where the war 'd oughto eend, then tries
agin;

My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to
crow:

Don't never prophesy—unless ye know).

I love to muse there till it kind o' seems
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in
dreams; ⁴⁰

The northwest wind thet twitches at my
baird

Blows out o' sturdier days not easy
scared,

An' the same moon thet this December
shines

Starts out the tents an' booths o' Put-
nam's lines;

The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill thet
runs,

Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin' ghosts
o' guns;

Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash o'
light,

Along the firelock won at Concord Fight,
An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now

nigh,
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low
reply. ⁵⁰

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,
Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell where:

Voices I call 'em: 't was a kind o' sough
Like pine-trees thet the wind's ageth'rin
through;

An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind a
spell,

Then some misdoubted, could n't fairly
tell,

Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold an
eel,

I knowed, an' did n't,—fin'lly seemed to
feel ⁶⁰

'T was Concord Bridge a talkin' off to kill
With the Stone Spike thet 's druv thru

Bunker's Hill;
Whether 't was so, or ef I on'y dreamed,
I could n't say; I tell it ez it seemed.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, neighbor, tell us wut 's turned up
thet 's new?

You 're younger 'n I be,—nigher Boston,
tu:

An' down to Boston, ef you take their
showin',

Wut they don't know ain't hardly wuth
the knowin'.

There 's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know: las'
night

The British sogers killed in our gret fight
(Nigh fifty year they hed n't stirred nor

spoke) ⁷¹
Made sech a coil you 'd thought a dam
hed broke:

Why, one he up an' beat a revellee
With his own crossbones on a holler tree,

Till all the graveyards swarmed out like
a hive

With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy-
five.

Wut is the news? 'T ain't good, or they 'd
be cheerin'.

Speak slow an' clear, for I 'm some hard
o' hearin'.

THE MONIMENT

I don't know hardly ef it 's good or bad,—

THE BRIDGE

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we 've
had. ⁸⁰

THE MONIMENT

You know them envys thet the Rebbles
sent,

An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the
Trent?

THE BRIDGE

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then their
wits is gone!
Thet 's the sure way to make a goose a
swan!

THE MONIMENT

No: England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee,*
Faw, Fum!
(Ez though she hed n't fools enough to
home),
So they 've returned 'em—

THE BRIDGE

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet 's the wust news I 've heerd sence
Seventy-seven!
By George, I meant to say, though I de-
clare
It 's 'most enough to make a deacon
swear. 90

THE MONIMENT

Now don't go off half-cock: folks never
gains
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.
Come, neighbor, you don't understan'—

THE BRIDGE

How? Hey?
Not understan'? Why, wut 's to hender,
pray?
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap?

THE MONIMENT

See here: the British they found out a
flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law
(They *make* all laws, you know, an' so, o'
course,
It 's nateral they should understan' their
force): 100
He 'd oughto ha' took the vessel into port,
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court;
She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,
An' thet, they say, hez changed the pint o'
view,
Coz the old practice, bein' meant for sails,
Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o' fails;
You *may* take out despatches, but you
mus' n't
Take nary man—

THE BRIDGE

You mean to say, you dus' n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—it's over-
board
With law an' gospel, when their ox is
gored! 110
I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,
Hez ollers ben, "*I 've gut the heaviest*
hand."
Take nary man? Fine preachin' from
her lips!
Why, she hez taken hunderds from our
ships,
An' would agin, an' swear she had a right
to,
Ef we warn't strong enough to be perlite
to.
Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant
kind:
It 's you 're the sinner ollers, she 's the
saint;
Wut 's good 's all English, all thet is n't
ain't; 120
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you
must;
She 's praised herself ontill she fairly
thinks
There ain't no light in Natur when she
winks;
Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her
pus?
Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu,
ez nus?
She ain't like other mortals, thet 's a
fact;
She never stopped the habus-corpus act,
Nor specie payments, nor she never yet
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt;
She don't put down rebellions, lets 'em
breed, 131
An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede;
She 's all thet 's honest, honnable, an'
fair,
An' when the vartoos died they made her
heir.

THE MONIMENT

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never make
a right;
Ef we 're mistaken, own up, an' don't
fight:
For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough to
du
'thout gettin' up a fight with England, tu?
She thinks we 're rabble-rid—

THE BRIDGE

An' so we can't
Distinguish 'twixt *You oughtn't* an' *You*
sha'n't! 140
She jedges by herself; she 's no idear
How 't stiddies folks to give 'em their
fair sheer:
The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain 's a
steeple,—
Her People 's turned to Mob, our Mob 's
turned People.

THE MONIMENT

She 's riled jes' now—

THE BRIDGE

Plain proof her cause ain't strong,—
The one thet fust gits mad 's 'most ollers
wrong.
Why, sence she helped in lickin' Nap the
Fust
An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to bust,
With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austy, all as-
sistin',
Th' ain't nut a face but wut she 's shook
her fist in, 150
Ez though she done it all, an' ten times
more,
An' nuthin' never hed gut done afore,
Nor never could agin, 'thout she wuz
spliced
On to one eend an' gin th' old airth a
hoist.
She is some punkins, thet I wun't deny
(For ain't she some related to you 'n
I?),
But there 's a few small intrists here be-
low
Outside the counter o' John Bull an' Co,
An' though they can't conceit how 't
should be so,
I guess the Lord druv down Creation's
spiles 160
'thout no *gret* helpin' from the British
Isles,
An' could contrive to keep things pooty
stiff
Ef they withdrewed from business in a
miff;
I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin' fel-
lers ez
'Think God can't forge 'thout them to
blow the bellerses.

THE MONIMENT

You 're ollers quick to set your back
aridge,
Though 't suits a tom-cat more 'n a sober
bridge:
Don't you git het: they thought the thing
was planned;
They 'll cool off when they come to un-
derstand.

THE BRIDGE

Ef *thet* 's wut you expect, you 'll *hev* to
wait; 170
Folks never understand the folks they
hate:
She 'll fin' some other grievance jest ez
good,
'fore the month 's out, to git misunder-
stood.
England cool off! She 'll do it, ef she
sees
She 's run her head into a swarm o' bees.
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose:
I hev thought England was the best thet
goes;
Remember (no, you can't), when *I* was
reared,
God save the King was all the tune you
heerd:
But it 's enough to turn Wachuset roun'
This stumpin' fellers when you think
they 're down. 181

THE MONIMENT

But, neighbor, ef they prove their claim
at law,
The best way is to settle, an' not jaw.
An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awfle
bricks
We 'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a fix:
That 'ere 's most frequently the kin' o'
talk
Of critters can't be kicked to toe the
chalk;
Your "You 'll see *nex* time!" an' "Look
out bumby!"
'Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-pie.
'T wun't pay to scringe to England: will
it pay 190
To fear thet meaner bully, old "They 'll
say" ?
Suppose they *du* say: words are drefle
bores,
But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy-
fours.
Wut England wants is jest a wedge to fit

Where it 'll help to widen out our split:
 She 's found her wedge, an' 't ain't for
 us to come
 An' lend the beetle that 's to drive it
 home.
 For growed-up folks like us 't would be
 a scandle,
 When we git sarsed, to fly right off the
 handle.
 England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us
 blind: ²⁰⁰
 Ef she can't change her skin, she can
 her mind;
 An' we shall see her change it double-
 quick,
 Soon ez we 've proved thet we 're a-goin'
 to lick.
 She an' Columby 's gut to be fas' friends:
 For the world prospers by their privit
 ends:
 'T would put the clock back all o' fifty
 years
 Ef they should fall together by the ears.

THE BRIDGE

I 'gree to thet; she 's nigh us to wut
 France is;
 But then she 'll hev to make the fust ad-
 vances;
 We 've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by good
 rights, ²¹⁰
 An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up the mites
 O' condescension she 'll be lettin' fall
 When she finds out we ain't dead arter
 all!
 I tell ye wut, it takes more 'n one good
 week
 Afore *my* nose forgits it 's hed a tweak.

THE MONIMENT

She 'll come out right bumby, thet I 'll
 engage,
 Soon ez she gits to seein' we 're of age;
 This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth a
 fuss;
 It 's nat'ral ez nut likin' 't is to us;
 Ef we 're agoin' to prove we *be* growed-
 up, ²²⁰
 'T wun't be by barkin' like a tarrier pup,
 But turnin' to an' makin' things ez good
 Ez wut we 're ollers braggin' that we
 could;
 We 're boun' to be good friends, an' so
 we 'd oughto,
 In spite of all the fools both sides the
 water.

THE BRIDGE

I b'lieve thet 's so; but harken in your
 ear,—
 I 'm older 'n you,—Peace wun't keep
 house with Fear:
 Ef you want peace, the thing you 've gut
 tu du
 Is jest to show you 're up to fightin', tu.
 I recollect how sailors' rights was won,
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin'
 gun: ²³¹
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea;
 You 'd thought he held by Gran'ther
 Adam's will,
 An' ef you knuckle down, *he* 'll think so
 still.
 Better thet all our ships an' all their crews
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless
 ooze,
 Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it
 went,
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's moni-
 ment,
 Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
 crave: ²⁴⁰
 Give *me* the peace of dead men or of
 brave!

THE MONIMENT

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth:
 You 'd oughto larned 'fore this wut talk
 wuz worth.
 It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o' jint;
 It 's England thet gives up her dearest
 pint.
 We 've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we 're
 thru.
 I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter's
 shame,
 When every flag-staff flapped its tethered
 flame,
 An' all the people, startled from their
 doubt, ²⁵⁰
 Come must'rin' to the flag with sech a
 shout,—
 I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall,
 The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis hanged,
 an' all;
 Then come Bull Run, an' *sence* then I 've
 ben waitin'
 Like boys in Jennoary thaw for skatin',
 Nothin' fo du but watch my shadder's
 trace
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my
 base,

With daylight's flood an' ebb: it 's gittin'
slow,
An' I 'most think we 'd better let 'em go.
I tell ye wut, this war 's a-goin' to cost—

THE BRIDGE

An' I tell you it wun't be money lost; ²⁶¹
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbor, you 'll
allow
Thet havin' things onsettled kills the cow:
We 've gut to fix this thing for good an'
all;
It 's no use buildin' wut 's a-goin' to fall.
I 'm older 'n you, an' I 've seen things an'
men,
An' my experunce,—tell ye wut it 's ben:
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones
thet thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long 's ye live;
You can't git red on 't; jest ez sure ez
sin, ²⁷⁰
It 's ollers askin' to be done agin:
Ef we should part, it would n't be a week
'Fore your soft-soddered peace would
spring aleak.
We 've turned our cuffs up, but, to put
her thru,
We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu;
'T wun't du to think thet killin' ain't per-
lite,—
You 've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight;
Why, two thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould cut
dirt,
Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment
meant to hurt;
An' I *du* wish our Gin'ral's hed in mind
The folks in front more than the folks
behind; ²⁸¹
You wun't do much ontill you think it 's
God,
An' not constitoounts, thet holds the rod;
We want some more o' Gideon's sword,
I jedge,
For proclamations ha'n't no gret of edge;
There 's nothin' for a cancer but the
knife,
Onless you set by 't more than by your
life.
I 've seen hard times; I see a war begun
Thet folks thet love their bellies never 'd
won;
Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven long
year; ²⁹⁰
But when 't was done, we did n't count it
dear;
Why, law an' order, honor, civil right,
Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut is wuth a fight?

I 'm older 'n you: the plough, the axe, the
mill,
All kin's o' labor an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 't warn't for thet slow critter, 'stab-
lished law;
Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,
A screw 's gut loose in everythin' there is:
Good buttresses once settled, don't you
fret ³⁰⁰
An' stir 'em; take a bridge's word for
thet!
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good
thet 's new;
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sun-
thin', tu.

THE MONIMENT

Amen to thet! build sure in the beginnin':
An' then don't never tech the underpin-
nin':
Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't
suits;
New ones hunt folks's corns out like new
boots:
Change jes' for change, is like them big
hotels
Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on
smells.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, don't give up afore the ship goes
down: ³¹⁰
It 's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't
drown;
An' God wun't leave us yit to sink or
swim,
Ef we don't fail to du wut 's right by
Him.
This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be
A better country than man ever see.
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an' pro-
phesy!"
O strange New World, thet yit wast never
young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need
was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose
baby-bed ³²⁰
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's crack-
lin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an'
wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in
their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel
strain

With each hard hand a vassal ocean's
 mane,
 Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret
 events
 To pitch new States ez Old-World men
 pitch tents,
 Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's
 plan
 Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
 An' whose free latch-string never was
 drawn in 330
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
 The grave 's not dug where traitor hands
 shall lay
 In fearful haste thy murdered corse
 away!
 I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
 So thet I lost old Concord's last remark:
 I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
 Was dead leaves gossipin' on some birch-
 trees near;
 But ez they hed n't no gret things to say,
 An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
 An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the
 time, 340
 I put some thoughts thet bothered me in
 rhyme;
 I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,
 But here they be—it 's

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right, John,
 When both my hands was full,
 To stump me to a fight, John,—
 Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We know it now," sez he,
 "The lion's paw is all the law, 350
 Accordin' to J. B.,
 Thet 's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we 're hot, John?
 Your mark wuz on the guns,
 The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
 Our brothers an' our sons:
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 There 's human blood," sez he,
 "By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
 Though 't may surprise J. B. 360
 More 'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
 On *your* front-parlor stairs,
 Would it jest meet your views, John,
 To wait an' sue their heirs?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 I on'y guess," sez he,
 "Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
 'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!" 370

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
 "J. B." was on his shirts, John,
 Unless my memory fails.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 (I 'm good at thet)," sez he
 "Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
 For ganders with J. B.,
 No more 'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
 You did n't stop for fuss,— 380
 Brittany's trident prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic 's good," sez he,
 "It does n't foller thet he can swaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
 Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:
 You mus' n' take it hard, 390
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It 's jest your own back-yard.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Ef *thet* 's his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,
 Of honor when it meant
 You did n't care a fig, John, 400
 But jest for *ten per cent*?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 He 's like the rest," sez he
 "When all is done, it 's number one
 Thet 's nearest to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez t' you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
 Cos Abram thought 't was right;
 It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
 Provokin' us to fight. 410
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We 've a hard row," sez he,
 "To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
 May happen to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
 With twenty million people,
 An' close to every door, John,
 A school-house an' a steeple.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess, 420
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it 's for her sake, now,
They 've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 't warn't for law," sez he, 430
"There 'd be one shindy from here to
Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we 've got a cause, John,
Thet 's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton: 440
There 's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal 'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*, 450
Why, there 's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It 's you thet 's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forgit; an' some time yit
Thet truth may strike J. B., 460
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!"

December, 1861.

The Atlantic Monthly, Feb., 1862.

No. X

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Dear Sir,—Your letter come to han'
Requestin' me to please be funny;
But I ain't made upon a plan
Thet knows wut 's comin', gall or
honey:
Ther' 's times the world does look so
queer,
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;
An' then agin, for half a year,
No preacher 'thout a call 's more sol-
emn.

You 're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingle-
ish, 10
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I 'd take an' citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I 'm jokin', no, I thankee;
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an' time
Hev took some trouble with my school-
in'; 20
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a
woman;
Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger;
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
While book-froth seems to whet your
hunger;
For puttin' in a downright lick
'twixt Humbug's eyes, ther' 's few can
metch it, 30
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet 's all,
For Natur' won't put up with gullin';
Idees you hev to shove an' haul.
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein:
Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth 's a-wheelin' sun-
wards. 40

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin'
 thick
 Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
 An' into ary place 'ould stick
 Without no bother nor objection;
 But sence the war my thoughts hang back
 Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,
 An' sub'stutes,—*they* don't never lack,
 But then they 'll slope afore you 've
 mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;
 I can't see wut there is to hender, 50
 An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
 Like bumblebees agin a winder;
 'fore these times come, in all airth's row,
 Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,
 Where I could hide an' think,—but now
 It 's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where 's Peace? I start, some clear-
 blown night,
 When gaunt stone walls grow numb an'
 number,
 An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
 Walk the col' starlight into summer; 60
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
 Thru the pale pastur's silvers dimmer
 Than the last smile thet strives to tell
 O' love gone heavenward in its shim-
 mer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
 They filled my heart with livin' springs,
 But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
 Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle, 70
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
 To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

Indoors an' out by spells I try;
 Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin'wheel
 goin',
 But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
 Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
 An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
 Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,
 Is wus than ef she took to swearin'. 80

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
 The charm makes blazin' logs so pleas-
 ant,
 But I can't hark to wut they 're say'n',
 With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
 The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
 Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
 Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
 To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-
 scented, 90
 An' hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
 Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles
 blow,
 Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
 An' see a hundred hills like islan's
 Lift their blue woods in broken chain
 Out o' the sea o' snowy silence; 100
 The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
 Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
 Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
 Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
 An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;
 Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
 An' into psalms or satires ran it;
 But he, nor all the rest thet once
 Started my blood to country-dances, 110
 Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce
 Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fan-
 cies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
 Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet
 won't,
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'. 120

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee? 1
 Did n't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu know-
 in'?
 I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps
 climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut 's words to them whose faith an'
 truth
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth 131
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?

¹ Lowell had three nephews who were killed during the war.

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,¹
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'T ain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an make b'lieve fill their places:
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,¹⁴¹
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay
 in,
 An' *that* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scornors:
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Jedgegment where your meanest slave¹⁵⁰
 is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
 For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's daugh-
 ter!
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for¹⁶⁰
 water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"
 An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet
 quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men
 A nation saved, a race delivered!

The Atlantic Monthly, April, 1865.

ON BOARD THE '76

*Written for Mr. Bryant's Seventieth
 Birthday, November 3, 1864.*

Our ship lay tumbling in an angry sea,
 Her rudder gone, her mainmast o'er the
 side;
 Her scuppers, from the waves' clutch
 staggering free,

¹ General Charles Russell Lowell, a nephew,
 at the battle of Cedar Creek, in which he was
 mortally wounded.

Trailed threads of priceless crimson
 through the tide;
 Sails, shrouds, and spars with pirate can-
 non torn,
 We lay, awaiting morn.

Awaiting morn, such morn as mocks de-
 spair;
 And she that bare the promise of the
 world
 Within her sides, now hopeless, helmless,
 bare,
 At random o'er the wildering waters¹⁰
 hurled;
 The reek of battle drifting slow alee
 Not sullener than we.

Morn came at last to peer into our woe,
 When lo, a sail! Now surely help was
 nigh;
 The red cross flames aloft, Christ's
 pledge; but no,
 Her black guns grinning hate, she
 rushes by
 And hails us:—"Gains the leak! Ay, so
 we thought!
 Sink, then, with curses fraught!"

I leaned against my gun still angry-hot,
 And my lids tingled with the tears held
 back:²⁰
 This scorn methought was crueller than
 shot:
 The manly death-grip in the battle-
 wrack,
 Yard-arm to yard-arm, were more friendly
 far
 Than such fear-smothered war.

There our foe wallowed, like a wounded
 brute
 The fiercer for his hurt. What now
 were best?
 Once more tug bravely at the peril's root,
 Though death came with it? Or evade
 the test
 If right or wrong in this God's world of
 ours
 Be leagued with mightier powers?³⁰

Some, faintly loyal, felt their pulses lag
 With the slow beat that doubts and
 then despairs;
 Some, caitiff, would have struck the starry
 flag
 That knits us with our past, and makes
 us heirs
 Of deeds high-hearted as were ever done
 'Neath the all-seeing sun.

But there was one, the Singer of our crew,
 Upon whose head Age waved his peace-
 ful sign,
 But whose red heart's-blood no surrender
 knew;
 And couchant under brows of massive
 line,
 The eyes, like guns beneath a parapet,
 Watched, charged with lightnings yet.

The voices of the hills did his obey;
 The torrents flashed and tumbled in his
 song;
 He brought our native fields from far
 away,
 Or set us 'mid the innumerable throng
 Of dateless woods, or where we heard the
 calm
 Old homestead's evening psalm.

But now he sang of faith to things unseen,
 Of freedom's birthright given to us in
 trust;
 And words of doughty cheer he spoke be-
 tween,
 That made all earthly fortune seem as
 dust,
 Matched with that duty, old as Time and
 new,
 Of being brave and true.

We, listening, learned what makes the
 might of words,—
 Manhood to back them, constant as a
 star;
 His voice rammed home our cannon,
 edged our swords,
 And sent our boarders shouting; shroud
 and spar
 Heard him and stiffened; the sails heard,
 and wooed
 The winds with loftier mood.

In our dark hours he manned our guns
 again;
 Remanned ourselves from his own man-
 hood's stores;
 Pride, honor, country, throbbed through
 all his strain;
 And shall we praise? God's praise was
 his before;
 And on our futile laurels he looks down,
 Himself our bravest crown.

1864.

The Atlantic Monthly, Jan., 1865.ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD
COMMEMORATION¹

July 21, 1865.

I

Weak-winged is song,
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
 Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
 We seem to do them wrong,
 Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their
 hearse
 Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
 verse,
 Our trivial song to honor those who
 come
 With ears attuned to strenuous trump and
 drum,
 And shaped in squadron-strophes their
 desire,
 Live battle-odes whose lines were steel
 and fire:
 Yet sometimes feathered words are
 strong,
 A gracious memory to buoy up and save
 From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the com-
 mon grave
 Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes
 back
 Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
 stood
 The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
 And offered their fresh lives to make it
 good:
 No lore of Greece or Rome,
 No science peddling with the names of
 things,
 Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
 Can lift our life with wings
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
 many waits,
 And lengthen out our dates
 With that clear fame whose memory sings
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves them
 and dilates:
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
 Not such the trumpet-call
 Of thy diviner mood,
 That could thy sons entice
 From happy homes and toils, the fruitful
 nest
 Of those half-virtues which the world
 calls best,

¹ Written for a memorial exercise July 21, 1865, in commemoration of the ninety-three Harvard men who had been killed in the Civil War.

Into War's tumult rude;
 But rather far that stern device
 The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
 stood
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth liv-
 ing,
 Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal
 food,
 One heavenly thing whereof earth hath
 the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best
 oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left be-
 hind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for
 her;
 But these, our brothers, fought for
 her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,⁵⁰
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness:
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves
 are true,
 And what they dare to dream of, dare to
 do;
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness
 round her.
 Where faith made whole with deed⁶⁰
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them
 in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
 glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the
 last?
 Is earth too poor to give us⁷⁰
 Something to live for here that shall
 outlive us?

Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with For-
 tune's fickle moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true;
 With our laborious hiving
 What men call treasure, and the gods call
 dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,⁸⁰
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with
 loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
 wires,
 After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and de-
 sires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal
 fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the
 grave.
 But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape our
 fate.⁹⁰
 Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of
 heaven;
 A seed of sunshine that can leaven
 Our earthly dullness with the beams of
 stars,
 And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder than¹⁰⁰
 the Day;
 A conscience more divine than we,
 A gladness fed with secret tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense
 Of some more noble permanence;
 A light across the sea,
 Which haunts the soul and will not let
 it be,
 Still beaconing from the heights of unde-
 generate years.

V

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery meads,
 To reap an aftermath¹¹¹
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,

Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to
bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
sword 120

Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the
thought,

Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue
and pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was
fraught,

And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock
of men:

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed 130
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my
praise,

And not myself was loved? Prove now
thy truth;

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty
phrase,

The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed,
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate; 140

But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's
solid earth,

Not forced to frame excuses for his
birth,

Fed from within with all the strength he
needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief, 150
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I
turn

To speak what in my heart will beat and
burn,

And hang my wreath on his world-hon-
ored urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote: 160

For him her Old-World moulds aside she
threw,

And choosing sweet clay from the
breast

Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,
and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind in-
deed,

Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;

One whose meek flock the people joyed to
be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth, 170
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is
dust;

They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering
skill,

And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of
mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors
blind; 180

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-
lined,

Fruitful and friendly for all human
kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of
loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder
race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with
us face to face. 190

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must
be

In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot
wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide. 200
 Great captains, with their guns and
 drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a
 tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame.
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing
 man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
 blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can dis-
 cern
 Or only guess some more inspiring
 goal 210
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
 Along whose course the flying axles
 burn
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's man-
 lier brood;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexorable
 mind;
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal
 mood
 That thanks the Fates for their severer
 tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap, 220
 While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon
 it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's
 love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
 A virtue round whose forehead we in-
 wreath
 Laurels that with a living passion
 breathe
 When other crowns grow, while we twine
 them, sear.
 What brings us thronging these high
 rites to pay,
 And seal these hours the noblest of our
 year, 230
 Save that our brothers found this better
 way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and
 milk;
 But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as
 silk.
 We welcome back our bravest and our
 best;—
 Ah me! not all! some come not with
 the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as any
 here!
 I strive to mix some gladness with my
 strain,
 But the sad strings complain, 240
 And will not please the ear:
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
 turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to
 gain:
 Fittier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving;
 I with uncovered head 250
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not.—Say not
 so!
 'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the
 way;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the
 grave;
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed be-
 hind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
 For never shall their aureoled presence
 lack: 260
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler
 show;
 We find in our dull road their shining
 track;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted
 ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays 270
 Of morn on their white Shields of Ex-
 pectation!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from the
grave?
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
wrong
Save a few clarion names, or golden
threads of song?

Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoiced now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of
kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago, ²⁸¹
To darkness driven by that imperious
gust
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth
blow:
O visionary world, condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only
Change,
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
still shift and range!
Shall we to more continuance make pre-
tence?
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is
Wit;

And, bit by bit,
The cunning years steal all from us but
woe; ²⁹⁰
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark be-
low,
Save to make green their little length
of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as
gods?

Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless: but the Soul
resents

Such short-lived service, as if blind
events

Ruled without her, or earth could so
endure; ³⁰⁰

She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
Whate'er she touches doth her nature
share;

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the
wind,

And her clear trump sings succor every-
where
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;

For soul inherits all that soul could
dare: ³⁰⁹

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden
tears,
Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
years;
But that high privilege that makes all
men peers,
That leap of heart whereby a people rise
Up to a noble anger's height,
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,
but grow more bright,
That swift validity in noble veins, ³²⁰
Of choosing danger and disdaining
shame,
Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact
base
But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
These hold great futures in their lusty
reins
And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace ³³⁰
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron
in 't,
To edge resolve with, pouring without
stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
crawl ³⁴⁰
Down from some victor in a border-
brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall be-
queath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation
sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain
regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture rude 350
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice renewed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs
 dead,
 The strain should close that consecrates
 our brave.
 Lift the heart and lift the head!
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation: 360
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an hour
 Beats no march of conscious power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!
 'T is no Man we celebrate,
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all, 370
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them,
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-
 hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is
 her dower!
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his people? 380
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and
 waves!
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking
 steeple!
 Banners, advance with triumph, bend your
 staves!
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon
 speak,
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface
 he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air
 breathe braver: 390
 "Be proud! for she is saved, and all have
 helped to save her!
 She that lifts up the manhood of the
 poor,
 She of the open soul and open door,

With room about her hearth for all
 mankind!
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
 more;
 From her bold front the helm she
 doth unbind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies back
 to spin,
 And bids her navies, that so lately
 hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their
 thunders in,
 Swimming like birds of calm along
 the unharmed shore. 400
 No challenge sends she to the elder
 world,
 That looked askance and hated; a
 light scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
 mighty knees
 She calls her children back, and waits
 the morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her
 subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast
 found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
 His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought
 thy peace!
 Bow down in prayer and praise! 410
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
 chised brow.
 O Beautiful! my country! ours once
 more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled
 hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other
 wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know
 it,
 Among the Nations bright beyond com-
 pare? 421
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!
 1865. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Sept., 1865.

POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR

(1861-1865)

(Under this heading are included representative verse which would not otherwise have appeared in this volume. A full list of the poems of the War printed in the index, includes also contributions on this fruitful theme from Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Timrod, Hayne, Longfellow, Holmes, Lanier, and Whitman.)

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY¹

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a
steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all
stalwart men of might.

There he spoke aloud for freedom, and
the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in
his absence, in the night;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find
his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly
fought for freedom;

Smote from border unto border the
fierce, invading band;

And he and his brave boys vowed—so
might Heaven help and speed 'em!—

They would save those grand old
prairies from the curse that blights
the land; 11

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and
he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they
labored day and even,

Saving Kansas from its peril; and their
very lives seemed charmed,

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the
blessed light of Heaven,—

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as
he journeyed all unarmed;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown, 20
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and
frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not
amid the heat of battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—
and they loaded him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even
as they goad their cattle,

Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and
at last blew out his brains;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, call-
ing Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name
of the Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that
had scathed and torn him so; 30

He would seize it by the vitals; he would
crush it day and night; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, so re-
turn it blow for blow,

That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in back-
woods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and
his wild blue eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-
nose, snuffing battle from afar;

And he and the two boys left, though the
Kansas strife waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the
bloody Border War,

And Old Brown, 40
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his
fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their
bitter woes behind him,

Slipt off into Virginia, where the states-
men all are born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no
one knew where to find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was
jacketed and shorn;

¹ Printed without signature, under the title "John Brown's Invasion." Emerson, who is said to have often enjoyed reading this aloud to his family, included it in his volume of selections, "Parnassus."

For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to
wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows
spades and shovels, and such trifles;
But quietly to his rancho there came by
every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his
well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen joined
their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys, we've got an army large enough to
march and take the town!"

"Take the town, and seize the muskets,
free the negroes and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State, ay,
and all the potent South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if
their victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor
would heed the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my
name is not John Brown."

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the
evening of a Sunday:

"This good work," declared the cap-
tain, "shall be on a holy night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and before
the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens,
fifteen privates black and white,

Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and
knocked the sentry down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and
the muskets and the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the
colonels, one by one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Vir-
ginia they ran on

And before the noon of Monday, I
say, the deed was done.

Mad old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
And the bold two thousand citizens ran
off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and
expressing here and thither;

And Martinsburg Sharpshooters and
the Charlestown Volunteers,
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester
Militia hastened whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten
thousand grenadiers.

General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!!
Behind whose rampant banner all the
North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners es-
caped from Old Brown's durance.

And the effervescent valor of the Chiv-
alry broke out,

When they learned that nineteen madmen
had the marvellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place
and drive them straight about;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, en-
camped around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have
mentioned, was too risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond for
the Government Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons,
fired their souls with Bourbon whis-
key,

Till they battered down Brown's castle
with their ladders and machines;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut
on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather
to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game,
shooting lustily away;

And whenever they slew a rebel, those
who came too late for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their
bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and
between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels;
how they hastened on the trail;

How Old Brown was placed, half dy-
ing, on the Charlestown court-house
floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the
scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them,
—these are known the country o'er.

"Hang Old Brown, 110
Osawatomie Brown,"
Said the judge, "and all such rebels!"
with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell
you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's off-
spring, was first poured by Southern
hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-
veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing
through your slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when
you've nailed his coffin down!

The New York Tribune, Nov. 12, 1859.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND

*Suggested by the President's Call for
Volunteers.*

THEODORE TILTON

I

Toll! Roland, toll!
—High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke,
—What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet— 10
All flying to the city's wall?

It was the call
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago! 20

II

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!

—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast, 30
And let him stand confess'd!

III

Toll! Roland, toll!
—Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour,—
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder
Zee;

But here—this side the sea!
And here in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!

For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates, 40
But Treason stalks abroad—inside!—at
noon!

Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Reecho it from East to West,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!

—What tears can widows weep 50
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Till cottager from cottage-wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son,
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire! 60
Toll! Roland, toll!

Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV

Toll! Roland, toll!
—St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour,—
And by its side stands Freedom yet in
Ghent;

For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the King!"
Until the air is rent!

—Amen!—So let it be; 70
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!

No longer they, but we,
 Have now such need of thee!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 And let thy iron throat
 Ring out its warning note,
 Till Freedom's perils be out braved, 80
 And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
 Shall overshadow none enslaved!
 Toll! till from either ocean's strand,
 Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
 And shout, "God save our native land!"
 —And love the land which God hath
 saved!
 Toll! Roland, toll!

Independent, April 18, 1861.

THE PICKET-GUARD

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and
 then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream-
 ing; 10
 Their tents in the rays of the clear
 autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fire, are
 gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is
 creeping,
 While the stars up above, with their glit-
 tering eyes,
 Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
 tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the
 fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-
 bed
 Far away in the cot on the mountain. 20
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and
 grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children
 asleep—
 For their mother—may Heaven defend
 her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly
 as then
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low-mur-
 mured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his
 eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling. 30
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.
 He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-
 tree;
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad
 belt of light,
 Towards the shade of the forest so
 dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled
 the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flash-
 ing?
 It looked like a rifle. . . . "Ha! Mary,
 goodbye!"
 The red life-blood is ebbing and plash-
 ing. 40

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of
 the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever!
 November, 1861.

FAREWELL TO BROTHER JONATHAN¹

By CAROLINE

Farewell! we must part; we have turned
 from the land
 Of our cold-hearted brother, with tyran-
 nous hand,
 Who assumed all our rights as a favor
 to grant,
 And whose smile ever covered the sting
 of a taunt;
 Who breathed on the fame he was bound
 to defend,—
 Still the craftiest foe, 'neath the guise of
 a friend;
 Who believed that our bosoms would
 bleed at a touch.
 Yet could never believe he could goad
 them too much;

¹ See "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," by Holmes, page 440.

Whose conscience affects to be seared
with our sin,
Yet is plastic to take all its benefits in; ¹⁰
The mote in our eye so enormous has
grown,
That he never perceived there's a beam
in his own.

O Jonathan, Jonathan! vassal of pelf,
Self-righteous, self-glorious, yes, every
inch self,
Your loyalty now is all bluster and boast,
But was dumb when the foemen invaded
our coast.

In vain did your country appeal to you
then,
You coldly refused her your money and
men;
Your trade interrupted, you slunk from
her wars,
And preferred British gold to the Stripes
and the Stars! ²⁰

Then our generous blood was as water
poured forth,
And the sons of the South were the
shields of the North;
Nor our patriot ardor one moment gave
o'er,
Till the foe you had fed we had driven
from the shore!

Long years we have suffered opprobrium
and wrong,
But we clung to your side with affection
so strong,
That at last, in mere wanton aggression,
you broke
All the ties of our hearts with one mur-
derous stroke.

We are tired of contest for what is our
own,
We are sick of a strife that could never
be done; ³⁰
Thus our love has died out, and its altars
are dark,
Not Prometheus's self could rekindle the
spark.

O Jonathan, Jonathan! deadly the sin,
Of your tigerish thirst for the blood of
your kin;
And shameful the spirit that gloats over
wives
And maidens despoiled of their honor
and lives!

Your palaces rise from the fruits of our
toil,
Your millions are fed from the wealth
of our soil;
The balm of our air brings the health to
your cheek;
And our hearts are aglow with the wel-
come we speak. ⁴⁰

O brother! beware how you seek us again,
Lest you brand on your forehead the sig-
net of Cain;
That blood and that crime on your con-
science must sit;
We may fall—we may perish—but never
submit!

The pathway that leads to the Pharisee's
door
We remember, indeed, but we tread it no
more;
Preferring to turn, with the Publican's
faith,
To the path through the valley and
shadow of death!

1861.

THE HEART OF LOUISIANA

HARRIET STANTON

Oh! let me weep, while o'er our land
Vile discord strides, with sullen brow,
And drags to earth, with ruthless hand,
The flag no tyrant's power could bow!

Trailed in the dust, inglorious laid,
While one by one her stars retire,
And pride and power pursue the raid,
That bids our liberty expire.

Aye, let me weep! for surely Heaven
In anger views the unholy strife; ¹⁰
And angels weep that thus is riven
The tie that give to Freedom life.

I cannot shout—I will not sing
Loud pæans o'er a severed tie;
And draped in woe, in tears I fling
Our State's new flag to greet the sky.

I can but choose, while senseless zeal
And lawless hate is clothed with power,
The bitter cup; but still I feel
The sadness of this parting hour! ²⁰

I know that thousand hearts will bleed
While loud huzzas the welkin rend;
The thoughtless crowd will shout, Secede!
But ah! will this the conflict end?

Oh! let me weep and prostrate lie
Low at the footstool of my God;
I cannot breathe one note of joy,
While yet I feel His chastening rod.

Sure, we have as a nation sinned—
Let every heart its folly own, 30
And sackcloth, as a girdle bind,
And mourn our glorious Union gone!

Sisters, farewell! You know not half
The pain your pride, injustice, give;
You spurn our cause, and lightly laugh,
And hope no more the wrong shall live.

New Orleans Delta, 1861.

MARYLAND

JAMES R. RANDALL

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to wand'ring son's appeal, 10
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust, 20
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey, 30
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And gives a new *Key*¹ to thy song
Maryland! My Maryland! 40

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
"Sic semper" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland! 50

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll, 60
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum, 70
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come!
she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

Pointe Coupee, April 22, 1861.

¹ Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE BATTLE SUMMER

HENRY R. TUCKERMAN

The summer wanes,—her languid sighs
now yield

To autumn's cheering air;
The teeming orchard and the waving field
Fruition's glory wear.

More clear against the flushed horizon
wall,
Stand forth each rock and tree;
More near the cricket's note, the plover's
call,
More crystalline the sea.

The sunshine chastened, like a mother's
gaze,
The meadow's vagrant balm; 10
The purple leaf and amber-tinted maize
Reprove us while they calm;

For on the landscape's brightly pensive
face,
War's angry shadows lie;
His ruddy stains upon the woods we
trace,
And in the crimson sky.

No more we bask in Earth's contented
smile,
But sternly muse apart;
Vainly her charms the patriot's soul be-
guile,
Or woo the orphan's heart. 20

Yon keen-eyed stars with mute reproaches
brand
The lapse from faith and law,—
No more harmonious emblems of a land
Ensphered in love and awe.

As cradled in the noontide's warm em-
brace,
And bathed in dew and rain,
The herbage freshened, and in billowy
grace
Wide surged the ripening grain;

And the wild rose and clover's honeyed
cell
Exhaled their peaceful breath, 30
On the soft air broke Treason's fiendish
yell,—
The harbinger of death!

Nor to the camp alone his summons came,
To blast the glowing day,
But heavenward bore upon the wings of
flame
Our poet's mate away; 1

And set his seal upon the statesman's lips
On which a nation hung; 2
And rapt the noblest life in cold eclipse,
By woman lived or sung. 3 40

How shrinks the heart from Nature's fes-
tal noon,
As shrink the withered leaves,—
In the wan-light of Sorrow's harvest-
moon
To glean her blighted sheaves.

Newport, R. I., Sept., 1861.

DIXIE

ALBERT PIKE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand, 10
And live and die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre! 20
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder! 30

1 Mrs. Longfellow.

2 Cavour.

3 Mrs. Browning.

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated
Till the Lord's work is completed!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
To arms!

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow. ³⁹
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

Advance to the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Natches Courier, April 30, 1861.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE ✓

(Dixie)

Oh! here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honored is now forgotten;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

But here I stand for Dixie dear,
To fight for freedom, without fear;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

For Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live or die for Dixie's land.
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Oh! have you heard the latest news, ¹⁰
Of Lincoln and his kangaroos;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

His minions they would now oppress us,
With war and bloodshed they'd distress
us!
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Abe Lincoln tore through Baltimore,
In a baggage-car, with fastened door;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

And left his wife, alas! alack!
To perish on the railroad track! ²⁰
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Abe Lincoln is the President,
He 'll wish his days in Springfield spent;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

We 'll show him that old Scott 's a fool,
We 'll ne'er submit to Yankee rule!
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

At first our States were only seven,
But now we number stars eleven;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land. ³⁰

Brave old Missouri shall be ours,
Despite old Lincoln's Northern powers!
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

We have no ships, we have no navies,
But mighty faith in great Jeff. Davis;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Due honor, too, we will award
To gallant Bragg and Beauregard.
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Abe's proclamation in a twinkle, ⁴⁰
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Jeff. Davis's answer was short and curt:
"Fort Sumter's taken, and 'nobody's
hurt!"
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

We hear the words of this same ditty,
To the right and left of the Mississippi;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

In the land of flowers, hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to the Rio Grande!
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land. ⁵¹

The ladies cheer with heart and hand,
The men who fight for Dixie's land;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

The "Stars and Bars" are waving o'er us,
And Independence is before us!
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Martinsburg, Va.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

ST. GEORGE TUCKER

Oh, say, can you see through the gloom
and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure
constellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption
its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the
nation.
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace or assurance of
war!
'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall
ever remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!
How peaceful and blest was America's
soil
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan
demon,
Which lurks under virtue and springs
from its coil
To fasten its fangs in the life blood of
freemen.
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can
feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's
heel!
And the Cross of the South shall in tri-
umph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!
'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star
of hope,
Like the sacred *Labarum* that guided the
Roman;
From the shore of the Gulf to the Dela-
ware's slope
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror
of foeman.
Fling its folds to the air, while we loudly
declare
The rights we demand or the deeds that
we dare!
While the Cross of the South shall in tri-
umph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!
And if peace should be hopeless and jus-
tice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its
black pinions,
Then gladly to arms! while we hurl, in
our pride,
Defiance to tyrants and death to their min-
ions.

With our front to the field, swearing
never to yield,
Or return, like the Spartans, in death on
our shield.
And the Cross of the South shall triumph-
antly wave
As the flag of the free, or the pall of the
brave.

1861.

ON TO RICHMOND

After Southey's "March to Moscow"

JOHN R. THOMPSON

Major General Scott
An order had got
To push on the column to Richmond;
For loudly went forth,
From all parts of the North,
The cry that an end of the war must be
made
In time for the regular yearly Fall Trade:
Mr. Greeley spoke freely about the delay,
The Yankees "to hum" were all hot for
the fray;
The chivalrous Grow,
Declared they were slow,—
And therefore the order
To march from the border
And make an excursion to Richmond.

Major General Scott
Most likely was not
Very loth to obey this instruction, I wot;
In his private opinion
The Ancient Dominion
Deserved to be pillaged, her sons to be
shot,
And the reason is easily noted;
Though this part of the earth
Had given him birth,
And medals and swords,
Inscribed in fine words,
It never for Winfield had voted.
Besides, you must know, that our First
of Commanders
Had sworn quite as hard as the Army in
Flanders,
With his finest of armies and proudest of
navies,
To wreak his old grudge against Jefferson
Davis.
Then, "Forward the column," he said to
McDowell;
And the Zouaves with a shout,
Most fiercely cried out,
"To Richmond or h-ll!" (I omit here the
vowel),

And Winfield he ordered his carriage and
four,
A dashing turnout, to be brought to the
door,
For a pleasant excursion to Richmond.

Major General Scott
Had there on the spot
A splendid array 40
To plunder and slay;
In the camp he might boast
Such a numerous host,
As he never had yet
In the battle-field set;
Every class and condition of Northern
society,
Were in for the trip, a most varied va-
riety:
In the camp he might hear every lingo in
vogue,
"The sweet German accent, the rich Irish
brogue."

The buthiful boy 50
From the banks of the Shannon
Was there to employ
His excellent cannon;
And besides the long files of dragoons
and artillery,
The Zouaves and Hussars,
All the children of Mars—
There were barbers and cooks,
And writers of books,—
The *chef de cuisine* with his French bill
of fare,
And the artists to dress the young offi-
cers' hair. 60
And the scribblers were ready at once to
prepare

An eloquent story
Of conquest and glory;
And servants with numberless baskets of
Sillery,
Though Wilson, the Senator, followed the
train,
At a distance quite safe, to "conduct the
champagne":
While the fields were so green, and the
sky was so blue,
There was certainly nothing more pleas-
ant to do,
On this pleasant excursion to Rich-
mond.

In Congress the talk, as I said, was of
action, 70
To crush out *instantan* the traitorous fac-
tion.
In the press, and the mess,
They would hear nothing less

Than to make the advance, spite of rhyme
or of reason,
And at once put an end to the insolent
treason.

There was Greeley,
And Ely,
The bloodthirsty Grow,
And Hickman (the rowdy, not Hickman
the beau),
And that terrible Baker 80
Who would seize on the South every acre.
And Webb, who would drive us all into
the Gulf, or
Some nameless locality smelling of sul-
phur;
And with all this bold crew,
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the
sky was so blue,
But to march on directly to Richmond.

Then the gallant McDowell,
Drove madly the rowel
Of spur that had never been "won" by
him, 90
To the flank of his steed,
To accomplish a deed,
Such as never before had been done by
him;
And the battery called 'Sherman's
Was wheeled into line,
While the beer-drinking Germans
From Neckar and Rhine,
With minie and yager,
Came on with a swagger,
Full of fury and lager, 100
(The day and the pageant were equally
fine.)
Oh! the fields were so green, and the sky
was so blue,
Indeed, 'twas a spectacle pleasant to view,
As the column pushed onward to Rich-
mond.

Ere the march was begun,
In a spirit of fun,
General Scott in a speech
Said the army should teach
The Southrons the lesson the law to obey,
And just before dusk of the third or
fourth day, 110
Should joyfully march into Richmond.

He spoke of their drill,
And their courage and skill,
And declared that the ladies of Richmond
would rave
O'er such matchless perfection, and grace-
fully wave

In rapture their delicate kerchiefs in air
At their morning parades on the Capitol
Square.

But alack! and alas!
Mark what soon came to pass,
When this army, in spite of his flatteries,
Amid war's loudest thunder, ¹²¹
Must stupidly blunder
Upon those accursed "masked batteries."
Then Beauregard came,
Like a tempest of flame,
To consume them in wrath,
In their perilous path;
And Johnson bore down in a whirlwind,
to sweep
Their ranks from the field,
Where their doom had been sealed, ¹³⁰
As the storm rushes over the face of the
deep;
While swift on the centre our President
pressed.
And the foe might descry,
In the glance of his eye,
The light that once blazed upon Diomed's
crest.
McDowell! McDowell! weep, weep for
the day,
When the Southrons you met in their bat-
tle array;
To your confident hosts with its bullets
and steel,
'Twas worse than Culloden to luckless
Lochiel.
Oh! the generals were green, and old
Scott is now blue, ¹⁴⁰
And a terrible business McDowell to you,
Was that pleasant excursion to Rich-
mond.

Richmond Whig, 1861.

A FAREWELL TO POPE

JOHN R. THOMPSON

"Hats off" in the crowd, "Present arms"
in the line!
Let the standards all bow and the sabres
incline—
Roll, drums, the Rogue's March, while
the conqueror goes,
Whose eyes have seen only "the backs
of his foes"—
Through a thicket of laurel, a whirlwind
of cheers,
His vanishing form from our gaze dis-
appears;

Henceforth with the savage Dacotahs to
cope,
Abiit evasit, erupit—John Pope.

He came out of the West, like the young
Lochinvar,
Compeller of fate and controller of war,
Videre et vincere, simply to see, ¹¹
And straightway to conquer Hill, Jackson
and Lee;
And old Abe at the White House, like
Kilmansegg *père*,
With a monkeyish grin and beatified air,
"Seemed washing his hands with invis-
ible soap,"
As with eager attention he listened to
Pope.

He *came*—and the poultry was swept by
his sword,
Spoons, liquors, and furniture went by
the board;
He *saw*, at a distance, the rebels appear,
And "rode to the front," which was
strangely to rear: ²⁰
He *conquered*—truth, decency, honor, full
soon,
Pest, pilferer, puppy, pretender, poltroon!
And was fain from the scene of his tri-
umphs to slope,
Sure there never was fortunate hero like
Pope.

He has left us his shining example to
note,
And Stuart has captured his uniform
coat;
But 'tis puzzling enough, as his deeds we
recall,
To tell on whose shoulders his mantle
should fall;
While many may claim to deserve it, at
least,
From Hunter, the Hound, down to But-
ler the Beast, ³⁰
None else, we can say, without risking
the trope,
But himself can be paralleled ever to
Pope.

Like his namesake the poet, of genius and
fire,
He gives new expression and force to *the*
lyre;
But in one little matter they differ, the
two,
And differ, indeed, very widely, 'tis true—

While his verses gave great Alexander
his fame,
'Tis our hero's *re*-verses accomplish the
same;
And fate may decree that the end of a
rope,
Shall award yet his highest position to
Pope. 40

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

JOHN W. PALMER

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew; 10
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of
shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—"
well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Massa's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff! 20
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy
rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn? 30
"Quick step! we're with him before
morn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall
roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
In "Stonewall Jackson's way." 40

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

1863?

ORIGINAL VERSION OF THE JOHN BROWN SONG

ATTRIBUTED TO H. H. BROWNELL, OF
HARTFORD

Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in the
grave—
But John Brown's soul is marching with
the brave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army
of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of
the Lord— 10
He shall stand at Armageddon with his
brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front when the lines of
battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares
of battle form,
With the column, and charge in the storm,
When men are marching on.

Ah, foul tyrants! do you hear him when
he comes?
Ah, black traitors, do ye know him as he
comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the
drums,
As we go marching on. 20

Men may die and moulder in the dust—
Men may die and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the
Just,
When God is marching on.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION

John Brown Song

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

John Brown died on a scaffold for the
slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his hal-
lowed grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave.
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed and his harvesters are
we;
Honor to him who has made the bond-
men free!
Loved evermore shall our noble Ruler
be—
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the
grave!
Bright, o'er the sod, let the starry banner
wave;
Lo! for the millions he perilled all to
save—
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown lives—we are gaining on our
foes—
Right shall be victor whatever may op-
pose—
Fresh, through the darkness, the wind of
morning blows—
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's soul through the world is
marching on;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall
be gone!
All men sing, in the better age's dawn,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown dwells where the battle-
strife is o'er;
Hate cannot harm him nor sorrow stir
him more;
Earth will remember the crown of thorns
he wore—
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the
grave;
John Brown lives in the triumphs of the
brave;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can
crave—
Freedom reigns to-day.
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Freedom reigns to-day!

GLORY HALLELUJAH! OR JOHN BROWN'S BODY

CHARLES SPRAGUE HALL

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in
the grave,
His soul is marching on!

Chorus

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of
the Lord!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon
his back.
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

They'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple
tree,
As they go marching on.

Now for the Union let's give three rous-
ing cheers,
As we go marching on.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

GLORY HALLELUJAH, OR NEW
JOHN BROWN SONG

(ANON)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom
he ventured all to save;
But, tho' he lost his life in struggling for
the slave,
His soul is marching on.

Cho.: Glory, Glory Hallelujah, etc.

John Brown was a Hero, undaunted, true
and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor when he
fought her rights to save;
And now, though the grass grows green
above his grave,
His soul is marching on.

He captured Harper's Ferry, with his
nineteen men so true,¹⁰
And he frightened old Virginy, till she
trembled through and through,
They hung him for a traitor; themselves
a traitor crew:
But his soul is marching on.

John Brown was John the Baptist of
Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondman shall the Lib-
erator be;
And soon, throughout the Sunny South,
the slaves shall all be free:
For his soul is marching on.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks
from Heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with his Flag,
red, white, and blue,
And Heaven shall ring with anthems o'er
the deed they mean to do;²⁰
For his soul is marching on.

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike,
while strike you may,
The death-blow of Oppression in a better
time and way;
For, the dawn of Old John Brown has
brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on.

THE SWEET SOUTH

WM. GILMORE SIMMS

O the sweet South! the sunny, sunny
South!

Land of true feeling, land forever
mine!

I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
And my heart swells as with a draught
of wine;

She brings me blessings of maternal love;
I have her smile which hallows all my
toil;

Her voice persuades, her generous smiles
approve,

She sings me from the sky and from
the soil!

O, by her lonely pines that wave and
sigh!

O, by her myriad flowers, that bloom
and fade,¹⁰

By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
And the sweet solace of her forest
shade,

She's mine—she's ever mine—

Nor will I aught resign

Of what she gives me, mortal or divine;
Will sooner part

With life, hope, heart,—

Will die—before I fly!

O, love is hers,—such as ever glows
In souls where leap affection's living
tide;²⁰

She is all fondness to her friends; to
foes

She glows a thing of passion, strength,
and pride;

She feels no tremors when the danger's
high,

But the fight over and the victory won,
How with strange fondness, turns her
loving eye

In tearful welcome on each gallant son!

O! by her virtues of the cherished
past,—

By all her hopes of what the future
brings,—

I glory that my lot with her is cast,
And my soul flushes and exulting
sings;³⁰

She's mine—she's ever mine—

For her will I resign

All precious things—all placed upon her
shrine;

Will freely part

With life, hope, heart—

Will die—do aught but fly!

GOD SAVE THE NATION!

(*A War Hymn*)

THEODORE TILTON

Thou who ordainest, for the land's salva-
tion,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamen-
tation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication—
God save the Nation!

By the great sign, foretold, of Thy Ap-
pearing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand
fearing,
Show us, amid this smoke of battle, clear-
ing,
Thy chariot nearing!

By the brave blood that floweth like a
river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out Thy
quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! Every fet-
ter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to de-
rision!—
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Make the land green with Peace, as in a
vision
Of fields Elysian!

1862.

A BATTLE HYMN

GEORGE H. BOKER

God, to Thee we humbly bow,
With hand unarmed and naked brow;
Musket, lance, and sheathed sword
At Thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host:
Kneeling here, we do our most.

Of ourselves we nothing know:
Thou, and Thou alone canst show,
By the favor of Thy hand,
Who has drawn the guilty brand.
If our foemen have the right,
Show Thy judgment in our sight
Through the fortunes of the fight!

10

If our cause be pure and just,
Nerve our courage with Thy trust:
Scatter, in Thy bitter wrath,
All who cross the nation's path:
May the baffled traitors fly,
As the vapors from the sky
When Thy raging winds are high!

20

God of mercy, some must fall
In Thy holy cause. Not all
Hope to sing the victor's lay,
When the sword is laid away.
Brief will be the prayers then said;
Falling at Thy altars dead,
Take the sacrifice, instead.

Now, O God! once more we rise,
Marching on beneath Thy eyes;
And we draw the sacred sword
In Thy name and at Thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee, through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory.

30

1862.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

(*September 1, 1862*)

GEORGE H. BOKER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low.
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

10

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

20

Leave him to God's watching eye;
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow! 30
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

1862.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more,
 From Mississippi's winding stream and
 from New England's shore;
 We leave our ploughs and workshops, our
 wives and children dear,
 With hearts too full for utterance, with
 but a silent tear;
 We dare not look behind us, but stead-
 fastly before:
 We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet
 the northern sky,
 Long moving lines of rising dust your
 vision may descry;
 And now the wind, an instant, tears the
 cloudy veil aside,
 And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory
 and in pride, 10
 And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and
 bands brave music pour:
 We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the
 growing harvests shine,
 You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast
 forming into line;
 And children from their mother's knees
 are pulling at the weeds,
 And learning how to reap and sow against
 their country's needs;
 And a farewell group stands weeping at
 every cottage door:
 We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming,
 by Richmond's bloody tide
 To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our
 brothers' bones beside, 20

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to
 wrench the murderous blade,
 And in the face of foreign foes its frag-
 ments to parade.
 Six hundred thousand loyal men and true
 have gone before:
 We are coming, Father Abraham, three
 hundred thousand more!

July 2, 1862.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
 coming of the Lord:
 He is trampling out the vintage where
 the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
 his terrible swift sword:
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
 hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the
 evening dews and damps;
 I can read his righteous sentence by the
 dim and flaring lamps.
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burn-
 ished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with
 you my grace shall deal; 10
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
 serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
 shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before
 His judgment-seat:
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
 be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
 born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that trans-
 figures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy, let us die
 to make them free,
 While God is marching on. 20

Atlantic Monthly, February, 1862.

ODE: OUR CITY BY THE SEA

WM. GILMORE SIMMS

I

Our city by the sea,
As the "rebel city" known,
With a soul and spirit free
As the waves that make her zone,
Stands in wait for the fate
From the angry arm of hate;
But she nothing fears the terror of his
blow;
She hath garrisoned her walls,
And for every son that falls
She will spread a thousand palls 10
For the foe!

II

Old Moultrie at her gate
Clad in arms and ancient fame,
Grimly watching stands elate
To deliver bolt and flame!
Brave the band at command,
To illumine sea and land
With a glory that shall honor days of
yore;
And, as racers for their goals,
A thousand fiery souls 20
While the drum of battle rolls,
Line the shore!

III

Lo! rising at his side,
As if emulous to share
His old historic pride
The vast form of Sumter there!
Girt by waves which he braves
Though the equinoctial raves,
As the mountain braves the lightning on
his steep;
And like tigers crouching round, 30
Are the tribute forts that bound
All the consecrated ground
By the Deep!

IV

It was calm, the April noon,
When, in iron-castled towers,
Our haughty foe came on,
With his aggregated powers;
All his might against the right,
Now embattled for the fight,
With Hell's hate and venom working in
his heart; 40

A vast and dread array
Glooming black upon the day,
Hell's passions all in play,
With Hell's art!

V

But they trouble not the souls,
Of our Carolina host,
And the drum of battle rolls,
While each hero seeks his post;
Firm, though few, sworn to do,
Their old city full in view, 50
The brave city of their sires and their
dead;
There each freeman had his brood,
All the dear ones of his blood,
And he knew they watching stood,
In their dread!

VI

To the bare embattled height,
Then our gallant colonel sprung,
"Bid them welcome to the fight,"
Were the accents of his tongue;
"Music, band! Pour out grand— 60
The free song of Dixie Land!
Let it tell them we are joyful that they
come!
Bid them welcome, drum and flute,
Nor be your cannon mute,
Give them chivalrous salute—
To their doom!"

VII

Out spoke an eager gun,
From the walls of Moultrie then;
And through clouds of sulphurous dun,
Rose a shout of thousand men, 70
As the shot hissing hot,
Goes in lightning to the spot—
Goes crashing wild through timber and
through mail;
Then roared the storm from all
Moultrie's ports and Sumter's wall—
Bursting bomb and driving ball—
Hell in hail.

VIII

Full a hundred cannon roared
The dread welcome to the foe, 80
And his felon spirit cowered
As he crouched beneath the blow!
As each side opened wide
To the iron and the tide,
He lost his faith in armor and in art;
And with the loss of faith
Came the dread of wounds and scath—
And the felon fear of death
Wrung his heart!

IX

Quenched then his foul desires;
 In mortal pain and fear, 90
 How feeble grew his fires,
 How stayed his fell career!
 How each keel, made to reel
 'Neath our thunder, seems to kneel
 Their turrets staggering wildly to and
 fro, blind and lame,
 Iron sides and iron roof,
 Held no longer bullet proof,
 Steal away, shrink aloof,
 In their shame!

X

But our lightnings follow fast, 100
 With a vengeance sharp and hot;
 Our bolts are on the blast.
 And they rive with shell and shot!
 Huge the form which they warm
 With the hot breath of the storm;
 Dread the crash which follows as each
 Titan mass is struck;
 They shiver as they fly,
 While their leader drifting nigh,
 Sinks, choking with the cry—
 "Keokuk!" 110

XI

To the brave old city, joy!
 For that the hostile race,
 Commissioned to destroy,
 Hath fled in sore disgrace!
 That our sons, at their guns
 Have beat back the modern Huns—
 Have maintained their household fanes
 and their fires,
 And free from taint and scath,
 Have kept the fame and faith,
 (And will keep through blood and 120
 death)
 Of their sires!

XII

To the Lord of Hosts the glory
 For His the arm and might
 That have writ for us the story
 And have borne us through the fight!
 His our shield in that field—
 Voice that bade us never yield;
 Oh! had He not been with us through
 the terrors of that day!
 His strength has made us strong,
 Cheered the right and crushed the 130
 wrong,
 To His temple let us throng—
 Praise and pray.

1863?

WHO'S READY?

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

God help us! Who's ready? There's
 danger before!
 Who's armed and who's mounted? The
 foe's at the door!
 The smoke of his cannon hangs black
 o'er the plain;
 His shouts ring exultant while counting
 our slain;
 And Northward and Northward he press-
 es his line,—
 Who's ready? O forward!—for yours
 and for mine!

No halting, no discord, the moments are
 Fates;
 To shame or to glory they open the
 gates!
 There's all we hold dearest to lose or to
 win;
 The web of the future to-day we must 10
 spin;
 And bid the hours follow with knell or
 with chime,—
 Who's ready? O forward!—while yet
 there is time!

Lead armies or councils—be soldiers
 afield,—
 Alike, so your valor is Liberty's shield!
 Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes
 call,
 For Country, for Fireside, for Freedom
 to All!
 The blows of the boldest will carry the
 day,—
 Who's ready? O forward!—there's death
 in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying, at home and
 o'er sea,—
 "God keep the great nation united and
 free!" 20
 Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our
 life,
 If once we should falter or faint in the
 strife;
 Our trust is unshaken, though legions
 assail,—
 Who's ready? O forward!—and Right
 shall prevail!

Who's ready? "All ready!" undaunted
 we cry;
 "For Country, for Freedom, we'll fight
 till we die!

No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us
in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us
abreast;
The God of our Fathers is guiding us
still,—
All forward! we're ready, and conquer
we will!" 30

CLARIBEL'S PRAYER

The day, with cold, gray feet, clung shiv-
ering to the hills,
While o'er the valley, still night's rain-
fringed curtains fell;
But waking blue eyes smiled. "'Tis ever
as God will;
He knoweth best, and be it rain or
shine, 'tis well,
Praise God!" cried always little Clari-
bel.

Then sank she on her knees. With eager,
lifted hands,
Her rosy lips made haste some dear
request to tell:
"O Father! smile, and save this fairest of
all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts
rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Clari-
bel. 10

"And, Father," still arose another pleading
prayer,
"Oh! save my brother, in the rain of
shot and shell;
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid
streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love
so well.
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Clari-
bel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glori-
ous fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of
Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath
the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so
well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Clari-
bel. 20

When gray and dreary day shook hands
with gray night,
The heavy air was filled with clangor
of a bell.
"Oh, shout!" the herald cried, his worn
eyes brimmed with light:
"'Tis victory! Oh! what glorious news
to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer,"
cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother
in the fight,
And in the fiery rain? Oh! fought he
brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was
no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid
shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little
Claribel. 30

"And rides he now with victor's plumes
of red,
While trumpers' golden throats his
coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear: "Dear child,"
he softly said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquer-
ors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer,"
cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns and bear-
ing palms," he said;
And snow of sudden fear upon the
rose-lips fell,
"Oh! sweetest herald, say my brother
lives!" she pled.
"Dear child, he walks with angels who
in strength excel.
Praise God, Who gave this glory, Clari-
bel." 40

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the
weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night-
wind rose and fell.
"Oh, child," the herald wept, "'tis as the
dear Lord will.
He knoweth best; and be it life or
death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God," sobbed little
Claribel.

LITTLE GIFFEN

F. O. TICKNOR

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen:)
 Spectre, such as you seldom see—
 Little Giffen of Tennessee!

"Take him—and welcome!" the surgeons
 said;
 "Much your Doctor can help the dead!"
 And so we *took* him and brought him
 where
 The balm was sweet on the summer air;
 And we laid him down on the wholesome
 bed
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary War with the bated breath,
 Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
 Months of torture, how many such!
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
 Still a glint in the steel blue eye
 Spoke of the spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't! nay, more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton *learned to write!* ²⁰
 "Dear mother" at first, of course; and
 then,
 "Dear Captain"—inquiring about the
 "men."
 Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five,
 Giffen and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front, they
 say!"
 Little Giffen was up and away.
 A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
 "*I'll write, if spared;*" there was news of
 a fight,
 But none of Giffen! he did not write! ³⁰

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
 And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
 All so thoughtless of power and pelf,
 And each so loyal to all but self,
 I'd give the *best* on his bended knee,
 Yea, barter the whole for the Loyalty
 Of little Giffen of Tennessee!

1863?

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

October 19, 1864

T. B. READ

Up from the South, at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's
 door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and
 roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled ¹⁰
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery
 fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good, broad highway leading down:
 And there, through the flush of the morn-
 ing light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
 As if he knew the terrible need, ²⁰
 He stretched away with his utmost speed.
 Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs,
 thundering south
 The dust like smoke from the cannon's
 mouth,
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster
 and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of dis-
 aster.
 The heart of the steed and the heart of
 the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting
 their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field
 calls; ³⁰
 Every nerve of the charger was strained
 to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;

And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring
fray,⁴⁰
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the
groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance
told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible
oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm
of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its
course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red-nos-
tril's play,⁵⁰
He seemed to the whole great army to
say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the
day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day"⁶¹
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

1864?65?

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

HENRY CLAY WORK

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing
another song—
Sing it with the spirit that will start the
world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thou-
sand strong,
While we are marching through Geor-
gia.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the
jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that
makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta
to the sea,
While we were marching through
Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard
the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our com-
missary found!¹⁰
How the sweet potatoes even started from
the ground,
While we were marching through Geor-
gia.

Yes, and there was Union men who wept
with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had
not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from
breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Geor-
gia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will
never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said—and 'twas a
handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on
a host,
While we were marching through Geor-
gia.²⁰

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom
and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to
the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was
in vain,
While we were marching through Geor-
gia.

1864?

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCH-
ING HOME

PATRICK S. GILMORE

When Johnny comes marching home
again,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! hurrah! 10
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! hurrah! 20
The laurel-wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart; 30
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

1865.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong, 10
Guarding the right, and avenging the
wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led, they would
dare
To follow or to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free, 20
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause, a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee! 30

Forth from its scabbard! all in vain!
Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Richmond Enquirer, 1865?

IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING

"Much Yet Remains Unsung."

DAN R. LUCAS.

Fair were our visions! Oh, they were as
grand
As ever floated out of Faerie land;—
Children were we in single faith,
'But God-like children, whom nor death,
Nor threat, nor danger drove from
Honor's path,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men as pride of birth
could render,
As violets, our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke their voice did
thrill,
Until at eve, the whip-poor-will, 10
At morn the mocking-birds were mute and
still,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of
glory,
Than ever taxed tradition's ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles, for which had bled
And suffered long, our own immortal
dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond
and free,
Both were content; and so God let them
be;— 20
'Till envy coveted our land.
And those fair fields our valor won:
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dream
grew wild,
Red meteors flashed across our Heaven's
field;

Crimson the moon; between the Twins,
Barbed arrows fly, and then begins
Such strife as when disorder's Chaos
reigns,

In the land where we were dreaming.
30

Down from her sun-lit heights smiled
Liberty,

And waved her cap in sign of Victory—
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The good, the brave, the just gave us
their prayer,

In the land where we were dreaming.

We fancied that a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's
great powers;

We talked in sleep of Rank, Commis-
sion,

Until so life-like grew our vision, 40
That we who dared to doubt, but met
derision,

In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked on high: a banner there was
seen,

Whose field was blanced and spotless
in its sheen—

Chivalry's cross its Union bears,

And vet'rans swearing by the stars
Vowed they would bear it through a
hundred wars,

In the land where we were dreaming.

A hero came amongst us while we slept,
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and
wept; 50

Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars;
Then bowed farewell, and walked beyond
the stars—

In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked again; another figure still,
Gave hope, and nerved each individual
will—

Full of grandeur, clothed with power,
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour
With stern, majestic sway, of strength, a
tower,

In the land where we were dreaming.
As, while great Jove, in bronze, a warder
God, 61

Gazed eastward from the Forum where
he stood,

Rome felt herself secure and free,
So "Richmond's safe," we said, while
we

Beheld a bronzed Hero—God-like LEE,
In the land where we were dreaming.

As wakes the soldier when the alarum
calls—

As wakes the mother when her infant
falls—

As starts the traveller when around 69
His sleeping couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Woe! woe is me! the startled mother
cried—

While we have slept, our noble sons have
died,

Woe! woe is me! how strange and sad,
That all our glorious vision's fled,
And left us nothing real but the dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And are they really dead, our martyred
slain?

No! dreamers! morn shall bid them rise
again, 80

From every vale—from every height,
On which they *seemed* to die for right—
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Wake! dreamers, wake! none but the
sleeping fail;

Our cause being just, must in the end
prevail;

Once, this Thyestean banquet o'er
Frown strong, the few who bide the
hour,

Shall rise and hurl the drunken guests
from power, 89

In the land where we were dreaming.

New York News (?), —, 1865?

THE CLOSING SCENE

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of
ease

When all the fields are lying brown and
bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
 O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 Of the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed further and the stream sang low¹⁰
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
 And, like a star slowly drowning in the light,
 The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.²⁰

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
 Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
 Silent, till some replying warbler blew
 His altern horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the tall elm's crest,
 Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
 And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
 By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,²⁹
 The busy swallows circling ever near—
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest, and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that watched the vernal feast,
 Shook the sweet slumber from his wings at morn;
 To warn the reaper of the rosy east:
 All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail;
 And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom
 Alone, the pheasant drumming in the vale,
 Made echo in the distant cottage loom.⁴⁰

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
 The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night,
 The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
 Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary aid,
 And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
 Firing the floor with its inverted torch—

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
 The white haired matron, with monotonous tread,⁵⁰
 Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
 Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow—He had walked with her.
 Oft supped, and broke the ashen crust,
 And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
 Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
 Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
 And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
 Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.⁶⁰

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew
 And struck for liberty the dying blow;
 Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
 Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,
 Like a low murmur of a hive at noon;
 Long, but not loud—the memory of the gone
 Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head
 was bowed;
 Life dropped the distaff through her
 hands serene, 70
 And loving neighbors smoothed her care-
 ful shroud;
 While death and winter closed the
 autumn scene.

1865.

AFTER ALL

WILLIAM WINTER

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
 Sits pale in his easy-chair,
 While the gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
 A fair young head is pressed,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

10

And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come
 Of the flying blast of trumpet,
 And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper:
 "The end no man can see;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee." 20

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still;
 There's a nameless grave in the battle-
 field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits alone,
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

30

1865.

HENRY TIMROD

(1828-1867)

(The text is taken from the edition of 1873, edited by Paul Hamilton Hayne.)

SONNET

At last, beloved Nature! I have met
Thee face to face upon thy breezy hills,
And boldly, where thy inmost bowers are
set,
Gazed on thee naked in thy mountain rills.
When first I felt thy breath upon my
brow,
Tears of strange ecstasy gushed out like
rain,
And with a longing, passionate as vain,
I strove to clasp thee. But, I know not
how,
Always before me didst thou seem to
glide;
And often from one sunny mountain-
side,
Upon the next bright peak I saw thee
kneel,
And heard thy voice upon the billowy
blast;
But, climbing, only reached that shrine
to feel
The shadow of a Presence which had
passed.

Russell's Magazine, Feb., 1859.

FROM A VISION OF POESY¹

XXXII

"Sometimes—could it be fancy?—I have
felt
The presence of a spirit who might
speak;
As down in lowly reverence I knelt,
Its very breath hath kissed my burn-
ing cheek;
But I in vain have hushed my own to hear
A wing or whisper stir the silent air!"

¹ The most elaborate performance in the edition of 1860, indeed the longest poem Timrod ever wrote, is called "A Vision of Poesy." Its purpose is to show, in the subtle development of a highly gifted imaginative nature, the true laws which underlie and determine the noblest uses of the poetical faculty. (P. H. Hayne's Introduction to the edition of 1873.)

XXXIII

Is not the breeze articulate? Hark! Oh,
hark!
A distant murmur, like a voice of floods;
And onward sweeping slowly through the
dark,
Bursts like a call the night-wind from
the woods!
Low bow the flowers, the trees fling loose
their dreams,
And through the waving roof a fresher
moonlight streams.

XXXIV

"Mortal!"—the word crept slowly round
the place
As if that wind had breathed it! From
no star
Streams that soft lustre on the dreamer's
face.
Again a hushing calm! while faint and
far
The breeze goes calling onward through
the night.
Dear God! what vision chains that wide-
strained sight?

XXXV

Over the grass and flowers, and up the
slope
Glides a white cloud of mist, self-moved
and slow,
That, pausing at the hillock's moonlit cope,
Swayed like a flame of silver; from be-
low
The breathless youth with beating heart
beholds
A mystic motion in its argent folds.

XXXVI

Yet his young soul is bold, and hope
grows warm,
As flashing through that cloud of
shadowy crape,
With sweep of robes, and then a gleam-
ing arm,
Slowly developing, at last took shape
A face and form unutterably bright,
That cast a golden glamour on the night.

XXXVII

But for the glory round it it would seem
 Almost a mortal maiden; and the boy,
 Unto whom love was yet an innocent
 dream,
 Shivered and crimsoned with an un-
 known joy;
 As to the young Spring bounds the pas-
 sionate South,
 He could have clasped and kissed her
 mouth to mouth.

XXXVIII

Yet something checked, that was and was
 not dread,
 Till in a low sweet voice the maiden
 spake;
 She was the Fairy of his dreams, she said,
 And loved him simply for his human
 sake;
 And that in heaven, wherefrom she took
 her birth,
 They called her Poesy, the angel of the
 earth.

XXXIX

"And ever since that immemorial hour,
 When the glad morning-stars together
 sung,
 My task has been, beneath a mightier
 Power,
 To keep the world forever fresh and
 young;
 I give it not its fruitage and its green,
 But clothe it with a glory all unseen.

XL

"I sow the germ which buds in human art,
 And, with my sister, Science, I ex-
 plore
 With light the dark recesses of the heart,
 And nerve the will, and teach the wish
 to soar;
 I touch with grace the body's meanest
 clay,
 While noble souls are nobler for my sway.

XLI

"Before my power the kings of earth have
 bowed;
 I am the voice of Freedom, and the
 sword
 Leaps from its scabbard when I call
 aloud;
 Wherever life in sacrifice is poured, ⁵⁸
 Wherever martyrs die or patriots bleed,
 I weave the chaplet and award the meed.

XLII

"Where Passion stoops, or strays, is cold,
 or dead,
 I lift from error, or to action thrill!
 Or if it rage too madly in its bed,
 The tempest hushes at my 'Peace! be
 still!'
 I know how far its tides should sing or
 swell,
 And they obey my sceptre and my spell.

XLIII

"All lovely things, and gentle—the sweet
 laugh
 Of children, Girlhood's kiss, and
 Friendship's clasp
 The boy that sporteth with the old man's
 staff,
 The baby, and the breast its fingers
 grasp—
 All that exalts the grounds of happiness, ⁷⁰
 All griefs that hallow, and all joys that
 bless,

XLIV

"To me are sacred; at my holy shrine
 Love breathes its latest dreams, its
 earliest hints;
 I turn life's tasteless waters into wine,
 And flush them through and through
 with purple tints.
 Wherever Earth is fair, and Heaven looks
 down,
 I rear my altars, and I wear my crown.

XLV

"I am the unseen spirit thou hast sought,
 I woke those shadowy questionings that
 vex
 Thy young mind, lost in its own cloud
 of thought,
 And rouse the soul they trouble and
 perplex;
 I filled thy days with visions, and thy
 nights
 Blessed with all sweetest sounds and fairy
 sights.

XLVI

"Not here, not in this world, may I dis-
 close
 The mysteries in which this life is
 hearsed;
 Some doubts there be that, with some
 earthly woes,
 By Death alone shall wholly be dis-
 persed;

Yet on those very doubts from this low
sod
Thy soul shall pass beyond the stars to
God. 90

XLVII

"And so to knowledge, climbing grade by
grade,
Thou shalt attain whatever mortals can,
And what thou mayst discover by my aid
Thou shalt translate unto thy brother
man;
And men shall bless the power that flings
a ray
Into their night from thy diviner day.

XLVIII

"For, from thy lofty height, thy words
shall fall
Upon their spirits like bright cataracts
That front a sunrise; thou shalt hear
them call 99
Amid their endless waste of arid facts
As wearily they plod their way along,
Upon the rhythmic zephyrs of thy song.

XLIX

"All this is in thy reach, but much depends
Upon thyself—thy future I await;
I give the genius, point the proper ends,
But the true bard is his own only Fate;
Into thy soul my soul have I infused;
Take care thy lofty powers be wisely used.

L

"The Poet owes a high and holy debt,
Which, if he feel, he craves not to be
heard 110
For the poor boon of praise, or place, nor
yet
Does the mere joy of song, as with the
bird
Of many voices, prompt the choral lay
That cheers that gentle pilgrim on his way.

LI

"Nor may he always sweep the passion-
ate lyre,
Which is his heart, only for such relief
As an impatient spirit may desire,
Lest, from the grave which hides a
private grief,
The spells of song call up some pallid
wraith
To blast or ban a mortal hope or faith. 120

LII

"Yet over his deep soul, with all its crowd
Of varying hopes and fears, he still
must brood;
As from its azure height a tranquil cloud
Watches its own bright changes in the
flood;
Self-reading, not self-loving—they are
twain—
And sounding, while he mourns, the
depths of pain.

LIII

"Thus shall his songs attain the common
breast,
Dyed in his own life's blood, the sign
and seal,
Even as the thorns which are the martyr's
crest,
That do attest his office, and appeal 130
Unto the universal human heart
In sanction of his mission and his art.

LIV

"Much yet remains unsaid—pure must he
be;
Oh, blessed are the pure! for they shall
hear
Where others hear not, see where others
see
With a dazed vision: who have drawn
most near
My shrine, have ever brought a spirit
cased
And mailed in a body clean and chaste.

LV

"The Poet to the whole wide world be-
longs,
Even as the teacher is the child's—I
said 140
No selfish aim should ever mar his songs,
But self wears many guises; men may
wed
Self in another, and the soul may be
Self to its centre, all unconsciously.

LVI

"And therefore must the Poet watch, lest
he,
In the dark struggle of this life, should
take
Stains which he might not notice; he
must flee
Falsehood, however winsome, and for-
sake
All for the Truth, assured that Truth
alone 149
Is Beauty, and can make him all my own.

LVII

"And he must be as armed warrior strong,
 And he must be as gentle as a girl,
 And he must front, and sometimes suffer
 wrong,
 With brow unbent, and lip untaught to
 curl;
 For wrath, and scorn, and pride, however
 just,
 Fill the clear spirit's eyes with earthly
 dust."

Before 1860.

SONNET

Life ever seems as from its present site
 It aimed to lure us. Mountains of the
 past
 It melts, with all their crags and cavern
 vast,
 Into a purple cloud! Across the night
 Which hides what is to be, it shoots a
 light
 All rosy with the yet unriven dawn.
 Not the near daisies, but yon distant
 height
 Attracts us, lying on this emerald lawn.
 And always, be the landscape what it
 may—
 Blue, misty hill or sweep of glimmering
 plain—
 It is the eye's endeavor still to gain
 The fine, faint limit of the bounding day.
 God, haply, in this mystic mode, would
 fain
 Hint of a happier home, far, far away!

Before 1860?

SONNET

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
 That pent my life within a city's bounds,
 And shut me from thy sweetest sights
 and sounds.
 Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone
 cot
 Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the
 mart
 Taught me amid its turmoil; so my youth
 Had missed full many a stern but whole-
 some truth.
 Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,
 Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
 There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
 The beauty of the stars is over all,

And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
 Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's
 smoke
 Looked like a golden mist when morning
 broke.

Before 1860?

SONNET

I know not why, but all this weary day,
 Suggested by no definite grief or pain,
 Sad fancies have been flitting through my
 brain;
 Now it has been a vessel losing way,
 Rounding a stormy headland; now a gray
 Dull waste of clouds above a wintry main;
 And then, a banner, drooping in the rain,
 And meadows beaten into bloody clay.
 Strolling at random with this shadowy
 woe
 At heart, I chanced to wander hither!
 Lo!
 A league of desolate marsh-land, with its
 lush,
 Hot grasses in a noisome, tide-left bed,
 And faint, warm airs, that rustle in the
 hush,
 Like whispers round the body of the dead!

Before 1860?

KATIE

It may be through some foreign grace,
 And unfamiliar charm of face;
 It may be that across the foam
 Which bore her from her childhood's
 home,
 By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
 Along with English creeds and thought—
 Entangled in her golden hair—
 Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
 I cannot tell—but here to-day,
 A thousand billowy leagues away
 From that green isle whose twilight skies
 No darker are than Katie's eyes.
 She seems to me, go where she will,
 An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
 And daisies spring about her feet;
 Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
 An English cowslip lifts its head;
 And, as to do her grace, rise up
 The primrose and the buttercup!
 I roam with her through fields of cane,
 And seem to stroll an English lane,
 Which, white with blossoms of the May,
 Spreads its green carpet in her way!

As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of
wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet, 30
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by:
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious rain,
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice 40
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!

1861?

ETHNOGENESIS

*Written during the meeting of the First
Southern Congress, at Montgomery,
February, 1861.*

I

Hath not the morning dawned with added
light?
And shall not evening call another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night,
To mark this day in Heaven? At last,
we are
A nation among nations; and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled!
Now, come what may, whose favor need
we court?
And, under God, whose thunder need we
fear?
Thank him who placed us here 10
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands
run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the Year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service
wield
Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield.
June flings her azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth 20
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now,
behold,
Its endless sheets unfold

The Snow of Southern Summers! Let
the earth
Rejoice! beneath those fleeces soft and
warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic
storm!

II

And what if, mad with wrongs themselves
have wrought, 30
In their own treachery caught,
By their own fears made bold,
And leagued with him of old,
Who long since in the limits of the North
Set up his evil throne, and warred with
God—
What if, both mad and blinded in their
rage,
Our foes should fling us down their
mortal gage,
And with a hostile step profane our sod!
We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go
forth
To meet them, marshaled by the Lord of
Hosts, 40
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these alone,
But every stock and stone
Shall help us; but the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to
toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us; sea
and strand,
The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every influ-
ence, 50
Gentle, or grave, or grand;
The winds in our defence
Shall seem to blow; to us the hills shall
lend
Their firmness and their calm;
And in our stiffened sinews we shall blend
The strength of pine and palm!

III

Nor would we shun the battle-ground,
Though weak as we are strong;
Call up the clashing elements around,
And test the right and wrong! 60
On one side, creeds that dare to teach
What Christ and Paul refrained to preach;
Codes built upon a broken pledge,
And Charity that whets a poniard's edge;

Fair schemes that leave the neighboring
 poor
 To starve and shiver at the schemer's
 door,
 While in the world's most liberal ranks
 enrolled,
 He turns some vast philanthropy to gold;
 Religion, taking every mortal form
 But that a pure and Christian faith makes
 warm, 70
 Where not to vile fanatic passion urged,
 Or not in vague philosophies submerged,
 Repulsive with all Pharisaic leaven,
 And making laws to stay the laws of
 Heaven!
 And on the other, scorn of sordid gain,
 Unblemished honor, truth without a stain,
 Faith, justice, reverence, charitable wealth,
 And, for the poor and humble, laws which
 give,
 Not the mean right to buy the right to
 live,
 But life, and home, and health! 80
 To doubt the end were want of trust in
 God,
 Who, if he has decreed
 That we must pass a redder sea
 Than that which rang to Miriam's holy
 glee,
 Will surely raise at need
 A Moses with his rod!

IV

But let our fears—if fears we have—be
 still,
 And turn us to the future! Could we
 climb
 Some mighty Alp, and view the coming
 time,
 The rapturous sight would fill 90
 Our eyes with happy tears!
 Not only for the glories which the years
 Shall bring us; not for lands from sea
 to sea,
 And wealth, and power, and peace, though
 these shall be;
 But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
 And the hushed murmurs of a world's
 distress:
 For, to give labor to the poor,
 The whole sad planet o'er,
 And save from want and crime the hum-
 blest door,
 Is one among the many ends for which 100
 God makes us great and rich!
 The hour perchance is not yet wholly ripe
 When all shall own it, but the type

Whereby we shall be known in every land
 Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern
 strand,
 And through the cold, untempered ocean
 pours
 Its genial streams, that far off Arctic
 shores
 May sometimes catch upon the softened
 breeze
 Strange tropic warmth and hints of sum-
 mer seas.

February, 1861.

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the
 air
 Which dwells with all things fair,
 Spring, with her golden suns and silver
 rain,
 Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
 Its fragrant lamps, and turns
 Into a royal court with green festoons
 The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
 The blood is all aglee, 10
 And there's a look about the leafless
 bowers
 As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
 Of winter in the land,
 Save where the maple reddens on the
 lawn,
 Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances
 we find
 That age to childhood bind,
 The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
 The brown of Autumn corn. 20

As yet the turf is dark, although you
 know
 That, not a span below,
 A thousand germs are groping through
 the gloom,
 And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
 Appear some azure gems,
 Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
 The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth; ³⁰
And near the snowdrops' tender white
and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must
pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored
South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet un-
born
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet. ⁴⁰

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating
by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce
would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should
say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war
and crime
With such a blessed time! ⁵⁰
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring
awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil
charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground. ⁶⁰

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her
rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the
slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

CAROLINA

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim; ¹⁰
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart.
Carolina! ²⁰

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied; ³⁰
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless
caves,

Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina! ⁴⁰

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall 50
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina! 60

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'T will be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God; 70
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees, 80
Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

1861.

CHARLESTON

Calm as that second summer which pre-
cedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and
proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand; 10
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of
war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie
couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing
with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the
patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen. 20

And maidens, with such eyes as would
grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength
of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and
spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from
Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports, 30
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the
brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad
in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-
crowned isles,
As fair and free as now? 40

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

1861?

CHRISTMAS

How grace this hallowed day?
 Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient
 spire,
 Send their glad greetings to each Christ-
 mas fire
 Round which the children play?

Alas! for many a moon,
 That tongueless tower hath cleaved the
 Sabbath air,
 Mute as an obelisk of ice, aglare
 Beneath an Arctic noon.

Shame to the foes that drown
 Our psalms of worship with their impious
 drum,
 The sweetest chimes in all the land lie
 dumb
 In some far rustic town.

There, let us think, they keep,
 Of the dead Yules which here beside the
 sea
 They've ushered in with old-world, En-
 glish glee,
 Some echoes in their sleep.

How shall we grace the day?
 With feast, and song, and dance, and an-
 tique sports,
 And shout of happy children in the courts,
 And tales of ghost and fay? ²⁰

Is there indeed a door,
 Where the old pastimes, with their law-
 ful noise,
 And all the merry round of Christmas
 joys,
 Could enter as of yore?

Would not some pallid face
 Look in upon the banquet, calling up
 Dread shapes of battles in the wassail
 cup,
 And trouble all the place?

How could we bear the mirth, ²⁹
 While some loved reveller of a year ago
 Keeps his mute Christmas now beneath
 the snow,
 In cold Virginian earth?

How shall we grace the day?
 Ah! let the thought that on this holy
 morn
 The Prince of Peace—the Prince of
 Peace was born,
 Employ us, while we pray!

Pray for the peace which long
 Hath left this tortured land, and haply
 now
 Holds its white court on some far moun-
 tain's brow,
 There hardly safe from wrong! ⁴⁰

Let every sacred fane
 Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God,
 And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
 Join in one solemn strain!

With pomp of Roman form,
 With the grave ritual brought from Eng-
 land's shore,
 And with the simple faith which asks
 no more
 Than that the heart be warm!

He, who, till time shall cease,
 Will watch that earth, where once, not
 all in vain, ⁵⁰
 He died to give us peace, may not disdain
 A prayer whose theme is—peace.

Perhaps ere yet the Spring
 Hath died into the Summer, over all
 The land, the peace of His vast love
 shall fall,
 Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means!
 Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every
 way.
 Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
 And shape the coming scenes! ⁶⁰

Peace in the quiet dales,
 Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
 Peace in the woodland, and the lonely
 glen,
 Peace in the peopled vales!

Peace in the crowded town,
 Peace in a thousand fields of waving
 grain,
 Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
 Peace on the wind-swept down!

Peace on the farthest seas,
 Peace in our sheltered bays and ample
 streams, ⁷⁰
 Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland
 streams,
 And peace in every breeze!

Peace on the whirring marts,
 Peace where the scholar thinks, and the
 hunter roams,
 Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace, in all
 our homes,
 And peace in all our hearts!

1861?

THE COTTON BOLL

While I recline
 At ease beneath
 This immemorial pine,
 Small sphere!
 (By dusky fingers brought this morning
 here
 And shown with boastful smiles),
 I turn thy cloven sheath,
 Through which the soft white fibres peer,
 That, with their gossamer bands,
 Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands, 10
 And slowly, thread by thread;
 Draw forth the folded strands,
 Than which the trembling line,
 By whose frail help yon startled spider
 fled
 Down the tall spear-grass from his swing-
 ing bed,
 Is scarce more fine;
 And as the tangled skein
 Unravels in my hands,
 Betwixt me and the noonday light,
 A veil seems lifted, and for miles and
 miles 20
 The landscape broadens on my sight,
 As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
 Like that which, in the ocean shell,
 With mystic sound,
 Breaks down the narrow walls that hem
 us round,
 And turns some city lane
 Into the restless main,
 With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
 Which floats, as if at rest, 30
 In those blue tracts above the thunder,
 where
 No vapors cloud the stainless air,
 And never sound is heard,
 Unless at such rare time
 When, from the City of the Blest,
 Rings down some golden chime,
 Sees not from his high place
 So vast a cirque of summer space
 As widens round me in one mighty field.
 Which, rimmed by seas and sands, 40
 Doth hail its earliest daylight in the
 beams

Of gray Atlantic dawns;
 And, broad as realms made up of many
 lands,
 Is lost afar
 Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
 Of sunset, among plains which roll their
 streams
 Against the Evening Star!
 And lo!
 To the remotest point of sight, 40
 Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
 The endless field is white;
 And the whole landscape glows,
 For many a shining league away,
 With such accumulated light
 As Polar lands would flash beneath a
 tropic day!
 Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
 And the small charm within my hands—
 More potent even than the fabled one,
 Which oped whatever golden mystery
 Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale, 60
 The curious ointment of the Arabian
 tale—
 Beyond all mortal sense
 Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I
 see,
 Beneath its simple influence,
 As if with Uriel's crown,
 I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
 And looked, as Uriel, down!)
 Nor lack there pastures rich and fields
 all green
 With all the common gifts of God,
 For temperate airs and torrid sheen 70
 Weave Edens of the sod;
 Through lands which look one sea of bil-
 lowy gold
 Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
 A hundred isles in their embraces fold
 A hundred luminous bays;
 Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks
 cloud-crowned;
 And, save where up their sides the plough-
 man creeps,
 An unhewn forest girds them grandly
 round,
 In whose dark shades a future navy
 sleeps! 80
 Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with
 me gaze
 Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
 Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest
 rays
 Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
 Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the
 West
 See nothing brighter than its humblest
 flowers!

And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's
breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its
bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of
praise,
And tell the world that, since the world
began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely
blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with
grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands,"¹ unto
whom

Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trum-
pet's tone,

And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!

Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of the unselfish
mart,

Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea
with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry
lips

In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English
homes,

And only bounds its blessings by man-
kind!

In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and heaven
bend

In blue above thee; though thy foes be
hard

And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard

¹ William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870), the leader of the Charleston literary group, who lived at the estate of his father-in-law, "Woodlands," Barnwell District, S. C.

Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make
thee great

In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages
teach—

Revive the half-dead dream of universal
peace!

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the
bed

Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of
brine

Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive
ore,

Or carve a niche, or shape the arched
roof;

So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each
dawn

Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,

In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though
I know

The end must crown us, and a few brief
years

Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must
regret.

And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's
wrong

Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson
flood

Back on its course, and, while our ban-
ners wing

Northward, strike with us! till the Goth
shall cling

To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate

There, where some rotting ships and
crumbling quays

Shall one day mark the Port which ruled
the Western seas.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE
OPENING OF THE NEW THE-
ATRE AT RICHMOND

A prize poem.

A fairy ring
Drawn in the crimson of a battle-plain—
From whose weird circle every loathsome
thing
And sight and sound of pain
Are banished, while about it in the air,
And from the ground, and from the low-
hung skies,
Throng, in a vision fair
As ever lit a prophet's dying eyes,
Gleams of that unseen world 9
That lies about us, rainbow-tinted shapes
With starry wings unfurled,
Poised for a moment on such airy capes
As pierce the golden foam
Of sunset's silent main—
Would image what in this enchanted
dome,
Amid the night of war and death
In which the armed city draws its breath,
We have built up!
For though no wizard wand or magic cup
The spell hath wrought, 20
Within this charmed fane, we ope the
gates
Of that divinest Fairy-land,
Where under loftier fates
Than rule the vulgar earth on which we
stand,
Move the bright creatures of the realm
of thought.
Shut for one happy evening from the flood
That roars around us, here you may be-
hold—
As if a desert way
Could blossom and unfold
A garden fresh with May— 30
Substantialized in breathing flesh and
blood,
Souls that upon the poet's page
Have lived from age to age,
And yet have never donned this mortal
clay.
A golden strand
Shall sometimes spread before you like
the isle
Where fair Miranda's smile
Met the sweet stranger whom the father's
art
Had led unto her heart,
Which, like a bud that waited for the
light, 40
Burst into bloom at sight!

Love shall grow softer in each maiden's
eyes
As Juliet leans her cheek upon her hand,
And prattles to the night.
Anon, a reverend form,
With tattered robe and forehead
bare,
That challenge all the torments of the
air,
Goes by!
And the pent feelings choke in one long
sigh,
While, as the mimic thunder rolls, you
hear 50
The noble wreck of Lear
Reproach like things of life the ancient
skies,
And commune with the storm!
Lo! next a dim and silent chamber where,
Wrapt in glad dreams in which, per-
chance, the Moor
Tells his strange story o'er,
The gentle Desdemona chastely lies,
Unconscious of the loving murderer nigh.
Then through a hush like death
Stalks Denmark's mailed ghost! 60
And Hamlet enters with that thoughtful
breath
Which is the trumpet to a countless host
Of reasons, but which wakes no deed
from sleep;
For while it calls to strife,
He pauses on the very brink of fact
To toy as with the shadow of an act,
And utter those wise saws that cut so deep
Into the core of life!
Nor shall be wanting many a scene
Where forms of more familiar mien,
Moving through lowlier pathways, shall
present 71
The world of every day,
Such as it whirls along the busy quay,
Or sits beneath a rustic orchard wall,
Or floats about a fashion-freighted hall,
Or toils in attics dark the night away.
Love, hate, grief, joy, gain, glory, shame,
shall meet,
As in the round wherein our lives are
pent;
Chance for a while shall seem to
reign,
While Goodness roves like Guilt about
the street, 80
And Guilt looks innocent.
But all at last shall vindicate the right,
Crime shall be meted with its proper pain,
Motes shall be taken from the doubter's
sight,

And Fortune's general justice rendered
plain.
Of honest laughter there shall be no
dearth,
Wit shall shake hands with humor grave
and sweet,
Our wisdom shall not be too wise for
mirth,
Nor kindred follies want a fool to greet.
As sometimes from the meanest spot of
earth

A sudden beauty unexpected starts,
So you shall find some germs of hidden
worth

Within the vilest hearts;
And now and then, when in those moods
that turn
To the cold Muse that whips a fault with
sneers,
You shall, perchance, be strangely touched
to learn
You've struck a spring of tears!

But while we lead you thus from change
to change,
Shall we not find within our ample range
Some type to elevate a people's heart—
Some hero who shall teach a hero's part
In this distracted time?

Rise from thy sleep of ages, noble Tell!
And, with the Alpine thunders of thy
voice,

As if across the billows unenthralled
Thy Alps unto the Alleghanies called,
Bid Liberty rejoice!

Proclaim upon this trans-Atlantic strand
The deeds which, more than their own
awful mien,
Make every crag of Switzerland sub-
lime!

And say to those whose feeble souls
would lean,
Not on themselves, but on some out-
stretched hand,

That once a single mind sufficed to quell
The malice of a tyrant; let them know
That each may crowd in every well-aimed
blow,

Not the poor strength alone of arm and
brand,
But the whole spirit of a mighty land!

Bid Liberty rejoice! Aye, though its day
Be far or near, these clouds shall yet be
red
With the large promise of the coming
ray.

Meanwhile, with that calm courage which
can smile

Amid the terrors of the wildest fray,
Let us among the charms of Art awhile
Fleet the deep gloom away;
Nor yet forget that on each hand and
head
Rest the dear rights for which we fight
and pray.

STORM AND CALM.

Sweet are these kisses of the South,
As dropped from woman's rosiest mouth,
And tenderer are those azure skies
Than this world's tenderest pair of eyes!

But ah! beneath such influence
Thought is too often lost in Sense;
And Action, faltering as we thrill,
Sinks in the unnerved arms of Will.

Awake, thou stormy North, and blast
The subtle spells around us cast;
Beat from our limbs these flowery chains
With the sharp scourges of thy rains!

Bring with thee from thy Polar cave
All the wild songs of wind and wave,
Of toppling berg and grinding floe,
And the dread avalanche of snow!

Wrap us in Arctic night and clouds!
Yell like a fiend amid the shrouds
Of some slow-sinking vessel, when
He hears the shrieks of drowning men!

Blend in thy mighty voice whate'er
Of danger, terror, and despair
Thou hast encountered in thy sweep
Across the land and o'er the deep.

Pour in our ears all notes of woe,
That, as these very moments flow,
Rise like a harsh discordant psalm,
While we lie here in tropic calm.

Sting our weak hearts with bitter shame,
Bear us along with thee like flame;
And prove that even to destroy
More God-like may be than to toy
And rust or rot in idle joy!

1866

ADDRESS TO THE OLD YEAR

Art thou not glad to close
 Thy wearied eyes, O saddest child of
 Time,
 Eyes which have looked on every mortal
 crime,
 And swept the piteous round of mortal
 woes?

In dark Plutonian caves,
 Beneath the lowest deep, go, hide thy
 head;
 Or earth thee where the blood that thou
 hast shed
 May trickle on thee from thy countless
 graves!

Take with thee all thy gloom
 And guilt, and all our griefs, save what
 the breast,
 Without a wrong to some dear shadowy
 guest,
 May not surrender even to the tomb.

No tear shall weep thy fall,
 When, as the midnight bell doth toll thy
 fate,
 Another lifts the sceptre of thy state,
 And sits a monarch in thine ancient hall.

Him all the hours attend,
 With a new hope like morning in their
 eyes;
 Him the fair earth and him these radi-
 ant skies
 Hail as their sovereign, welcome as their
 friend.

Him, too, the nations wait;
 "O lead us from the shadow of the
 Past,"
 In a long wail like this December blast,
 They cry, and, crying, grow less desolate.

How he will shape his sway
 They ask not—for old doubts and fears
 will cling—
 And yet they trust that, somehow, he
 will bring
 A sweeter sunshine than thy mildest day.

Beneath his gentle hand
 They hope to see no meadow, vale, or
 hill
 Stained with a deeper red than roses
 spill,
 When some too boisterous zephyr sweeps
 the land.

A time of peaceful prayer,
 Of law, love, labor, honest loss and
 gain—
 These are the visions of the coming
 reign
 Now floating to them on this wintry air.
 165-6.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

(1830-1886)

THE WILL AND THE WING

To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers
Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus—the thirst
For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires¹⁰
Of the wild passion that our souls have nursed
In hopeless promptings—unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.²⁰

1855?

MY STUDY

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance

The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,¹⁰
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleanings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

1855?

BEYOND THE POTOMAC¹

They slept on the fields which their valor had won!
But arose with the first early blush of the sun,
For they knew that a great deed remained to be done,
When they passed o'er the River.

They rose with the sun, and caught life from his light—
Those giants of courage, those Anaks in fight—
And they laughed out aloud in the joy of their might,
Marching swift for the River.

On! on! like the rushing of storms through the hills—
On! on! with a tramp that is firm as their wills—¹⁰
And the one heart of thousands grows buoyant and thrills,
At the thought of the River.

On! the sheen of their swords! the fierce gleam of their eyes
It seemed as on earth a new sunlight would rise,
And king-like, flash up to the sun in the skies,
O'er the path to the River.

But their banners, shot-scarred, and all darkened with gore,
On a strong wind of morning stream wildly before,
Like the wings of Death-angels swept fast to the shore,
The green shore of the River.²⁰

¹ Published in the *Richmond Whig* at the time of Stonewall Jackson's last raid into Maryland.

As they march—from the hill-side, the
hamlet, the stream—
Gaunt throngs whom the Foeman had
manacled, teem,
Like men just aroused from some terrible
dream,
To' pass o'er the River.

They behold the broad banners, blood-
darkened, yet fair,
And a moment dissolves the last spell of
despair,
While a peal as of victory swells on the
air,
Rolling out to the River.

And that cry, with a thousand strange
echoings spread,
Till the ashes of heroes seemed stirred in
their bed,
And the deep voice of passion surged up
from the dead—
Aye! press on to the River.

On! on! like the rushing of storms
through the hills,
On! on! with a tramp that is firm as
their wills,
And the one heart of thousands grows
buoyant, and thrills,
As they pause by the River.

Then the wan face of Maryland, haggard,
and worn,
At that sight, lost the touch of its aspect
forlorn,
And she turned on the Foeman full stat-
ured in scorn,
Pointing stern to the River.

And Potomac flowed calm, scarcely heav-
ing her breast,
With her low-lying billows all bright in
the west,
For the hand of the Lord lulled the waters
to rest
Of the fair rolling River.

Passed! passed! the glad thousands march
safe through the tide.
(Hark, Despot! and hear the wild knell
of your pride,
Ringing weird-like and wild, pealing up
from the side
Of the calm flowing River.)

'Neath a blow swift and mighty the Ty-
rant shall fall,
Vain! vain! to his God swells a desolate
call,
For his grave has been hollowed, and
woven his pall,
Since they passed o'er the River.

Richmond Whig, 1862.

VICKSBURG—A BALLAD

For sixty days and upwards,
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls our foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling in the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered.
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our Shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive
thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
 Those death-shafts warned aside,
 And the dove of heavenly mercy
 Ruled o'er the battle tide;
 In the houses ceased the wailing,
 And through the war-scarred marts
 The people strode, with step of hope,
 To the music in their hearts.

1863.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS

O fresh, how fresh and fair
 Through the crystal gulfs of air,
 The fairy South Wind floateth on her
 subtle wings of balm!
 And the green earth lapped in bliss,
 To the magic of her kiss
 Seems yearning upward fondly through
 the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
 Where the billows, bright and bland,
 Go creeping, curling round the palms with
 sweet, faint undertune,
 From its fields of purpling flowers 10
 Still wet with fragrant showers,
 The happy South Wind lingering sweeps
 the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
 On the perfume of her sighs,
 Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor
 rare and fine,
 And a peace more pure than sleep's
 Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on
 its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender, 20
 Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they
 gird their meaning round,
 And those waters, calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm enthralling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a
 rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
 Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
 From earth receding faintly with her
 dreary din and jars—
 What viewless arms caress me?
 What whispered voices bless me,
 With welcome dropping dewlike from the
 weird and wondrous stars? 30

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought
 me on her subtle wings of balm,
 For behold! its spirit flieth
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull
 and soulless calm!

SONNET—POETS

Some thunder on the heights of song,
 their race
 Godlike in power, while others at their
 feet
 Are breathing measures scarce less strong
 and sweet
 Than those that peal from out that loftiest
 place;
 Meantime, just midway on the mount, his
 face
 Fairer than April heavens, when storms
 retreat,
 And on their edges rain and sunshine
 meet,
 Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
 But where the slopes of bright Parnassus
 sweep
 Near to the common ground, a various 10
 throng
 Chant lowlier measures—yet each tuneful
 strain
 (The silvery minor of earth's perfect
 song)
 Blends with that music of the topmost
 steep
 O'er whose vast realm the master min-
 strels reign!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning
 sky
 They rise, scarce touched by melancholy
 airs,
 Which stir the fadeless foliage dream-
 fully,
 As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky
 gleams
 Brightening to gold within the wood-
 land's core,
 Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil
 beams—
 But the weird winds of morning sigh
 no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
 Broods round and o'er them in the
 wind's surcease,¹⁰
 And on each tinted copse and shimmering
 dell
 Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted
 peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and
 might
 Borne from the West when cloudless
 day declines—
 Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves
 of light,
 And lifting dark green tresses of the
 pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
 Fraught with hale odors up the heavens
 afar
 To faint when twilight on her virginal
 throat
 Wears for a gem the tremulous vespere
 star.²⁰

The Atlantic Monthly, Sept., 1872.

UNVEILED

I cannot tell when first I saw her face;
 Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
 When the huge billows heaved tumultu-
 ously,
 Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
 Wrapped by the shadowy boon
 Of breezeless verdures from the summer
 noon?
 Or likelier still, in a rock-girdled dell
 Between vast mountains, while the mid-
 night hour
 Blossomed above me like a shining
 flower,
 Whose star-wrought petals turned the
 fields of space¹⁰
 To one great garden of mysterious light?
 Vain! vain! I cannot tell
 When first the beauty and majestic might
 Of her calm presence, bore my soul apart
 From all low issues of the groveling
 world—
 About me their own peace and grandeur
 furled—
 Filling the conscious heart
 With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from
 earth or sky—
 Secrets that glance towards eternity,
 Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!²⁰
 But ever since that immemorial day,

A steadfast flame hath burned in brain
 and blood,
 Urging me onward in the perilous search
 For sacred haunts our queenly mother
 loves;
 By field and flood,
 Thro' neighboring realms, and regions
 far away,
 Have I not followed, followed where
 she led,
 Tracking wild rivers to their fountain
 head,
 And wilder desert spaces, mournful vast,
 Where Nature, fronting her inscrutable
 past,³⁰
 Holds bleak communion only with the
 dead;
 Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like a
 dove's,
 To waft me farther still,
 Beyond the compass of the unwinged will;
 Yea, waft me northward, southward, east,
 west,
 By fabled isles, and undiscovered lands,
 To where enthroned upon his mountain-
 perch,
 The sovereign eagle stands,
 Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their
 nest,
 Above the thunders of the sea and
 storm?⁴⁰

Oh! sometimes by the fire
 Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
 And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
 Tender and warm—
 She, from her goddess height,
 In gracious answer to my soul's desire,
 Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
 To bend on me the untranslated light
 Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely pale;
 She lays on mine her firm, immortal
 hand;⁵⁰
 And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
 Feel that her lips have kissed
 Mine eyes and forehead—how the influ-
 ence fine
 Of her deep life runs like Arcadian wine
 Through all my being! How a moment
 pressed
 To the large fountains of her opulent
 breast,
 A rapture smites me, half akin to pain;
 A sun-flash quivering through white
 chords of rain!

Thenceforth, I walked
 The earth all-seeing—not her stateliest
 forms⁶⁰

Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of
 power;
 Mountains and oceans, and the rage of
 storms;
 Fierce cataracts hurled from awful steep
 to steep,
 Or the gray water-spouts, that whirling
 tower
 Along the darkened bosom of the deep;
 But all fair, fairy forms; all vital things,
 That breathe or blossom 'midst our boun-
 teous springs;
 In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
 The wild rose and the violet;
 On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly
 talked 70
 With the coy wild-flower, and the grasses
 brown,
 That in a subtle language of their own
 (Caught from the spirits of the wandering
 breeze),
 Quaintly responded; while the heavens
 looked down
 As graciously on these
 Titania growths, as on sublimer shapes
 Of century-molded continents, that be-
 mock
 Alike the earthquake's and the billow's
 shock
 By Orient inlands and cold ocean capes!

The giant constellations rose and set: 80
 I knew them all and worshipped all I
 knew;
 Yet, from their empire in the pregnant
 blue,
 Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint
 bars
 Of nebulous cloud, beyond the range
 of stars,
 I turned to worship with a heart as true.
 Long mosses drooping from the cypress
 tree;
 The virginal vines that stretched re-
 motely dim,
 From forest limb to limb;
 Network of golden ferns, whose tracery
 weaves
 In lingering twilights of warm August
 eves, 90
 Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
 Drawn on the flickering and fair-foli-
 aged wall
 Of the dense forest, ere the night
 shades fall:
 Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed colors
 live

In the pure moisture by a fountain's
 brim:
 The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that to
 and fro
 Move ever to the waters' rhythmic
 flow,
 Blent with the humming of the wild-
 wood bee,
 And the winds' under thrills of mys-
 tery;
 The twinkling "ground-stars," full of
 modest cheer, 100
 Each her cerulean cup
 In humble supplication lifting up,
 To catch whate'er the kindly heavens may
 give
 Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;
 And even when, self-poised in airy grace,
 Their phantom lightness stirs
 Through glistening shadows of a secret
 place
 The silvery-tinted gossamers;
 For thus hath Nature taught amid her
 All— 109
 The complex miracles of land and sea,
 And infinite marvels of the infinite air
 No life is trivial, no creation small!
 Ever I walk the earth,
 As one whose spiritual ear
 Is strangely purged and purified to hear
 Its multitudinous voices; from the shore
 Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
 And the stupendous base of choral waves
 Thunders o'er "wandering graves."
 From warrior-winds whose viewless co-
 horts charge 120
 The banded mists through Cloudland's
 vaporous dearth
 Pealing their battle bugles round the
 marge
 Of dreary fen and desolated moor;
 Down to the ripple of shy woodland rills
 Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the
 hills,
 And ancient hollows of the enchanted
 ground,
 I pass with reverent thought.
 Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,
 Whether by brook or bird
 The perfumed air be stirred. 130
 But most, because the unwaried strains
 are fraught
 With Nature's freedom in her happiest
 moods,
 I love the mock-bird's, and brown thrush's
 lay,
 The melted soul of May,
 Beneath those matchless notes,

From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid
throats,

In gushes of clear harmony,
I seem, oftentimes I seem
To find remoter meanings; the far tone
Of ante-natal music faintly blown ¹⁴⁰
From out the misted realms of memory;
The pathos and the passion of a dream;
Or broken fugues of a diviner tongue
That e'er hath chanted, since our earth
was young,
And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
The stars of morning sung!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm Southern night;
The moon, clear orb'd, above the sylvan
scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the
while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains
And unruffled streams? ¹⁰
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine,
swiftly came
A fiery shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill
on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while,
for me, ²⁰
Heart-thrilled ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that
flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its
height
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-
mist
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed ³⁰
Into remote and tender silences.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-
crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly
down;
Whose evening, touched by prescient
shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal
light:
Such, such art *thou*, O master! worthier
grown
In the fair sunset of thy full renown,
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings
for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy
place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels,
rich with song; ¹⁰
Even now, a new note¹ swells the im-
maculate choir;
But thou, whose strains have filled our
lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts
of fire.

UNDER THE PINE

To the Memory of Henry Timrod

The same majestic pine is lifted high
Against the twilight sky,
The same low, melancholy music grieves
Amid the topmost leaves,
As when I watched, and mused, and
dreamed with him
Beneath these shadows dim.

O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy core
Of one who comes no more?
No yearning memory of those scenes that
were
So richly calm and fair, ¹⁰
When the last rays of sunset, shimmering
down,
Flashed like a royal crown?

And he, with hand outstretched and eyes
ablaze,
Looked forth with burning gaze,
And seemed to drink the sunset like
strong wine,
Or, hushed in trance divine,

¹ Very possibly Lanier, whose chief develop-
ment came after 1875, and whose early death
came in 1881, a year before Longfellow's.

Hailed the first shy and timorous glance
from far
Of evening's virgin star?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
His weary head; thy shade 20
Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of
sleep:
It brought a peace so deep
The unquiet passion died from out his
eyes,
As lightning from stilled skies.

And in that calm he loved to rest, and
hear
The soft wind-angels, clear
And sweet, among the uppermost branches
sighing:
Voices he heard replying
(Or so he dreamed) far up the mystic
height,
And pinions rustling light. 30

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his
dreams
So full of heavenly gleams,
Wrought through the folded dullness of
thy bark,
And all thy nature dark
Stirred to slow throbbings, and the flut-
tering fire
Of faint, unknown desire?

At least to me there sweeps no rugged
ring
That girds the forest-king
No immemorial stain, or awful rent
(The mark of tempest spent), 40
No delicate leaf, no lithe bough, vine-
o'ergrown,
No distant, flickering cone,

But speaks of him, and seems to bring
once more
The joy, the love of yore;
But most when breathed from out the
sunset-land
The sunset airs are bland,
That blow between the twilight and the
night,
Ere yet the stars are bright;

For then that quiet eve comes back to me,
When, deeply, thrillingly, 50
He spake of lofty hopes which vanquish
Death;
And on his mortal breath
A language of immortal meanings hung,
That fired his heart and tongue.

For then unearthly breezes stir and sigh,
Murmuring, "Look up! 'tis I:
Thy friend is near thee! Ah, thou canst
not see!"

And through the sacred tree
Passes what seems a wild and sentient
thrill—
Passes, and all is still!— 60

Still as the grave which holds his tranquil
form,
Hushed after many a storm,—
Still as the calm that crowns his marble
brow,
No pain can wrinkle now,—
Still as the peace—pathetic peace of God—
That wraps the holy sod,

Where every flower from our dead min-
strel's dust
Should bloom, a type of trust,—
That faith which waxed to wings of heav-
enward might
To bear his soul from night,— 70
That faith, dear Christ! whereby we pray
to meet
His spirit at God's feet!

THE SNOW-MESSENGERS

Dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier and
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with pen por-
traits of both.

The pine-trees lift their dark, bewildered
eyes—
Or so I deem—up to the clouded skies;
No breeze, no faintest breeze, is heard
to blow:
In wizard silence falls the windless snow.

It falls in breezeless quiet, strangely still;
'Scapes the dulled pane, but loads the
sheltering sill.
With curious hand the fleecy flakes I
mould
And draw them inward, rounded, from
the cold.

The glittering ball that chills my finger-
tips 9
I hold a moment's space to loving lips;
For from the northward these pure snow-
flakes came,
And to my touch their coldness thrills like
flame.

Outbreathed from luminous memories
nursed apart,
Deep in the veiled *adytum* of the heart,
The type of Norland dearth such snows
may be:
They bring the soul of summer's warmth
to me.

Beholding them, in magical light expands
The changeful charm that crowns the
northern lands,
And a fair past I deemed a glory fled
Comes back, with happy sunshine round
its head. 20

For Ariel fancy takes her airiest flights
To pass once more o'er Hampshire's
mountain heights,
To view the flower-bright pastures bloom
in grace
By many a lowering hillside's swarthy
base;

The fruitful farms, the enchanted vales,
to view,
And the coy mountain lakes' transcendent
blue,
Or flash of sea-waves up the thunderous
dune,
With wan sails whitening in the midnight
moon;

The cataract front of storm, malignly rife
With deathless instincts of demoniac
strife, 30
Or, in shy contrast, down a shaded dell,
The rivulet tinkling like an Alpine bell;
*But, tireless fancy, stay the wing that
rooms,
And fold it last near northern hearts and
homes.*

These tropic veins still own their kindred
heat,
And thoughts of thee, my cherished
South, are sweet—
Mournfully sweet—and wed to memories
vast,
High-hovering still o'er thy majestic past.

But a new epoch greets us; with it blends
The voice of ancient foes now changed
to friends, 40
Ah! who would friendship's outstretched
hand despise,
Or mock the kindling light in generous
eyes?

And many a cool, calm stretch of cul-
tured lawn,
Touched by the freshness of the crystal
dawn,
Sloped to the sea, whose laughing waters
meet
About the unrobed virgin's rosy feet.

So, 'neath the Quaker-poet's tranquil roof,
From all dull discords of the world aloof,
I sit once more, and measured converse
hold
With him whose nobler thoughts are
rhythmic gold; 50

See his deep brows half puckered in a
knot
O'er some hard problem of our mortal
lot,
Or a dream soft as May winds of the
south
Waft a girl's sweetness round his firm-
set mouth.

Or should he deem wrong threats the
public weal,
Lo! the whole man seems girt with flash-
ing steel;
His glance a sword thrust, and his words
of ire
Like thunder-tones from some old proph-
et's lyre.

Or by the hearth-stone when the day is
done,
Mark, swiftly launched, a sudden shaft
of fun; 60
The short quick laugh, the smartly smit-
ten knees,
And all sure tokens of a mind at ease.

Discerning which, by some mysterious
law,
Near to his seat two household favorites
draw,
Till on her master's shoulders, sly and
sleek,
Grimalkin, mounting, rubs his furrowed
cheek;

While terrier Dick, denied all words to
rail,
Snarls as he shakes a short protesting
tail,
But with shrewd eyes says, plain as plain
can be,
"Drop that sly cat. I'm worthier far than
she." 70

And he who loves all lowliest lives to
 please,
 Conciliates soon his dumb Diogenes,
 Who in return his garment nips with care,
 And drags the poet out, to take the air.

God's innocent pensioners in the wood-
 lands dim,
 The fields and pastures, know and trust
 in him;
 And in *their* love his lonely heart is
 blessed,
 Our pure, hale-minded Cowper of the
 West!

The scene is changed; and now I stand
 again 79
 By one, the cordial prince of kindly men,
 Courtly yet natural, comrade meet for
 kings,
 But fond of homeliest things.

A poet, too, in whose warm brain and
 breast
 What birds of song have filled a golden
 nest,
 Till in song's summer prime their wings
 unfurled,
 Have made Arcadian half the listening
 world,

Around whose eve some radiant grace of
 morn
 Smiles like the dew-light on a mountain
 thorn.
 Blithely he bears Time's envious load
 to-day:
 Ah! the green heart o'ertops the head
 of gray. 90

Alert as youth, with vivid, various talk
 He wiles the way through grove and
 garden walk,
 Fair flowers untrained, trees fraught with
 wedded doves,
 Past the cool copse and willowy glade he
 loves.

Here gleams innocuous of a mirthful
 mood
 Pulse like mild fireflies down a dusky
 wood,
 Or keener speech (his leonine head un-
 bowed)
 Speeds lightning-clear from thought's
 o'ershadowing cloud.

O deep blue eyes! O voice as woman's
 low!
 O firm white hand, with kindest warmth
 aglow! 100
 O manly form, and frank, sweet, courte-
 ous mien,
 Reflex of museful days and nights serene!

Still are ye near me, vivid, actual still,
 Here in my lonely fastness on the hill;
 Nor can ye wane till cold my life-blood
 flows,
 And fancy fades in feeling's last repose.

What! snowing yet? The landscape
 waxes pale;
 Round the mute heaven there hangs a
 quivering veil,
 Through whose frail woof like silent
 shuttles go
 The glancing glammers of the glittering
 snow. 110

Yes, falling still, while fond remem-
 brance stirs
 In these wan-faced, unwonted messengers.
 Dumb storm! outpour your arctic heart's
 desire!
 Your flakes to me seem flushed with fairy
 fire!

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A little while (my life is almost set!)
 I fain would pause along the downward
 way.
 Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray.
 While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears
 are wet;
 A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
 All for love's sake, for love that can-
 not tire;
 Though fervid youth be dead, with
 youth's desire,
 And hope has faded to a vague regret,
 A little while I fain would linger yet. 10

A little while I fain would linger here:
 Behold! who knows what strange, mys-
 terious bars
 'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other
 stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is
 fair;
 A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
 Hand locked in hand, the loyal heart
 to heart;
 (O pitying Christ! those woeful words,
"We part!")
 So ere the darkness fall, the light be
 past,
 A little while I fain would hold thee
 fast. 20

A little while, when night and twilight
 meet;
 Behind our broken years, before the
 deep
 Weird wonder of the last unfathomed
 sleep.
 A little while I still would clasp thee,
 Sweet;
 A little while, when night and twilight
 meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
 Behold! who knows what soul-dividing
 bars
 Earth's faithful loves may part in other
 stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is
 fair;
 A little while I still would linger here. 30

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
 I think it is over at last,
 Voices of foeman and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed:

Life, like a tempest of ocean
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last, 11
 The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
 For the winds and the waters surcease;
 Ah!—few were the days of the rover
 That smiled in the beauty of peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release:
 From the ravage of life, and its riot
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet 20
 Which bides in the harbor at last?
 For the lights with their welcoming
 quiver
 That throbbed through the sanctified river
 Which girdles the harbor at last,
 This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean, 30
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward;
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward;
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882)

WOODS IN WINTER

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the
gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute
springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

United States Literary Gazette, Feb. 1,
1825.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset. in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone; 10
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers, 20
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads. 30

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread, 40
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

1825.

Atlantic Souvenir for 1827.

A PSALM OF LIFE

*What the Heart of the Young Man Said
to the Psalmist.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

1838.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Oct., 1838.

PRELUDE¹

Pleasant it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs be-
tween,

¹ Written as introduction to the "Voices of
the Night" collected and published in 1839.

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In an unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide,

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
 "Come, be a child once more!"
 And waved their long arms to and fro,
 And beckoned solemnly and slow;
 Oh, I could not choose but go
 Into the woodlands hoar,— 60

Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
 Solemn and silent everywhere!
 Nature with folded hands seemed there,
 Kneeling at her evening prayer!
 Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue,
 Of tall and sombrous pines;
 Abroad their fan-like branches grew, 69
 And, where the sunshine darted through,
 Spread a vapor soft and blue,
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back again,—
 Low lisps of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
 Ye were so sweet and wild! 80
 And distant voices seemed to say,
 "It cannot be! They pass away!
 Other themes demand thy lay;
 Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
 Watered by living springs;
 The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
 Are gates unto that Paradise;
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise;
 Its clouds are angels' wings. 90

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
 Not mountains capped with snow,
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
 Where the woodlands bend to see
 The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
 Of iron branches sounds!
 A mighty river roars between,
 And whosoever looks therein 100
 Sees the heavens all black with sin,
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
 Soft rays of sunshine pour;
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
 Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
 We can return no more!

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
 Yes, into Life's deep stream! 110
 All forms of sorrow and delight,
 All solemn Voices of the Night,
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—
 Be these henceforth thy theme."

Knickerbocker Magazine, May, 1839.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can, 10
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door; 20
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir, 30
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close; 40
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

1839.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Nov., 1840.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little
 daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn
 buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth, ¹⁰
 And he watched how the veering flaw did
 blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see!"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
 pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he. ²⁰

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the Northeast,
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength;
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
 steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
 daughter,
 And do not tremble so; ³⁰
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
 coat
 Against the stinging blast;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 "'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
 And he steered for the open sea. ⁴⁰

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies, ⁵⁰
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming
 snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
 prayed
 That savèd she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the
 wave,
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
 drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe. ⁶⁰

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
 waves
 Looked soft as carded wool, ⁷⁰
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
1839.

The Boston Book for 1841.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR¹

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

¹ A full account of the finding of the skeleton is given in the *American Monthly Magazine* of January, 1836.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow. 40

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing. 50

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor. 60

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened. 70

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story. 80

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?"

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,—
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,¹
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

¹The "Round Tower" at Newport, popularly supposed to have been built by the Northmen.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *skool!*"²
Thus the tale ended.

1840.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Jan., 1841.

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion run
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,

²In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word [*skool*] in in order to preserve the correct pronunciation. (*Author's Note.*)

The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior! 20

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior! 30

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior! 40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

1841. "Ballads and Other Poems," 1841.

SERENADE

From "The Spanish Student."

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps 20
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

1840. *Graham's Magazine*, Sept., 1842. ✓

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished
arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem
pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.
Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and
dreary,
When the death-angel touches those
swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful sympho-
nies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus.
The cries of agony, the endless groan, 10
Which, through the ages that have gone
before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the
Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar
gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dread-
ful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of ser-
pent's skin; 20

The tumult of each sacked and burning
village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered
towns; 10

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing
blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as
 these, 30
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
 voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world
 with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on
 camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from
 error,
 There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name ab-
 horred!
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its fore-
 head
 Would wear forevermore the curse of
 Cain! 40

Down the dark future, through long gen-
 erations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and
 then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibra-
 tions,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ
 say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
 portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes
 the skies!
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

1844. *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1844.

THE DAY IS DONE¹

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, 10
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

¹ Longfellow wrote this poem as a proem to a volume of selections from minor poets, called *The Waif*, which he edited.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo 20
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor;
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, 30
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet 40
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

1844. Proem to "The Waif," 1844.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance 10
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide. 20

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide 30
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me. 40

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro, 50
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here. 60

1845.

In "Poems," 1845.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands 10
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall, 20
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood.
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,— 30
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!" 40

There groups of merry children played.
There youths and maidens dreaming
strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime.
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding
night; 50

There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by, 61
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,— 70
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

1845. In "The Belfry of Bruges," 1845.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak, 10
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

1845. In "The Belfry of Bruges," 1845.

DANTE

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms
 of gloom,
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic
 eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul
 arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of
 doom;

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows; as in the
 skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps re-
 sume!
 Methinks I see thee stand with pallid
 cheeks
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese, 10
 As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's
 decrease;
 And, as he asks what there the stranger
 seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers
 "Peace!"

1843? In "The Belfry of Bruges," 1845.

SEAWEED

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks:
 From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore;
 From Bahama, and the dashing, 10
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting 20
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless main;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
 Of the poet's soul, erelong
 From each cave and rocky fastness,
 In its vastness,
 Floats some fragment of a song: 30

From the far-off isles enchanted,
 Heaven has planted
 With the golden fruit of Truth;
 From the flashing surf, whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
 In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate; 39
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.
1844.

1845.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Black shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere 10
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet 20
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs, 30
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and
wrongs,
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme. 40

1846.

The Opal for 1847.

FROM EVANGELINE ✓

A Tale of Acadie

This is the forest primeval. The mur-
muring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments
green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad
and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that
rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-
voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate an-
swers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where
are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the
woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the
home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that
water the woodlands, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but re-
flecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the
farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the
mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and
sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beau-
tiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes,
and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength
of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung
by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home
of the happy. 19

PART THE FIRST

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the
village of Grand Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air
the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering
shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village,
and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the
golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the
farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe
Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund
laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from
the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track
of wheels in the greensward,¹⁰
Group after group appeared, and joined,
or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds
of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people;
and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and
gossipped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were
welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like
brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what
one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality
seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests
of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and
words of welcome and gladness²⁰
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed
the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air
of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the
feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the
priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil
the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the
cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the
gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alter-
nately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the
jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes
are blown from the embers.³⁰
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant
sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le*
Carillon de Dunquerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time
to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of
the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the
path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children
mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline,
Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son
of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo!
with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over
the meadows a drum beat.⁴⁰
Thronged erelong was the church with
men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the
graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens
fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and
marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and
dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums
from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the
ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited
the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake
from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals,
the royal commission.⁵⁰
"You are convened this day," he said, "by
his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how
you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my nat-
ural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I
know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the
will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwell-
ings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you
 yourselves from this province
 Be transported to other lands. God grant
 you may dwell there
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and
 peaceable people!
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is
 his Majesty's pleasure!" 60
 As, when the air is serene in sultry sol-
 stice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly
 sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field
 and shatters his windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground
 with thatch from the house-roofs,
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break
 their enclosures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended
 the words of the speaker.
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless
 wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow
 and anger,
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly
 rushed to the door-way.
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries
 and fierce imprecations 70
 Rang through the house of prayer; and
 high o'er the heads of the others
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of
 Basil the blacksmith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the
 billows.
 Flushed was his face and distorted with
 passion; and wildly he shouted,—
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we
 never have sworn them allegiance!
 Death to these foreign soldiers; who seize
 on our homes and our harvests!"
 More he fain would have said, but the
 merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged
 him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of
 angry contention,
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and
 Father Felician 80
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended
 the steps of the altar.
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture
 he awed into silence
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he
 spake to his people;
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in ac-
 cents measured and mournful
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum,
 distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children?
 what madness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life have I labored
 among you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love
 one another!
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils
 and prayers and privations?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of
 love and forgiveness? 90
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace,
 and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts over-
 flowing with hatred?
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his
 cross is gazing upon you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meek-
 ness and holy compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the
 prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when
 the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father,
 forgive them!'"
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep
 in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition suc-
 ceeded the passionate outbreak,
 While they repeated his prayer, and said,
 "O Father, forgive them!" 100

Then came the evening service. The
 tapers gleamed from the altar.
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the
 priest, and the people responded,
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts;
 and the Ave Maria
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and
 their souls, with devotion translated,
 Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah
 ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the
 tidings of ill, and on all sides
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house
 the women and children.
 Long at her father's door Evangeline
 stood, with her right hand
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of
 the sun, that, descending,
 Lighted the village street with mysterious
 splendor, and roofed each 110
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and
 emblazoned its windows.
 Long within had been spread the snow-
 white cloth on the table;
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the
 honey fragrant with wild-flowers;

PART THE SECOND

II

There stood the tankard of ale, and the
cheese fresh brought from the dairy,
And, at the head of the board, the great
arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's
door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the
broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow
had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fra-
grance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and
forgiveness, and patience! ¹²⁰

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered
into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the mourn-
ful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with linger-
ing steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the
weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in
golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the
Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the
Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the
church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the
door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till,
overcome by emotion, ¹³⁰

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremu-
lous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor
the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the
tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the
board was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and
haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the
floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the
disconsolate rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the syc-
amore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the
voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and
governed the world He created! ¹⁴⁰

Then she remembered the tale she had
heard of the justice of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she
peacefully slumbered till morning.

It was the month of May. Far down the
Beautiful River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth
of the Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and
swift Mississippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed
by Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were,
from the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now
floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief
and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guid-
ed by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among
the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of
fair Opelousas. ¹⁰

With them Evangeline went, and her
guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wil-
derness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided down the tur-
bulent river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires,
encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green
islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests,
they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where
silvery sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wim-
pling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large
flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the
shores of the river, ²⁰

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of
luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-
cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where
reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and
groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away
to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course;
and entering the Bayou of Plaque-
mine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and
devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended
 in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tene-
 brous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses
 in mid-air³⁰
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls
 of ancient cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and un-
 broken, save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees
 returning at sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon
 with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced
 and gleamed on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and
 cedar sustaining the arches,
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell
 as through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange
 were all things around them;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feel-
 ing of wonder and sadness,—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and
 that cannot be compassed.⁴⁰
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the
 turf of the prairies,
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of
 the shrinking mimosa,
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad
 forebodings of evil,
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the
 stroke of doom has attained it.
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by
 a vision, that faintly
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned
 her on through the moonlight.
 It was the thought of her brain that as-
 sumed the shape of a phantom
 Through those shadowy aisles had Ga-
 briel wandered before her,
 And every stroke of the oar now brought
 him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the
 boat, rose one of the oarsmen,⁵⁰
 And, as a signal sound, if others like
 them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight
 streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
 Wild through the dark colonnades and
 corridors leafy the blast rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving
 tongues to the forest.
 Soundless above them the banners of moss
 just stirred to the music.
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in
 the distance.

Over the watery floor, and beneath the
 reverberant branches;
 But not a voice replied; no answer came
 from the darkness;
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a
 sense of pain was the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen
 rowed through the midnight,⁶⁰
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Can-
 adian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own
 Acadian rivers,
 While through the night were heard the
 mysterious sounds of the desert,
 Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind
 in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and
 the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged
 from the shades; and before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the
 Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the
 slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplen-
 dent in beauty, the lotus⁷⁰
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads
 of the boatmen.
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath
 of magnolia blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon; and number-
 less sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with
 blossoming hedges of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along,
 invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary
 oars were suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows,
 that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored; and scat-
 tered about on the greensward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary
 travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the
 cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trum-
 pet-flower and the grapevine⁸⁰
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the
 ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels as-
 cending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flit-
 ted from blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as
 she slumbered beneath it.
 Filled was her heart with love, and the
 dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory
of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the
numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away
o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms
of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the
land of the bison and beaver. ⁹⁰

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance
thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed
his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face
was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting,
unhappy and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of
self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the
lee of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a
screen of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it
lay concealed in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars,
and unseen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken
the slumbering maiden. ¹⁰⁰

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade
of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the
tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers
awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,
"O Father Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me
Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague
superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the
truth to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for
my credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these
have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and
he smiled as he answered,— ¹¹⁰

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor
are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word
that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where
the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what
the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far
away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns
of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be
given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his
flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and
forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and
the bluest of heavens ¹²⁰

Bending above, and resting its dome on
the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the
Eden of Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose
and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from
the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand
o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and wa-
ter and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and
melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with
edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars,
on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inex-
pressible sweetness. ¹³⁰

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred
fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies
and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the
mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that
hung o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods
of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the
waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad:
then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel
of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrow-
ful, low lamentation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung
them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind
through the tree-tops ¹⁴⁰

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal
shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts
that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it
flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the
crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from
a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the
distant lowing of cattle.

CONCLUSION

Still stands the forest primeval; but far
away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the
lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Cath-
olic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, un-
known and unnoticed. ¹⁵⁰
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and
flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where
theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs
no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs
have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs
have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but
under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs
and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and
misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose
fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die
in its bosom. ¹⁶⁰
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the
loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and
their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evange-
line's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-
voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate an-
swers the wail of the forest.

1845-47. Separately published 1847.

FROM THE BUILDING OF THE
SHIP

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat ¹⁰
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears, ²⁰
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

In "The Seaside and The Fireside," 1849.

TWILIGHT

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes ¹⁰
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child? ²⁰

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother
Drive the color from her cheek?

In "The Seaside and The Fireside," 1849.

RESIGNATION¹

There is no flock, however watched and
tended,

But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,¹⁰
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.²⁰

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;³⁰
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

¹ Written in the autumn of 1848 after the death of Longfellow's little daughter Fanny.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;⁴⁰

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;⁵⁰
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

1848.

In "The Seaside and The Fireside," 1849.

FROM THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,¹⁰
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,²⁰
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,

As the first-born of her daughters.
 And the daughter of Nokomis
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,
 With the beauty of the moonlight,
 With the beauty of the starlight.
 And Nokomis warned her often,
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,
 "Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
 Listen not to what he tells you;
 Lie not down upon the meadow,
 Stoop not down among the lilies,
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm
 you!"

But she heeded not the warning,
 Heeded not those words of wisdom, 40
 And the West-Wind came at evening,
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,
 Lying there among the lilies,
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,
 Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
 Thus was born the child of wonder;
 But the daughter of Nokomis,
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,
 In her anguish died deserted
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
 "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured. 60
 "Oh that I were dead, as thou art!
 No more work, and no more weeping,
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
 Dark behind it rose the forest,
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
 Rose the firs with cones upon them; 70
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 "Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
 Lulled him into slumber, singing, 81
 "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
 Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
 Of the stars that shine in heaven;
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits, 90
 Warriors with their plumes and war-
 clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter;
 Showed the broad white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the waters, 101
 Sounds of music, words of wonder;
 "Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
 "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him: 110
 "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
 Rippling, rounding from the water,
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" 120
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "Once a warrior, very angry,
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her
 Up into the sky at midnight;
 Right against the moon he threw her;
 'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered: 130
 "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
 All the wild-flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairie,
 When on earth they fade and perish,
 Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,
 "What is that?" he cried in terror.
 "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered: 140

"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens." 150

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster, 160
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together, 170
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic, 190
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came, 200
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward.
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising, 210
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, 220
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis 230
Made a banquet to his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

V

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting, 10
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.
On the first day of his fasting

Through the leafy woods he wandered;
 Saw the deer start from the thicket,
 Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming, 20
 Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
 Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
 Building nests among the pine-trees,
 And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,
 Flying to the fen-lands northward,
 Whirring, wailing far above him.
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting 30
 By the river's brink he wandered,
 Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
 Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
 Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
 And the strawberry, Odahmin,
 And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
 And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
 Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
 Filling all the air with fragrance!
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding, 40
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
 By the lake he sat and pondered,
 By the still, transparent water;
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
 Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
 Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
 And the herring, Okahahwis, 50
 And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
 In his lodge he lay exhausted;
 From his couch of leaves and branches
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
 On the gleaming of the water, 60
 On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,
 Coming through the purple twilight,
 Through the splendor of the sunset;
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
 And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,
 Looked with pity and compassion 70
 On his wasted form and features,
 And, in accents like the sighing
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
 Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
 All your prayers are heard in heaven,

For you pray not like the others;
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumph in the battle, 80
 Nor renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
 Come to warn you and instruct you,
 How by struggle and by labor
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.
 Rise up from your bed of branches,
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha 90
 Started from his bed of branches,
 From the twilight of his wigwam
 Forth into the flush of sunset
 Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
 At his touch he felt new courage
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
 Felt new life and hope and vigor
 Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset, 100
 And the more they strove and struggled,
 Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
 Till the darkness fell around them,
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her nest among the pine-trees,
 Gave a cry of lamentation,
 Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
 Smiling upon Hiawatha,
 "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, 110
 I will come again to try you."
 And he vanished, and was seen not;
 Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
 Whether rising as the mists rise,
 Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
 Only saw that he had vanished,
 Leaving him alone and fainting,
 With the misty lake below him,
 And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day, 120
 When the sun through heaven descending,
 Like a red and burning cinder
 From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
 Fell into the western waters,
 Came Mondamin for the trial,
 For the strife with Hiawatha;
 Came as silent as the dew comes,
 From the empty air appearing,
 Into empty air returning.
 Taking shape when earth it touches, 130
 But invisible to all men
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset,

Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there, 140
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!" 150

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it 160
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber 180
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not, 190
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting 200
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin, 210
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together.
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles 220
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle; 230
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him; 240
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin; 250
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens. 261

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin! 270
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was grow-
ing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels 281
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off
them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing, 10
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,

For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!" 20

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling; 30
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands, 40
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha: 50
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests, 60
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured, 70
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forests,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,

But they saw not Hiawatha;
 To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
 To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
 Sent it singing on its errand,
 To the red heart of the roebuck;
 Threw the deer across his shoulder, 80
 And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side, in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes; 90
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
 Of the days when with such arrows
 He had struck the deer and bison,
 On the Muskoday, the meadow;
 Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
 On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
 Thinking of the great war-parties,
 How they came to buy his arrows, 100
 Could not fight without his arrows.
 Ah, no more such noble warriors
 Could be found on earth as they were!
 Now the men were all like women,
 Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
 From another tribe and country,
 Young and tall and very handsome,
 Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
 Came to buy her father's arrows, 110
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,
 Lingered long about the doorway,
 Looking back as he departed.
 She had heard her father praise him,
 Praise his courage and his wisdom;
 Would he come again for arrows
 To the falls of Minnehaha?
 On the mat her hands lay idle,
 And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a
 footstep, 120
 Heard a rustling in the branches,
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,
 With the deer upon his shoulders,
 Suddenly from out the woodlands
 Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
 Looked up gravely from his labor,
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
 Bade him enter at the doorway,
 Saying, as he rose to meet him, 130
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water

Hiawatha laid his burden,
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
 And the maiden looked up at him,
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,
 Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
 Made of deer-skins dressed and whit- 140
 ened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,
 And so tall the doorway, hardly
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,
 Laid aside her mat unfinished, 149
 Brought forth food and set before them,
 Water brought them from the brooklet,
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
 Listened while the guest was speaking,
 Listened while her father answered,
 But not once her lips she opened,
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
 To the words of Hiawatha,
 As he talked of old Nokomis, 160
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,
 As he told of his companions,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,
 And of happiness and plenty
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways 170
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
 Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly,
 "That this peace may last forever,
 And our hands be clasped more closely,
 And our hearts be more united,
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Loveliest of Dacotah Women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker 180
 Paused a moment ere he answered,
 Smoked a little while in silence,
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
 And made answer very gravely:
 "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
 Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
 Neither willing nor reluctant, 190

As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water; 200
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor, 210
Sat down by his sunny doorway.
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden, 220
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slack-
ened

To the steps of Laughing Water. 230

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree. 240

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadows, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them.
Watched with sleepless eyes their slum-
ber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo.
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow, 250
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water, 260
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine.
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them.
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children, 270
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest. 10

Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying.
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses;
Bound and plumed with scented grasses, 20
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,
Tell me of your strange adventures, 30
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger, 40
And began to speak in this wise:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!" 50

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not. 60
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back into their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron, 70
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted, 80
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speech-
less

And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger, 90
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him, 100
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smould-
ered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms, 110
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying, 120
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha, 130
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster, 140
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!

No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water 150
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumees,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

"O'er it," said he, "o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees, 160
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!"
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo; 169

"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"
"In it," said he, "came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were covered!"
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks. 179

"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel 190
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining lands of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them 200
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision 210
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers 220
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other:
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!" 230

XXII



HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumees,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo, 10
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,

Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it, 31
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water, 40
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver, 50
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, 60
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom, 70
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,

When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly, 80
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on, 91
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!" 100

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village, 110
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers, 120
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission, 130
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages

He had lived on earth as we do;
 How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
 How the Jews, the tribe accursèd,
 Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
 How he rose from where they laid him,
 Walked again with his disciples,
 And ascended into heaven. 140

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
 "We have listened to your message,
 We have heard your words of wisdom,
 We will think on what you tell us.
 It is well for us, O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us!"
 Then they rose up and departed
 Each one homeward to his wigwam,
 To the young men and the women
 Told the story of the strangers 150
 Whom the Master of Life had sent them
 From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
 Grew the afternoon of summer;
 With a drowsy sound the forest
 Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
 With a sound of sleep the water
 Rippled on the beach below it;
 From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena; 160
 And the guests of Hiawatha,
 Weary with the heat of Summer,
 Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
 And the long and level sunbeams
 Shot their spears into the forest,
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,
 Rushed into each secret ambush,
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow; 170
 Still the guests of Hiawatha
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
 Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
 On a long and distant journey,
 To the portals of the Sunset,
 To the regions of the home-wind, 180
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
 Bade farewell to all the warriors, 190
 Bade farewell to all the young men,
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
 On a long and distant journey;
 Many moons and many winters
 Will have come, and will have vanished,
 Ere I come again to see you.
 But my guests I leave behind me;
 Listen to their words of wisdom,
 Listen to the truth they tell you, 200
 For the Master of Life has sent them
 From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;
 On the clear and luminous water
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
 From the pebbles of the margin
 Shoved it forth into the water;
 Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
 And with speed it darted forward. 210

And the evening sun descending
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,
 Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
 Left upon the level water
 One long track and trail of splendor,
 Down whose stream, as down a river,
 Westward, westward, Hiawatha
 Sailed into the fiery sunset,
 Sailed into the purple vapors,
 Sailed into the dusk of evening. 220

And the people from the margin
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
 Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
 High into that sea of splendor,
 Till it sank into the vapors
 Like the new moon slowly, slowly
 Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
 Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the forests, dark and lonely, 230
 Moved through all their depths of dark-
 ness,

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the waves upon the margin
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her haunts among the fen-lands,
 Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha the Beloved, 240
 In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the Land of the Hereafter!

June 25, 1854-Mar. 21, 1855.

Separately published Nov., 1855.

FROM THE COURTSHIP OF MILES
STANDISH

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden
 went on his errand,
 Out of the street of the village, and into
 the paths of the forest,
 Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds
 and robins were building
 Towns in the populous trees, with hang-
 ing gardens of verdure,
 Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection
 and freedom.
 All around him was calm, but within him
 commotion and conflict,
 Love contending with friendship, and self
 with each generous impulse.
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were
 heaving and dashing,
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll
 of the vessel,
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge
 of the ocean!
 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a
 wild lamentation,—
 "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope,
 the illusion?
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited,
 and worshipped in silence?
 Was it for this I have followed the flying
 feet and the shadow
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores
 of New England?
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of
 its depths of corruption
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phan-
 toms of passion;
 Angels of light they seem, but are only
 delusions of Satan.
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it
 distinctly!
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid
 upon me in anger,
 For I have followed too much the heart's
 desires and devices,
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impi-
 ous idols of Baal.
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and
 the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John
 Alden went on his errand;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it
 brawled over pebble and shallow.
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flow-
 ers blooming around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and
 wonderful sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered
 with leaves in their slumber.

"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type
 of Puritan maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very
 type of Priscilla!

So I will take them to her; to Priscilla
 the Mayflower of Plymouth,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a part-
 ing gift will I take them;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they
 fade and wither and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of
 the giver."

So through the Plymouth woods John
 Alden went on his errand;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk
 of the ocean,

Sailless, sombre and cold with the com-
 fortless breath of the east wind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at
 work in a meadow;

Heard, as he drew near the door, the mu-
 sical voice of Priscilla

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand
 old Puritan anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred
 words of the Psalmist,

Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling
 and comforting many.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the
 form of the maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded
 wool like a snow-drift

Piled at her knee, her white hands feed-
 ing the ravenous spindle,

While with her foot on the treadle she
 guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn
 psalm-book of Ainsworth,

Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the
 music together,

Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in
 the wall of a churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running
 vine of the verses.

Such was the book from whose pages she
 sang the old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the
 forest,

Making the humble house and the modest
 apparel of homespun

Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with
 the wealth of her being!

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen
 and cold and relentless,

Thoughts of what might have been, and
 the weight and woe of his errand;
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the
 hopes that had vanished,
 All his life henceforth a dreary and ten-
 entless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sor-
 rowful faces.
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely
 he said it, 60
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the
 plough look backwards;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the
 flowers of life to its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead
 and the hearths of the living,
 It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy
 endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum
 of the wheel and the singing
 Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by
 his step on the threshold,
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her
 hand, in signal of welcome,
 Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard
 your step in the passage;
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there
 singing and spinning."
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a
 thought of him had been mingled 70
 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from
 the heart of the maiden,
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her
 the flowers for an answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He
 remembered that day in the winter,
 After the first great snow, when he broke
 a path from the village,
 Reeling and plunging along, through the
 drifts that encumbered the doorway,
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he en-
 tered the house, and Priscilla
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him
 a seat by the fireside,
 Grateful and pleased to know he had
 thought of her in the snow-storm.
 Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in
 vain had he spoken;
 Now it was all too late; the golden mo-
 ment had vanished! 80
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her
 the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the
 birds and the beautiful spring-time,
 Talked of their friends at home, and the
 Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently
 the Puritan maiden,
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day,
 of the hedge-rows of England,—
 They are in blossom now, and the country
 is all like a garden:
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song
 of the lark and the linnet,
 Seeing the village street, and familiar
 faces of neighbors
 Going about as of old, and stopping to
 gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village
 church, with the ivy 90
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet
 graves in the churchyard.
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear
 to me my religion;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself
 back in Old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help
 it: I almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel
 so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "In-
 deed I do not condemn you;
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have
 quailed in this terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs
 a stronger to lean on;
 So I have come to you now, with an offer
 and proffer of marriage
 Made by a good man and true, Miles
 Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dex-
 terous writer of letters,— 101
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it
 in beautiful phrases,
 But came straight to the point, and blurted
 it out like a school-boy;
 Even the Captain himself could hardly
 have said it more bluntly.
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Pris-
 cilla the Puritan maiden
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated
 with wonder,
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned
 her and rendered her speechless;
 Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting
 the ominous silence:
 "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so
 very eager to wed me,
 Why does he not come himself, and take
 the trouble to woo me? 110
 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely
 am not worth the winning!"
 Then John Alden began explaining and
 smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the
 Captain was busy,—
 Had no time for such things—such things!
 the words grating harshly
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as
 a flash she made answer:
 “Has he no time for such things, as you
 call it, before he is married,
 Would he be likely to find it, or make it,
 after the wedding?
 That is the way with you men; you don’t
 understand us, you cannot.
 When you have made up your minds, af-
 ter thinking of this one and that one,
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing
 one with another, ¹²⁰
 Then you make known your desire, with
 abrupt and sudden avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant
 perhaps, that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that
 she never suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to
 which you have been climbing.
 This is not right nor just: for surely a
 woman’s affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had
 for only the asking.
 When one is truly in love, one not only
 says it, but shows it.
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only
 showed that he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours—who knows?
 —at last might have won me,
 Old and rough as he is; but now it never
 can happen.” ¹³⁰

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the
 words of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining,
 persuading, expanding;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all
 his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chos-
 en to suffer affliction;
 How, in return for his zeal, they had
 made him Captain of Plymouth;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his
 pedigree plainly
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall,
 in Lancashire, England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grand-
 son of Thurston de Standish;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was
 basely defrauded,
 Still bore the family arms, and had for
 his crest a cock argent, ¹⁴⁰
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the
 rest of the blazon.

He was a man of honor, of noble and
 generous nature;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she
 knew how during the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as
 gentle as woman’s;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not
 deny it, and headstrong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty,
 and placable always,
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, be-
 cause he was little of stature;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous,
 courtly, courageous;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman
 in England,
 Might be happy and proud to be called
 the wife of Miles Standish! ¹⁵⁰

But as he warmed and glowed, in his
 simple and eloquent language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the
 praise of his rival,
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes
 overrunning with laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, “Why don’t
 you speak for yourself, John?”

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from
 the tent of purple and scarlet,
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in
 his garments resplendent,
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light,
 on his forehead,
 Round the hem of his robe the golden
 bells and pomegranates.
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars
 of vapor beneath him
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea
 at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla
 the Puritan maiden.
 Friends were assembled together; the El-
 der and Magistrate also
 Graced the scene with their presence, and
 stood like the Law and the Gospel,
 One with the sanction of earth and one
 with the blessing of heaven. ¹⁰
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that
 of Ruth and of Boaz.
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated
 the words of betrothal,
 Taking each other for husband and wife
 in the Magistrate’s presence,
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable
 custom of Holland.

Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent
Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that
were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and im-
ploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form
appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sor-
rowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare
at the strange apparition? 20
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide
her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spec-
tral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come
to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest
uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at
times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the
warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack
of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the
sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its
lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleet-
ing intention. 30
But when were ended the troth and the
prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people
beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish,
the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said
with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long
have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank
God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in
the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in
atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Stand-
ish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom:
"Let all be forgotten between us,— 40
All save the dear old friendship, and that
shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing,
saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-
fashioned gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town
and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and
loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have
remembered the adage,—
If you would be well served, you must
serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at
the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and
greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt
face of their Captain, 50
Whom they had mourned as dead; and
they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful
of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and
each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite
overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian
encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which
he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth
and stood with the bride at the door-
way,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm
and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely
and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil
and privation; 60
There were the graves of the dead, and
the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of
pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed
as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose
voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the
noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and
impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the
work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid ex-
clamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so
happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying
the hand of its master, 70
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron
ring in its nostrils,

Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
 Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
 Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
 "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,⁸⁰
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
 Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its bosom,
 Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
 Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
 Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
 Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
 Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,⁹⁰
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

1857-58. Separately published, 1858.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town¹
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.

¹ The town is Portland, Maine, Longfellow's birthplace. The fight mentioned in the fifth stanza took place between the American brig *Enterprise* and the English *Borer*, in 1813. The *Enterprise* was victorious and brought her captive into the harbor.

And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,¹⁰
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free;²⁰
 And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,³⁰
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay⁴⁰
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.⁵⁰

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
dart

Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song 60
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill: 70
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will, 80
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that
were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts." 90

1855. With "Miles Standish," 1858.

SANDALPHON

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered, 10
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song, 20
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with
losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear. 30

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal.
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition, 40
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart, 50
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

The Atlantic Monthly, April, 1858.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

1 Listen, my children, and you shall hear
 2 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 3 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-
 five;
 4 Hardly a man is now alive
 5 Who remembers that famous day and
 year.
 6 He said to his friend, "If the British
 march
 7 By land or sea from the town to-night,
 8 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
 9 Of the North Church tower as a signal
 light,—
 10 One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
 11 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 12 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 13 Through every Middlesex village and
 farm,
 14 For the country folk to be up and to arm."
 15 Then he said, "Good-night!" and with
 muffled oar
 16 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
 17 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 18 Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
 The Somerset, British man-of-war;
 19 A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
 20 Across the moon like a prison bar, 21
 22 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
 By its own reflection in the tide.

23 Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and
 street,
 24 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 25 Till in the silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack door,
 26 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 27 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
 28 Marching down to their boats on the
 shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
 North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him
 made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town, 40
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret
 dread 50
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Re-
 vere.

Now he patted his horse's side, 60
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North
 Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
 turns, 70
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
 dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in pass-
 ing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
 fleet;
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom
 and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in
 his flight, 79
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the
steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and
deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 90
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank
and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord
town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball. 110

31 You know the rest. In the books you
have read,
32 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
33 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
34 From behind each fence and farm-yard
wall,
35 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
36 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
37 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
38 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of
alarm 120

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness; a knock at the
door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,

The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Re-
vere. 130

1860. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1861.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

*King Robert of Sicily*¹

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priest chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*" 10

And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk
made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their
seat,

And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are
sung

Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my
throne!" 20

And leaning back, he yawned and fell
asleep,

Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no
light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered
few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
around,

But saw no living thing and heard no
sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was
locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then
knocked, 30

¹ This tale has had wide distribution and many retellings from *Gesta Romanorum* to William Morris's *The Earthly Paradise*.

And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.
 The sounds reechoed from the roof and walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
 "Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"⁴⁰
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,⁵¹
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
 Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
 To right and left each seneschal and page,
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,⁶⁰
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king.
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
 But all transfigured with angelic light!
 It was an Angel; and his presence there
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
 Though none the hidden Angel recognize.⁷⁰

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
 The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
 Who met his look of anger and surprise
 With the divine compassion of his eyes;
 Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
 To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
 "I am the King, and come to claim my own
 From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
 And suddenly, at these audacious words,
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;⁸⁰
 The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
 "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
 And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
 They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
 A group of tittering pages ran before,
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,⁹⁰
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
 The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
 With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
 He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
 But the straw rustled as he turned his head;
 There were the cap and bells beside his bed;

Around him rose the bare, discolored
walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in
their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched
ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so
much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his
touch!

Days came and went; and now returned
again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and
wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning
breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his
fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters
wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks
are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to
scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would
say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might
feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his
woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would
fling
The haughty answer back, "I am the
King!"

Almost three years were ended; when
there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Ur-
bane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to
come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his
guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered
vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent
made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,
and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling
gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the
wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merri-
ment

In all the country towns through which
they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp
and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's
square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with
prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the
crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried
aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to
your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160
Do you not know me? does no voice with-
in

Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled
mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is
strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at
court!"

And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the
sky; 170

The presence of the Angel, with its light,
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of
 men,
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen
 again.
 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor
 saw,
 He felt within a power unfelt before,
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber-
 floor,
 He heard the rushing garments of the
 Lord
 Sweep through the silent air, ascending
 heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and
 again
 The land was made resplendent with his
 train,
 Flashing along the towns of Italy
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
 And when once more within Palermo's
 wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great
 hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent
 towers,
 As if the better world conversed with
 ours, 190
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw
 nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
 And when they were alone, the Angel
 said,
 "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down
 his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his
 breast,
 And meekly answered him: "Thou know-
 est best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of peni-
 tence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way
 to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be
 shriven!" 200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant
 face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and
 clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel
 near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street:
 "He has put down the mighty from their
 seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string.
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the
 throne, 211
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of
 gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found
 him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent
 prayer.

1861?

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

*The Saga of King Olaf*¹

I

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I am the God Thor,
 I am the War God,
 I am the Thunderer!
 Here in my Northland,
 My fastness and fortress,
 Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
 Rule I the nations;
 This is my hammer,
 Miölner the mighty;
 Giants and sorcerers
 Cannot withstand it!

10

These are the gauntlets
 Wherewith I wield it,
 And hurl it afar off;
 This is my girdle;
 Whenever I brace it,
 Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
 Stream through the heavens, 20
 In flashes of crimson,
 Is but my red beard
 Blown by the night-wind,
 Affrighting the nations!

¹ Longfellow obtained the material for *The Saga of King Olaf* from *The Heimskringla*; or *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*. Translated from the Icelandic by SNORRO STURLESON, with a Preliminary Dissertation by SAMUEL LAING. The poems deal with striking incidents in Olaf's career.

Jove is my brother;
 Mine eyes are the lightning;
 The wheels of my chariot
 Roll in the thunder,
 The blows of my hammer
 Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
 Has ruled it, shall rule it;
 Meekness is weakness,
 Strength is triumphant,
 Over the whole earth
 Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
 O Galilean!
 And thus single-handed
 Unto the combat
 Gauntlet or Gospel,
 Here I defy thee!

II

KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,
 Saw the red light in the sky,
 Laid his hand upon his sword,
 As he leaned upon the railing,
 And his ships went sailing, sailing
 Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
 And the red light glanced and gleamed 50
 On the armor that he wore;
 And he shouted, as the rifted
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
 "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
 And reconquer realm and reign,
 Came the youthful Olaf home,
 Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
 Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
 And the dashing of the foam. 60

To his thoughts the sacred name
 Of his mother Astrid came,
 And the tale she oft had told
 Of her flight by secret passes
 Through the mountains and morasses,
 To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
 Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,
 And a hurried flight by sea;
 Of grim Vikings, and the rapture 70
 Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
 And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
 In the Esthonian market-place,
 Scanned his features one by one,
 Saying, "We should know each other;
 I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
 30 Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
 Old in honors, young in age, 80
 Chief of all her men-at-arms;
 Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
 Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
 Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
 Westward to the Hebrides 40
 And to Scilly's rocky shore;
 And the hermit's cavern dismal,
 Christ's great name and rites baptismal
 In the ocean's rush and roar. 90

All these thoughts of love and strife
 Glimmered through his lurid life,
 As the stars' intenser light
 Through the red flames o'er him trailing,
 As his ships went sailing, sailing
 Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
 Skilful in each manly sport,
 Young and beautiful and tall;
 Art of warfare, craft of chases, 100
 Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
 Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
 He along the bending oars
 Outside of his ship could run.
 He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
 And his shining shield suspended
 On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand
 Wield his sword with either hand, 110
 And at once two javelins throw;
 At all feasts where ale was strongest
 Sat the merry monarch longest,
 First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
 One so beautiful of mien,
 One so royal in attire,
 When in arms completely furnished,
 Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
 120 Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III

THORA OF RIMOL

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp
and town!"¹³⁰
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near
thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in the
sty."
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon
darker,¹⁴⁰
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the dark-
some cave.

Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.¹⁵⁰

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay
thee!
For all the king's gold I will never betray
thee!"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O
churl,
And then again black as the earth?" said
the Earl.

More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall
started, saying,
"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf
was laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of the
king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-red
ring."¹⁶⁰

At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows
encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his feet as
he slumbered;
The thrall in the darkness plunged with
his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more in this
life.

But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are
swinging;¹⁷⁰
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from win-
dows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and
aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow
and croft.

Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun
shine,¹⁸¹
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright
river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river
be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of
Gudrun.¹⁹⁰

And through it, and round it, and over
it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of
gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen
and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths
twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty
way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths,
say?" 200

And they answered: "O Queen! if the
truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead
and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he
whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are
above. 210

But she smiled with contempt as she an-
swered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore,
on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh, speak not of Odin
to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must
be."

Looking straight at the King, with her
level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and
my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened
with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through
the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?"
he said,— 219
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with
his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger
he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his
tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her
breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy
death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

VII

IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn, 230
Sending his signal through the land of
Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront
him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low
laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his
brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the
plough,
And clattering came on horseback to
King Olaf. 240

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foam-
ing passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town, and all its
fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm.
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen
tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds, ²⁵⁰
 The smell of the earth, and the song of
 birds,
 His well-filled barns, his brook with its
 water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
 His beard, from which he took his
 name,
 Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the
 Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
 The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
 On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
 Out of the middle of the crowd, ²⁶⁰
 That tossed about him like a stormy
 ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
 To Odin and to Thor, O King,
 As other kings have done in their de-
 votion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
 This land to be a Christian land;
 Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!"

"But if you ask me to restore
 Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
 Then will I offer human sacrifices! ²⁷⁰

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
 But men of note and high degree,
 Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of
 Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
 And loud behind him heard the din
 Of his men-at-arms and the peasants
 fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
 The image of great Odin stood,
 And other gods, with Thor supreme
 among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade ²⁸⁰
 Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
 And downward shattered to the pavement
 flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
 From the contending crowd, a shout,
 A mingled sound of triumph and of wail-
 ing.

And there upon the trampled plain
 The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
 Midway between the assailed and the as-
 sailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
 "Choose ye between two things, my
 folk, ²⁹⁰
 To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
 The people with a murmur said,
 "O King, baptize us with thy holy water."

So all the Drontheim land became
 A Christian land in name and fame,
 In the old gods no more believing and
 trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
 King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
 And thus in peace ended the Drontheim
 Hus-Ting! ³⁰⁰

X

RAUD THE STRONG

"All the old gods are dead,
 All the wild warlocks fled;
 But the White Christ lives and reigns,
 And throughout my wide domains
 His Gospel shall be spread!"
 On the Evangelists
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
 Beheld he the crimson light,
 And heard the voice that defied ³¹⁰
 Him who was crucified,
 And challenged him to the fight.
 To Sigurd the Bishop
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
 "The old gods are not dead,
 For the great Thor still reigns,
 And among the Jarls and Thaness
 The old witchcraft still is spread."
 Thus to King Olaf ³²⁰
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord,
 By rapine, fire, and sword,
 Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong;
 All the Godoe Isles belong
 To him and his heathen horde."
 Thus went on speaking
 Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,
A lord of the wind and the sea; 330
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales,
By his craft in sorcery."
Here the sign of the cross
Made devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more," 340
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

XIX

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said; 350
"Never shall men of mine take flight,
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock, 360
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the midst overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed, 369
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest,
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak;
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red 380
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf; 390
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the
Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his
thanes;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the
King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's
sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads 400
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl, 410
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;

Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

420

First an arrow struck the tiller
Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said.
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing 440
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, 450
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blooddrops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first essay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper 460
Flushing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a Kämpfer
Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing 470
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead, 480
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide, 480
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling, 490
And the stones they hurl with their
hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast, 500
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men, 460
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes
Two kingly figures arise, 510
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear, 470
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the
land
The merle and mavis build, and build-
ing sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by his hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-
heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds ex-
pand,
The banners of the vanguard of the
Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from
the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with
their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were
proud
Their race in Holy Writ should men-
tioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer inces-
santly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and
said:

"Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily
bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage
sailed,
Speaking some unknown language
strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their
fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and
railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport towns, and with outlandish
noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls
and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killing-
worth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years
ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the
earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the
crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with
dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of
birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dis-
may
The awful scarecrow, with its fluttering
shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was in-
creased.

Then from his house, a temple painted
white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splen-
did sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor
right,
Down the long street he walked, as one
who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
 The instinct of whose nature was to
 kill; 50
 The wrath of God he preached from year
 to year,
 And read, with fervor, Edwards on the
 Will;
 His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
 In summer on some Adirondac hill;
 E'en now, while walking down the rural
 lane,
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vane of
 brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the
 green grass, 60
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his
 door,
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as
 snow;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
 His form was ponderous, and his step
 was slow;
 There never was so wise a man before;
 He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told
 you so!" 70
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in
 town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region
 round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
 His air impressive and his reasoning
 sound;
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and
 small;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they
 found,
 But enemies enough, who every one
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath
 the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place
 apart
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the
 wrong,
 And, trembling like a steed before the
 start,

Looked round bewildered on the ex-
 pectant throng;
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took
 heart
 To speak out what was in him, clear
 and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed
 down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
 From his Republic banished without
 pity 90
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Com-
 mittee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
 The street-musicians of the heavenly
 city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us
 all
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of
 day
 From the green steeples of the piny
 wood;
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
 The bluebird balanced on some topmost
 spray, 101
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the
 throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of
 song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for
 the gain
 Of a scant handful more or less of
 wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious
 feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
 As are the songs these uninvited guests 111
 Sing at their feast with comfortable
 breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous be-
 ings these?
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and
 who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in
 many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er
 caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to
heaven! ¹²⁰

"Think, every morning when the sun
peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the
grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and
above
The awakening continents, from shore to
shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing ever-
more.

"Think of your woods and orchards with-
out birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and
beams ¹³⁰
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his
dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your
teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no
more
The feathered gleaners follow to your
door?

"What! would you rather see the inces-
sant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet rounde-
lay, ¹⁴²
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and
brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but
know,
They are the wingèd wardens of your
farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidi-
ous' foe,
And from your harvests keep a hun-
dred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-
arms, ¹⁵⁰
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentle-
ness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no
less
The selfsame light, although averted
hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and
your speech, ¹⁵⁹
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the
audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead
leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and
some bent
Their yellow heads together like their
sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and
in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the rec-
ord shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making
laws, ¹⁷⁰
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with
applause;
They made him conscious, each one more
than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their
cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from
thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er wood-
land crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains
on their breasts, ¹⁸⁰
Or wounded crept away from sight of
man,
While the young died of famine in their
nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not
words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!
The summer came, and all the birds were
dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very
ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and
found¹⁹⁰
No foe to check their march, till they had
made
The land a desert, without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the
town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the
trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and
gown,
Who shook them off with just a little
cry;
They were the terror of each favorite
walk,¹⁹⁹
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not
complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although
they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too
late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing
slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn
came²⁰⁹
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of
flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day
book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with
their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in
the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning every-
where,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!
But the next spring a stranger sight was
seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was
sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a
tongue!²²⁰
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages
hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the
street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.
From all the country round these birds
were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious
quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons,
sought
In woods and fields the places they
loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many
thought
Were satires to the authorities ad-
dressed,²³⁰
While others, listening in green lanes,
averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to
know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous over-
flow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.²⁴⁰

1863. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1863.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,¹⁰
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall! 20

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall, 30
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away! 40

1859. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Sept., 1860.

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course 10
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside! 20
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men. 30

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air 40
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

1862. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1862.

WEARINESS

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen 10
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
 And crystalline as rays of light 20
 Direct from heaven, their source divine;
 Refracted through the mist of years,
 How red my setting sun appears,
 How lurid looks this soul of mine!

1863? *The Atlantic Monthly*, Nov., 1863.

HAWTHORNE

How beautiful it was, that one bright
 day¹
 In the long week of rain!
 Though all its splendor could not chase
 away
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-
 blooms,
 And the great elms o'erhead
 Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
 Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old
 manse,
 The historic river flowed: 10
 I was as one who wanders in a trance,
 Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed
 strange;
 Their voices I could hear,
 And yet the words they uttered seemed
 to change
 Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not
 there,
 The one low voice was mute;
 Only an unseen presence filled the air,
 And baffled my pursuit. 20

Now I look back, and meadow, manse,
 and stream
 Dimly my thought defines;
 I only see—a dream within a dream—
 The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
 Their tender undertone,
 The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
 The voice so like his own.

¹ Hawthorne was buried on May 23, 1864.

There in seclusion and remote from men
 The wizard hand lies cold, 30
 Which at its topmost speed let fall the
 pen,
 And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic
 power,
 And the lost clew regain?
 The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
 Unfinished must remain!

(As "Concord.") *The Atlantic
 Monthly*, Aug., 1864.

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

See, the fire is sinking low,
 Dusky red the embers glow,
 While above them still I cower,
 While a moment more I linger,
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,
 Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
 Learned in some forgotten June
 From a school-boy at his play,
 When they both were young together, 10
 Heart of youth and summer weather
 Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
 How above there in the dark,
 In the midnight and the snow,
 Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
 Like the trumpets of Iskander,
 All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame,
 Seems to murmur some great name, 20
 Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
 But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
 Are the visions that you follow,
 Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
 Gleams on volumes of old days,
 Written by masters of the art,
 Loud through whose majestic pages
 Rolls the melody of ages,
 Throb the harp-strings of the heart. 30

And again the tongues of flame
 Start exulting and exclaim:
 "These are prophets, bards, and seers;
 In the horoscope of nations,
 Like ascendant constellations,
 They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent 40
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumors of renown; 50
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer,—
"'Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I answer,—"Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing 60
Is the prize of vanquished gain."

The Atlantic Monthly, Jan., 1865.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song 10
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned 20
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!" 30

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

1864.

DIVINA COMMEDIA¹ ✓

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent
feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to 11
pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

1864. *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1864.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn
these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded
sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied
with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of
flowers!

¹ After the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow in 1861, Longfellow took refuge in translating Dante's *Divine Comedy*. He wrote but little else from 1861 to 1869. Almost the only allusions to his grief are found in the first of these sonnets and in *The Cross of Snow*.

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled
eaves²⁰
Watch the dead Christ between the living
thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate
of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!
1864. 1866.

III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!³⁰
And strive to make my steps keep pace
with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown per-
fume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves
of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to
tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins⁴⁰
With the pathetic words, "Although your
sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the
snow."
1865. 1866.

IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of
flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and
the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors
came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks
thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift over-
flow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of
shame.⁵⁰
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect
peace.
1867. 1867.

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who
died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves dis-
plays⁶⁰
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic rounde-
lays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of
praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen
choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and
love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through hea-
ven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!⁷⁰
1866. 1866.

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor
shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy flame is blown abroad from all the
heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is
heard,⁸⁰
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new pros-
elytes,
In their own language hear the wondrous
word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.
1866 1866.

KILLED AT THE FORD¹

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose
pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

¹ In a letter dated March 23, 1866, Longfellow states that this poem was not the record of a particular event.

Only last night, as we rode along,
 Down the dark of the mountain gap,
 To visit the picket-guard at the ford, 10
 Little dreaming of any mishap,
 He was humming the words of some old
 song:

"Two red roses he had on his cap
 And another he bore at the point of his
 sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
 Came out of a wood, and the voice was
 still;

Something I heard in the darkness fall,
 And for a moment my blood grew chill;
 I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
 In a room where some one is lying dead;
 But he made no answer to what I said. 21

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
 And through the mire and the mist and
 the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp,
 And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
 And I saw by the light of the surgeon's
 lamp

Two white roses upon his cheeks,
 And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
 That fatal bullet went speeding forth, 31
 Till it reached a town in the distant
 North,

Till it reached a house in a sunny street
 Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
 Without a murmur, without a cry;
 And a bell was tolled, in that far-off
 town,

For one who had passed from cross to
 crown,

And the neighbors wondered that she
 should die.

1866. *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1866.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809-1894)

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY"

In the Athenæum Gallery

Well, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame;
Perhaps you were a favorite child,
Perhaps an only one;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done!

Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin¹⁰
Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win;
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love.
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out?²⁰
I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place,
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face!

I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf;
But nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,³⁰
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!

The Amateur, June 15, 1830.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTER-MAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the
river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat
was on the tide;

The daughter of a fisherman, that was
straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right oppo-
site to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a
lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the
shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as
much as if to say,
"I 'm wide awake, young oysterman, and
all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to
himself said he,
"I guess I 'll leave the skiff at home, for
fear that folks should see;¹⁰
I read it in the story-book, that, for to
kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will
swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and
crossed the shining stream,²⁰
And he has clambered up the bank, all in
the moonlight gleam;
Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and
words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and
in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Oh,
what was that, my daughter?”
“’T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw
into the water.”
“And what is that, pray tell me, love, that
paddles off so fast?”
“’T is nothing but a porpoise, sir, that 's
been a-swimming past.”²⁰

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now
bring me my harpoon!
I 'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the
fellow soon.”
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a
snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks,
like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked
 not from her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in
 the waves was drowned;
 But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity
 of their woe,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for
 mermaids down below.

The Amateur, July 17, 1830.

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS

There are three ways in which men take
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains;
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
 In such a lonely spot;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
 Some odious creature begs
 You'll hear about the cannon-ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And says it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed,
 Poor little, lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread,—
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
 Beneath a cloudless moon;
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear
 The semblance of a tune,
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come,
 There's something like a human voice,
 And something like a drum;

You sit in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to
 be
 A very dismal place;
 Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
 Is altered in the face;
 Their discords sting through Burns and
 Moore,
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody,
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
 The music all is ground,
 And silence, like a poultice, comes
 To heal the blows of sound;
 It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
 A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
 A fracture in your jaw,
 And pay the owner of the bear
 That stunned you with his paw,
 And buy the lobster that has had
 Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
 Put on your fiercest frown,
 And talk about a constable
 To turn them out of town;
 Then close your sentence with an oath,
 And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
 Not big enough for that,
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,
 Because you are a flat,
 Go very quietly and drop
 A button in the hat!

New England Galaxy, 1830.

OLD IRONSIDES¹

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;

¹ The "Constitution" was launched in 1797, served against the pirates in the Mediterranean, and became famous for her exploits in the War of 1812. She was almost entirely rebuilt in 1834 and continued in commission until 1881. See Freneau's "Ode on the Frigate Constitution," p. 115.

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,¹⁰
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;²⁰
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Boston Daily Advertiser, Sept. 16, 1830.

THE LAST LEAF¹

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,¹⁰
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

¹ The poem was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians [in 1831 or 1832], that of Major Thomas Melville, "the last of the cocked hats," as he was sometimes called. The Major had been a personable young man, very evidently, and retained evidence of it in

The monumental pomp of age—

which had something imposing and something odd about it for youthful eyes like mine. He was often pointed at as one of the "Indians" of the famous "Boston Tea-Party" of 1774. His aspect among the crowds of a later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it. (*Author's Note.*)

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest²⁰
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose³⁰
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,⁴⁰
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Amateur, March 26, 1831.

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!¹⁰
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?

How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her
hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

(Buckingham's) *New England Magazine*,
Oct., 1831.

THE COMET

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub";
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not,—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;

I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
 Bob through the bubbling brine;
 And thoughts of supper crossed my
 soul;
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh fear-
 ful dream!

Its memory haunts me still,
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
 That wreathed each wooded hill;
 Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep, 70
 Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening
 meal,
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

(Buckingham's) *New England Magazine*,
 April, 1832.

A PORTRAIT

A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face,
 And slightly nonchalant,
 Which seems to claim a middle place
 Between one's love and aunt,
 Where childhood's star has left a ray
 In woman's sunniest sky,
 As morning dew and blushing day
 On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet,—and yet I cannot love
 Those lovely lines on steel; 10
 They beam too much of heaven above,
 Earth's darker shades to feel;
 Perchance some early weeds of care
 Around my heart have grown,
 And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,¹
 Because they mock my own.

Alas! when Eden's gates were sealed,
 How oft some sheltered flower
 Breathed o'er the wanderers of the
 field,
 Like their own bridal bower; 20
 Yet, saddened by its loveliness,
 And humbled by its pride,
 Earth's fairest child they could not
 bless,—
 It mocked them when they sighed.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, 1833.

¹ For a characterization of the Annuals like
The Token and of the steel engravings in them,
 see the *Life of N. P. Willis* by H. A. Beers, pp.
 77-81.

DAILY TRIALS

By a Sensitive Man

Oh, there are times
 When all this fret and tumult that we hear
 Do seem more stale than to the sexton's
 ear
 His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
 The world is in a simmer like a sea
 Over a pent volcano,—woe is me
 All the day long!

From crib to shroud! 9
 Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
 And friends in boots tramp round us as
 we die,
 Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
 The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in
 the sun,
 And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by
 one,
 Give answer all.

When evening dim
 Draws round us, then the lonely cater-
 waul,
 Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,—
 These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
 Like polar needles, ever on the jar;
 Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep
 fountains are
 Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
 Strapped round them by the fond paternal
 ass;
 Peripatetics with a blade of grass
 Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
 Have caged some devil in their mad ma-
 chine, 30
 Which grinding, squeaks, with husky
 groans between,
 Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
 Thin horses of a Sunday,—men, with
 clams,
 Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their
 dams
 From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair,
Screeching for buns. 40

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your
fill;
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be
still
But in their graves.

(Buckingham's) *New England Magazine*,
May (?), 1833.

FROM POETRY:

*A Metrical Essay, Read before the Phi Beta
Kappa Society, Harvard University, August,
1836.*¹

To Charles Wentworth Upham, the following
Metrical Essay is Affectionately Inscribed.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION.

There breathes no being but has some
pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage, roaming through the
wild;
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his
child;

¹ This Academic Poem presents the simple and partial views of a young person trained after the schools of classical English verse as represented by Pope, Goldsmith, and Campbell, with whose lines his memory was early stocked. It will be observed that it deals chiefly with the constructive side of the poet's function. That which makes him a poet is not the power of writing melodious rhymes, it is not the possession of ordinary human sensibilities nor even of both these qualities in connection with each other. I should rather say, if I were now called upon to define it, it is the power of transfiguring the experiences and shows of life into an aspect which comes from his imagination and kindles that of others. Emotion is its stimulus and language furnishes its expression; but these are not all, as some might infer was the doctrine of the poem before the reader.

A common mistake made by young persons who suppose themselves to have poetical gift is that their own spiritual exaltation finds a true expression in the conventional phrases which are borrowed from the voices of the singers whose inspiration they think they share.

Looking at this poem as an expression of some aspects of the *ars poetica*, with some passages which I can read even at this mature period of life without blushing for them, it may stand as the most serious representation of my early efforts. Intended as it was for public delivery, many of its paragraphs may betray the fact by their somewhat rhetorical and sonorous character. (*Author's Note.*)

The infant, listening to the warbling bird;
The mother, smiling at its half-formed
word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at
large;
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like
charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased
hand
The vote that shakes the turret of the
land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted
chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning
plain;
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down
the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang
syne";
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows
dim,
While Heaven is listening to her even-
ing hymn;
The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw
near
The circling dance and dazzling chande-
lier;
E'en trembling age, when Spring's renew-
ing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered
hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward
flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's
name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer
dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and
sighs!

If glorious visions, born for all man-
kind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind;
If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset
sky;
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;
If passions, following with the winds that
urge
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest
verge;—
If these on all some transient hours be-
stow
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,
Then all are poets; and if earth had
rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were
told,

Each moaning billow of her shoreless
wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's
grave!

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it
heard;
To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form,
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured
thought;—
If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred
name,
Then none are poets save the saints on
high,
Whose harps can murmur all that words
deny!

But though to none is granted to reveal
In perfect semblance all that each may
feel,
As withered flowers recall forgotten love,
So, warmed to life, our faded passions
move
In every line, where kindling fancy throws
The gleam of pleasures or the shade of
woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately
queen of art
Had smoothed the pathways leading to
the heart,
Assumed her measured tread, her solemn
tone,
And round her courts the clouds of fable
thrown,
The wreaths of heaven descended on her
shrine,
And wondering earth proclaimed the
Muse divine.
Yet if her votaries had but dared profane
The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,
How had they smiled beneath the veil to
find
What slender threads can chain the
mighty mind!

Poets, like painters, their machinery
claim,
And verse bestows the varnish and the
frame;
Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling
car,

Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word;
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers
glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide,
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills
again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain!
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they
meet;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession
pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the
shore;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal as the verse of
Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!

Born with mankind, with man's ex-
panded range
And varying fates the poet's numbers
change;
Thus in his history may we hope to find
Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,
As from the cradle of its birth we trace,
Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal
race.

August, 1836.

"QUI VIVE?"

"*Qui vive?*" The sentry's musket rings,
The channelled bayonet gleams;
High o'er him, like a raven's wings,
The broad tricolored banner flings
Its shadow, rustling as it swings
Pale in the moonlight beams;
Pass on! while steel-clad sentries keep
Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,
Thy bare, unguarded breast
Asks not the unbroken, bristling tone
That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne;
Pass on, and take thy rest!

"*Qui vive?*" How oft the midnight air
That startling cry has borne!
How oft the evening breeze has fanned
The banner of this haughty land,
O'er mountain snow and desert land,
Ere yet its folds were torn!

Through Jena's carnage flying red,
Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead, ²⁰
Or curling on the towers
Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,
And suns the ruffled plumage, wet
With battle's crimson showers!

"*Qui vive!*" And is the sentry's cry,—
The sleepless soldier's hand,—
Are these—the painted folds that fly
And lift their emblems, printed high
On morning mist and sunset sky—
The guardians of a land? ³⁰
No! If the patriot's pulses sleep,
How vain the watch that hirelings keep,—
The idle flag that waves,
When Conquest, with his iron heel,
Treads down the standards and the steel
That belt the soil of slaves!

American Monthly Magazine, Nov., 1836.

FROM A RHYMED LESSON ¹

(*Urania.*)

INTRODUCTION.

Yes, dear Enchantress,—wandering far
and long,
In realms unperfumed by the breath of
song,
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their
sweets around,
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial
ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom
mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial
wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin,
Whose pangs are real, not the woes of
rhyme
That blue-eyed misses warble out of ¹⁰
time;—
Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,
Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,
Freed for a moment from the chains of
toil,
I tread once more thy consecrated soil;
Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne!

My dazzled glance explores the crowded
hall;
Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all!

¹ This poem was delivered before the Boston
Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846.

I know my audience. All the gay and
young ¹⁹
Love the light antics of a playful tongue;
And these, remembering some expansive
line
My lips let loose among the nuts and
wine,
Are all impatience till the opening pun
Proclaims the witty shamfight is begun.
Two-fifths at least, if not the total half.
Have come infuriate for an earthquake
laugh;
I know full well what alderman has tied
His red bandanna tight about his side;
I see the mother, who, aware that boys
Perform their laughter with superfluous
noise, ³⁰
Beside her kerchief brought an extra one
To stop the explosions of her bursting son;
I know a tailor, once a friend of mine
Expects great doings in the button line,—
For mirth's concussions rip the outward
case,
And plant the stitches in a tenderer place,
I know my audience,—these shall have
their due;
A smile awaits them ere my song is
through!

I know myself. Not servile for ap-
plause, ³⁹
My Muse permits no deprecating clause;
Modest or vain, she will not be denied
One bold confession due to honest pride;
And well she knows the drooping veil of
song
Shall save her boldness from the caviller's
wrong.
Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid
imparts
To tell the secrets of our aching hearts:
For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate,
bound,
She kneels imploring at the feet of sound;
For this, convulsed in thought's maternal
pains,
She loads her arms with rhyme's re-
sounding chains; ⁵⁰
Faint though the music of her fetters be,
It lends one charm,—her lips are ever
free!

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery
noon,
To steal his laurels from the stage buf-
foon;
His sword of lath the harlequin may
wield;
Behold the star upon my lifted shield!

Though the just critic pass my humble
name,
And sweeter lips have drained the cup of
fame,
While my gay stanza pleased the ban-
quet's lords,
The soul within was tuned to deeper
chords!
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts
taught
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of
thought,
Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling
straw?
Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling
spear
The pure, warm hearts that bid me wel-
come here?
No! while I wander through the land of
dreams,
To strive with great and play with tri-
fling themes,
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line.
You have your judgment; will you trust
to mine?

1846.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL¹

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells
of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and
merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but
honest, brave, and true,
Who dipped their ladle in the punch
when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so
runs the ancient tale;
'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith,
whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes,
for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of
good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to
please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a
longing for the same;

¹ This "punch-bowl" was, according to old family tradition, a *caudle-cup*. It is a massive piece of silver, with cherubs and other ornaments of coarse repoussé work, and has two handles like a loving-cup, by which it was held, or passed from guest to guest. (*Author's Note.*)

And oft as on the ancient stock another
twig was found,
'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot,
and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length
a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take
a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it
was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found con-
venticles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what 's
next: it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—
a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their
new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least
a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night
was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the
bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the
posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were
ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the
man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and
wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men
that fought and prayed—
All drank as 't were their mother's milk,
and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the
screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the
soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he
taught to kith and kin:
"Run from the white man when you find
he smells of Holland's gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had
spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each
little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but
not in mirth or joy,—
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to
cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 't will do you good,
 —poor child, you'll never bear
 This working in the dismal trench, out in
 the midnight air;
 And if—God bless me!—you were hurt,
 't would keep away the chill.
 So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought
 that night at Bunker's Hill! 40

I tell you, there was generous warmth in
 good old English cheer;
 I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to
 bring its symbol here.
 'T is but the fool that loves excess; hast
 thou a drunken soul?
 Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in
 my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its
 pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
 The moss that clothes its broken walls,
 the ivy on its towers;
 Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—
 my eyes grow moist and dim,
 To think of all the vanished joys that
 danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear
 it straight to me;
 The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er
 the liquid be; 50
 And may the cherubs on its face protect
 me from the sin
 That dooms one to those dreadful words,
 —"My dear, where *have* you been?"

"Poems," 1849.

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG

There was a young man in Boston town,
 He bought him a stethoscope nice and
 new,
 All mounted and finished and polished
 down,
 With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,
 And spun him a web of ample size,
 Wherein there chanced one day to fall
 A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,
 The second was smaller, and thin and
 long; 10
 So there was a concert between the two,
 Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,
 This fine young man would show his
 skill;
 And so they gave him, his hand to try,
 A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
 And some that his *heart* was over size,
 While some kept arguing, all the while,
 He was crammed with *tubercles* up to
 his eyes. 20

This fine young man then up stepped he,
 And all the doctors made a pause;
 Said he, The man must die, you see,
 By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,
 To explore his chest it may be well;
 For if he should die and it were not done,
 You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
 And on it placed his curious ear; 30
Mon Dieu! said he, with a knowing look,
 Why, here is a sound that's mighty
 queer!

The *bourdonnement* is very clear,—
Amphoric buzzing, as I'm alive!
 Five doctors took their turn to hear;
Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt;
 We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side.
 The diagnosis was made out,—
 They tapped the patient; so he died. 40

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys
 Began to look extremely glum;
 They said that *rattles* were made for
 boys,
 And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a
 hum.

There was an old lady had long been
 sick,
 And what was the matter none did
 know:
 Her pulse was slow, though her tongue
 was quick;
 To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,
 With phials and boxes all in a row; 50
 She asked the young doctor what he was
 at,
 To thump her and tumble her ruffles
 so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,
The flies began to buzz and whiz:
Oh ho! the matter is clear, no doubt;
An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*
And the *bruit de diable* are all com-
bined;
How happy Bouillaud would be,
If he a case like this could find! 60

Now, when the neighboring doctors found
A case so rare had been descried,
They every day her ribs did pound
In squads of twenty; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
Received this kind young doctor's cares;
They all were getting slim and pale,
And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and
"skies,"
And loathed their puddings and but-
tered rolls, 70
And dieted, much to their friends' sur-
prise,
On pickles and pencils and chalk and
coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
The frightened insects buzzed the more;
So over all their chests he found
The *rôle sifflant* and the *rôle sonore*.

He shook his head. There's grave dis-
ease,—
I greatly fear you all must die;
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,
Surviving friends would gratify. 80

The six young damsels wept aloud,
Which so prevailed on six young men
That each his honest love avowed,
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast;
The price of stethoscopes came down;
And so he was reduced at last
To practice in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,
A stethoscope they did devise 90
That had a rammer to clear the bore.
With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,
But don't forget to mind your eyes,
Or you may be cheated, like this young
man,
By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.
1848.

LEXINGTON

Slowly 'the mist o'er the meadow was
creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the
sun,
When from his couch, while his children
were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his
gun.

Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and
spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire. 10

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf
is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met,
Hark! the death-volley around them is
ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young
grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have
died";
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its
side. 20

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry
come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-
burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,—
Long have they gathered and loud shall
they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and
wall. 30

Gayly the plume of the horseman was
dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was
prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the
rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on
high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed
by. 40

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind
is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur
and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is
waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the
gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land, 49
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs
are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to
their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused
from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to
sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have
won! 60

"Poems," 1849.

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS¹

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and
locks,
When berries—whortle, rasp and straw—
Grow bigger *downwards* through the
box,—

¹ From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*,
where it is introduced by:

"I should have felt more nervous about the
late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe.
But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken.
. . . . If certain things, which seem to me es-
sential to a millennium, had come to pass, I
should have been frightened; but they haven't."
The Second Adventists were active and numer-
ous in Boston in the middle of the Nineteenth
Century. Their prominent church building has
since become notorious as a cheap variety show
house.

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest
light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,— 10
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would
take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience'
sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof,— 20

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before,— 30
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac Tunnel's
bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1857.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS¹

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets
feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings

¹ From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.
"If you will look into Roget's *Bridgewater*
Treatise you will find a figure of one of these
shells and a section of it. The last will show
you the series of enlarging compartments suc-
cessively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits
the shell, which is built in a widening spiral.
Can you find no lesson in this?"

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more un-
furl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the
new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is
born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd
horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll! 30
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!

The Atlantic Monthly, Feb., 1858.

CONTENTMENT¹

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen! 10
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock, some note of
hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names; 20
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show. 30

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crape of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;— 40
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

¹ From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.
"I think you will be willing to hear some lines
which embody the subdued and limited desires
of maturity." This cannot fail to be associated
with Thoreau's statement of his "subdued and
limited desires" embodied in "Walden" published
four years earlier.

Of pictures, I should like to own
 Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
 I love so much their style and tone,
 One Turner, and no more
 (A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
 The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear; 50
 The rest upon an upper floor;—
 Some *little* luxury *there*
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as
 these,
 Which others often show for pride,
 I value for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride;—
 One Stradivarius, I confess, 59
 Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl?
 Give grasping pomp its double share,—
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*,— 70
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

Atlantic Monthly, Sept., 1858.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE¹

or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

A LOGICAL STORY

Have you heard of the wonderful one-
 hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
 I 'll tell you what happened without de-
 lay,
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits,—
 Have you ever heard of that, I say?

¹ From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.
 In connection with this see Holmes's essay on
 Jonathan Edwards—particularly the latter por-
 tion—in "Pages from an Old Volume of Life."

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,— 10
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss
 shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
 what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest
 spot,—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking
 still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; 30
 It should be so built that it *could n'* break
 daown:
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty
 plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the
 strain;
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village
 folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That could n't be split nor bent nor
 broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills; 40
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the
 straightest trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like
 cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's el-
 lum,"—
 Last of its timber,—they could n't sell
 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their
 lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll
 dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were
 they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss
 shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
 sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same. 70
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its
 youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You 're welcome.—No extra
 charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the earthquake-
 day,— 80
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss
 shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There could n't be,—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there was n't a chance for one to
 start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as
 the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the
 sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor
 more, 90
 And the back crossbar as strong as the
 fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.

And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went
 they. 100

The parson was working his Sunday's
 text,—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house
 clock,— 109

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay
 Logic is logic. That 's all I say. 120

Atlantic Monthly, Sept., 1858.

THE VOICELESS¹

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slum-
 ber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to
 number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

¹ From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.
 "Read what the singing-women—one to ten
 thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and
 think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature
 is in earnest when she makes a woman; and
 there are women enough lying in the next church-
 yard with very commonplace blue slate-stones at
 their head and feet, for whom it was just as
 true that 'all sounds of life assumed one tone
 of love' as for Letitia Landon, of whom Eliza-
 beth Browning said it; but she could give words
 to her grief, and they could not."

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad
 story,—¹⁰
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's churchyard pil-
 low.

O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing
 presses,—²⁰
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

The Atlantic Monthly, Oct., 1858.

THE BOYS¹

Has there any old fellow got mixed with
 the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without mak-
 ing a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cata-
 logue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-
 night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says
 we are more?
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show
 him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*
 if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest
 there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the
 mistake!
 Look close,—you will see not a sign of
 a flake!¹⁰
 We want some new garlands for those we
 have shed,—
 And these are white roses in place of the
 red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you
 may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were
 old:—

¹ For the reunion of the famous Harvard class
 of 1829. From 1851 to 1889 Holmes brought his
 annual poem to the reunion.

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we
 call "Judge";²
 It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all
 fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"³—the one
 on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor,"⁴ my young one, how are
 you to-night?
 That's our "Member of Congress,"⁵ we
 say when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend"⁶ What's his
 name?—don't make me laugh.²⁰

That boy with the grave mathematical
 look?⁷
 Made believe he had written a wonder-
 ful book,
 And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was
 true!
 So they chose him right in; a good joke
 it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-
 decker brain,⁸
 That could harness a team with a logical
 chain;
 When he spoke for our manhood in syl-
 labled fire,
 We called him "The Justice," but now
 he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent
 pith,—
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him
 Smith;⁹
 But he shouted a song for the brave and
 the free,—
 Just read on his medal, "My country,"
 "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think
 he's all fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he
 has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to
 his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs
 loudest of all!

² George T. Bigelow, Chief-justice of Massa-
 chusetts.

³ Hon. Francis B. Crowninshield, Speaker of
 the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

⁴ G. W. Richardson, of Worcester, Mass.

⁵ Hon. George L. Davis.

⁶ James Freeman Clarke.

⁷ Prof. Benjamin Peirce.

⁸ B. R. Curtis, Justice of the United States
 Supreme Court.

⁹ S. F. Smith, the author of "America."

Yes, we 're boys,—always playing with
tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laugh-
ing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling
away? 40

Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and
its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dewes of its
May!
And when we have done with our life-
lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children,
THE BOYS!

1859. *Atlantic Monthly*, Feb., 1859.

AT A MEETING OF FRIENDS

*August 29, 1859*¹

I remember—why, yes! God bless me!
and was it so long ago?
I fear I'm growing forgetful, as old folks
do, you know;
It must have been in 'forty—I would say
'thirty-nine—
We talked this matter over, I and a friend
of mine.

He said, "Well now, old fellow, I 'm
thinking that you and I,
If we act like other people, shall be older
by and by;
What though the bright blue ocean is
smooth as a pond can be,
There is always a line of breakers to
fringe the broadest sea.

"We 're taking it mighty easy, but that is
nothing strange,
For up to the age of thirty we spend our
years like change; 20
But creeping up towards the forties, as
fast as the old years fill,
And Time steps in for payment, we seem
to change a bill."

"I know it," I said, "old fellow; you
speak the solemn truth;
A man can't live to a hundred and like-
wise keep his youth;

¹ Holmes's fiftieth birthday.

But what if the ten years coming shall
silver-streak my hair,
You know I shall then be forty; of course
I shall not care.

"At forty a man grows heavy and tired
of fun and noise;
Leaves dress to the five-and-twenties and
love to the silly boys;
No foppish tricks at forty, no pinching of
waists and toes,
But high-low shoes and flannels and good
thick worsted hose." 20

But one fine August morning I found my-
self awake:
My birthday:—By Jove, I 'm forty! Yes,
forty and no mistake!
Why, this is the very milestone, I think I
used to hold,
That when a fellow had come to, a fellow
would then be old!

But that is the young folks' nonsense;
they 're full of their foolish stuff;
A man 's in his prime at forty,—I see *that*
plain enough;
At *fifty* a man is wrinkled, and *may be*
bald or gray;
I call men old at fifty, in spite of all they
say.

At last comes another August with mist
and rain and shine;
Its mornings are slowly counted and creep
to twenty-nine, 30
And when on the western summits the
fading light appears,
It touches with rosy fingers the last of my
fifty years.

There have been both men and women
whose hearts were firm and bold,
But there never was one of fifty that
loved to say "I 'm old";
So any elderly person that strives to
shirk his years,
Make him stand up at a table and try
him by his peers.

Now here I stand at fifty, my jury gath-
ered round;
Sprinkled with dust of silver, but not yet
silver-crowned,
Ready to meet your verdict, waiting to
hear it told;
Guilty of fifty summers; speak! Is the
verdict *old*? 40

No! say that his hearing fails him; say
 that his sight grows dim;
 Say that he 's getting wrinkled and weak
 in back and limb,
 Losing his wits and temper, but pleading,
 to make amends,
 The youth of his fifty summers he finds
 in his twenty friends.

1859. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Aug., 1859.

HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
 We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
 near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief, 9
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1859.

A SUN-DAY HYMN

Lord of all being! throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn; 10
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
 love,
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame! 20

Atlantic Monthly, Dec., 1859.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD COLLEGE

I thank you, Mr. President, you 've kindly
 broke the ice;
 Virtue should always be the first,—I 'm
 only Second Vice—
 (A vice is something with a screw that 's
 made to hold its jaw
 Till some old file has played away upon
 an ancient saw).

Sweet brothers by the Mother's side, the
 babes of days gone by,
 All nurslings of her Juno breasts whose
 milk is never dry,
 We come again, like half-grown boys, and
 gather at her beck
 About her knees, and on her lap, and
 clinging round her neck.

We find her at her stately door, and in
 her ancient chair,
 Dressed in the robes of red and green
 she always loved to wear. 10
 Her eye has all its radiant youth, her
 cheek its morning flame;
 We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish
 still the same.

We have been playing many an hour, and
 far away we 've strayed,
 Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some
 lingering in the shade;
 And some have tired, and laid them down
 where darker shadows fall,—
 Dear as her loving voice may be, they
 cannot hear its call.

What miles we 've travelled since we
 shook the dew-drops from our shoes
 We gathered on this classic green, so
 famed for heavy dues!
 How many boys have joined the game,
 how many slipped away,
 Since we 've been running up and down,
 and having out our play! 20

One boy at work with book and brief,
 and one with gown and band,
 One sailing vessels on the pool, one dig-
 ging in the sand,

One flying paper kites on change, one
planting little pills,—
The seeds of certain annual flowers well
known as little bills.

What maidens met us on our way, and
clasped us hand in hand!
What cherubs,—not the legless kind, that
fly, but never stand!
How many a youthful head we've seen
put on its silver crown!
What sudden changes back again to
youth's empurpled brown!

But fairer sights have met our eyes, and
broader lights have shone,
Since others lit their midnight lamps
where once we trimmed our own; 30
A thousand trains that flap the sky with
flags of rushing fire,
And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand,
Thought's million-chorded lyre.

We've seen the sparks of Empire fly be-
yond the mountain bars,
Till, glittering o'er the Western wave, they
joined the setting stars;
And ocean trodden into paths that
trampling giants ford,
To find the planet's vertebræ and sink its
spinal cord.

We've tried reform,—and chloroform,—
and both have turned our brain;
When France called up the photograph,
we roused the foe to pain;
Just so those earlier sages shared the
chaplet of renown,—
Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours
brought their lightning down. 40

We've seen the little tricks of life, its
varnish and veneer,
Its stucco-fronts of character flake off
and disappear,
We've learned that oft the brownest
hands will heap the biggest pile,
And met with many a "perfect brick"
beneath a rimless "tile."

What dreams we've had of deathless
name, as scholars, statesmen, bards,
While Fame, the lady with the trump,
held up her picture cards!
Till, having nearly played our game, she
gayly whispered, "Ah!
I said you should be something grand,—
you'll soon be grandpapa."

Well, well, the old have had their day,
the young must take their turn;
There's something always to forget, and
something still to learn; 50
But how to tell what's old or young, the
tap-root from the sprigs,
Since Florida revealed her fount to Ponce
de Leon Twiggs?

The wisest was a Freshman once, just
freed from bar and bolt,
As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as
a colt;
Don't be too savage with the boys,—the
Primer does not say
The kitten ought to go to church because
the cat doth prey.

The law of merit and of age is not the
rule of three;
Non Constat that A.M. must prove as
busy as A.B.
When Wise the father tracked the son,
ballooning through the skies,
He taught a lesson to the old,—go thou
and do like Wise! 60

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth,
of high or low degree,
Remember how we only get one annual
out of three,
And such as dare to simmer down three
dinners into one,
Must cut their salads mighty short, and
pepper well with fun.

I've passed my zenith long ago, it's time
for me to set;
A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am
lingering yet,
As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-
and-watery moon
Stains with its dim and fading ray the
lustrous blue of noon.

Farewell! yet let one echo rise to shake
our ancient hall;
God save the Queen,—whose throne is
here,—the Mother of us all! 70
Till dawns the great commencement-day
on every shore and sea,
And "Expectantur" all mankind, to take
their last Degree!

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

March 25, 1861.

She has gone,—she has left us in passion
and pride,—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our
side!
She has torn her own star from our firma-
ment's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a
foe!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have
been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's
name,
From the fountain of blood with the
finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a
touch;
But we said, "She is hasty,—she does not
mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some
turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive
and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its
altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the
fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength
of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in
vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are
gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in
the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop
from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord
of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is
past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel
at last,
As the torrents that rush from the moun-
tains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys
below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts
the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though
cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters
will heal!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never
be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be
furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of
the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our
roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet
have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our
door!

March, 1861.

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1861.

TO MY READERS

Nay, blame me not; I might have spared
Your patience many a trivial verse,
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder songs
Had freshness which the new have lost;
To spring the opening leaf belongs,
The chestnut-burs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were
brown,
When these I write—ah, well-a-day!
The autumn thistle's silvery down
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold
Those garnered years in loving trust;
How long before your blue and gold
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,
Tell me each living poet's doom!
How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,
A day, a month, a year, an age,—
I read oblivion in its date,
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we signed, our griefs were told;
Before we smiled, our joys were sung;
And all our passions shaped of old
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek,—
Can all the varied phrases tell ³⁰
That Babel's wandering children speak
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,— ³⁹
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

April 8, 1862.

TO CANAÄN!¹

A Song of the Six Hundred Thousand.

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching South to Canaän
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaän, to Canaän ¹⁰
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up,—
The same our father's bore!

¹This poem, published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, was claimed by several persons, three, if I remember correctly, whose names I have had, but never thought it worth while to publish. (*Author's Note.*)

In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain,—
What God has woven in His loom
Let no man rend in twain! ²⁰
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen,—
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves; ³⁰
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North.

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung! ⁴⁰
To Canaän! To Canaän!
The priest and maidens cried;
To Canaän! To Canaän!
The people's voice replied.
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens
The anthems of the North!

When Canaän's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat, ⁵⁰
What follows next in order?
—The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,—
When half the world is Freedom's
Then all the world's our own!
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
A whirlwind from the North! ⁶⁰

Boston Evening Transcript, Aug. 2, 1862.

NON-RESISTANCE

Perhaps too far in these considerate
days
Has patience carried her submissive ways;
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and
meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other
cheek;

It is not written, what a man shall do,
If the rude caitiff smite the other too!

Land of our fathers, in thine hour, of
need
God help thee, guarded by the passive
creed!
As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and
cowl,
When through the forest rings the gray
wolf's howl;
As the deep galleon trusts her gilded
prow
When the black corsair slants athwart
her bow;
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful
mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-
green,
When the dark plumage with the crimson
beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered
peak,—
So trust thy friends, whose babbling
tongues would charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
Thy torches ready for the answering peal
From bellowing fort and thunder-
freighted keel!

THE MORAL BULLY

Yon whey-faced brother, who delights
to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space;
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round
the lip;
One of those harmless spectacled ma-
chines,
The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes;
Whom school-boys question if their walk
transcends
The last advices of maternal friends;
Whom John, obedient to his master's
sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,
While Peter, glistening with luxurious
scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of
corn;
Dark in the brow and bilious in the
cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once
a week,

Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare
suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call
their boots,
Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front
severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou canst not
fear!

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra
stings.
In that lean phantom, whose extended
glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee
down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday
frown;
His velvet throat against thy corded
wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled
fist!

The MORAL BULLY, though he never
swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward-
sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be
seen
In the same plight with Shylock's gaber-
dine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow
breast
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's
chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his
rear
That chase from port the maddened buc-
caneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid
words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into
curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the stagger-
ing wreck!

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal
clown
Whose arm is stronger free to knock us
down?

Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic
soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on
parole,⁵⁰
Who, though he carries but a doubtful
trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Had dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cutthroat
terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother
worms?

"Songs in Many Keys," 1862.

THE STATESMAN'S SECRET¹

Who of all statesmen is his country's
pride,
Her councils' prompter and her leaders'
guide?
He speaks; the nation holds its breath to
hear;
He nods, and shakes the sunset hemi-
sphere.
Born where the primal fount of Nature
springs
By the rude cradles of her throneless
kings,
In his proud eye her royal signet flames,
By his own lips her Monarch she pro-
claims.

Why name his countless triumphs,
whom to meet
Is to be famous, envied in defeat?¹⁰
The keen debaters, trained to brawls and
strife,
Who fire one shot, and finish with the
knife,
Tried him but once, and, cowering in their
shame,
Ground their hacked blades to strike at
meaner game.
The lordly chief, his party's central stay,
Whose lightest word a hundred votes obey,
Found a new listener seated at his side,
Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,
Flung his rash gauntlet on the startled
floor,
Met the all-conquering, fought,—and ruled
no more.²⁰

See where he moves, what eager crowds
attend!
What shouts of thronging multitudes as-
cend!

¹ The poem was originally called "The Disap-
pointed Statesman." The statesman is, of course,
Webster.

If this is life,—to mark with every hour
The purple deepening in his robes of
power,
To see the painted fruits of honor fall
Thick at his feet, and choose among them
all,
To hear the sounds that shape his spread-
ing name
Peal through the myriad organ-stops of
fame,
Stamp the lone isle that spots the sea-
man's chart,²⁹
And crown the pillared glory of the mart,
To count as peers the few supremely
wise
Who mark their planet in the angels'
eyes,—
If this is life—

What savage man is he
Who strides alone beside the sounding
sea?
Alone he wanders by the murmuring
shore,
His thoughts as restless as the waves that
roar;
Looks on the sullen sky as stormy-browed
As on the waves yon tempest-brooding
cloud,
Heaves from his aching breast a wailing
sigh,
Sad as the gust that sweeps the clouded
sky.⁴⁰
Ask him his griefs; what midnight demons
plough
The lines of torture on his lofty brow;
Unlock those marble lips, and bid them
speak
The mystery freezing in his bloodless
cheek.

His secret? Hid beneath a flimsy word;
One foolish whisper that ambition heard;
And thus it spake: "Behold yon gilded
chair,
The world's one vacant throne,—thy place
is there!"

Ah, fatal dream! What warning spec-
tres meet⁴⁹
In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat!
Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his
ear
The maddening taunt he cannot choose
but hear:

"Meanest of slaves, by gods and men ac-
curst,
He who is second when he might be first!
Climb with bold front the ladder's top-
most round,
Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the
ground!"

Illustrious Dupe! Have those majestic
 eyes
 Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar
 prize?
 Art thou the last of all mankind to
 know
 That party-fights are won by aiming
 low?
 Thou, stamped by Nature with her royal
 sign,
 That party-hirelings hate a look like thine?
 Shake from thy sense the wild delusive
 dream!
 Without the purple, art thou not supreme?
 And soothed by love unbought, thy heart
 shall own
 A nation's homage nobler than its throne!

1850. "Songs in Many Keys," 1862.

SHAKESPEARE

Tercentennial Celebration
April 23, 1864.

"Who claims our Shakespeare from that
 realm unknown,
 Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the
 deep,
 Where Genoa's roving mariner was
 blown?
 Her twofold Saint's-day let our Eng-
 land keep;
 Shall warring aliens share her holy task?"
 The Old World echoes, Ask.

O land of Shakespeare! ours with all thy
 past,
 Till these last years that make the sea
 so wide,
 Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast
 Has dulled our aching sense to joyous
 pride
 In every noble word thy sons bequeathed
 The air our fathers breathed!

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the
 strife,
 We turn to other days and far-off
 lands,
 Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded
 life,
 Come with fresh lilies in our fevered
 hands
 To wreath his bust, and scatter purple
 flowers,—
 Not his the need, but ours!

We call those poets who are first to mark
 Through earth's dull mist the coming
 of the dawn,—
 Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale
 spark,
 While others only note that day is gone;
 For him the Lord of light the curtain rent
 That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half
 known,
 Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant-
 lines,—
 As in that world of Nature all outgrown
 Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,
 And cast from Mariposa's mountain-wall
 Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,
 Throbbing its radiance like a beating
 heart;
 In the wide compass of angelic powers
 The instinct of the blindworm has its
 part;
 So in God's kingliest creature we behold
 The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-
 carved name
 Stamped once on dust that moved with
 pulse and breath,
 As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame
 Whose undimmed glories gild the night
 of death:
 We praise not star or sun; in these we see
 Thee, Father, only Thee!

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and
 love:
 We read, we reverence on this human
 soul,—
 Earth's clearest mirror of the light
 above,—
 Plain as the record on thy prophet's
 scroll,
 When o'er his page the effluent splendors
 poured,
 Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,
 Thine own selected. Statesman, poet,
 sage,
 For him thy sovereign pleasure passed
 them by;
 Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's rip-
 ened age,
 Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial
 mind
 Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum
 rise,
 Nor fear to make thy worship less
 divine,
 And hear the shouted choral shake the
 skies,
 Counting all glory, power, and wisdom
 thine;
 For thy great gift thy greater name adore,
 And praise thee evermore! 60

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost
 need,
 Thanks for these unstained drops of
 freshening dew!
 Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes
 bleed,
 Keep us to every sweet remembrance
 true,
 Till from this blood-red sunset springs
 new-born
 Our Nation's second morn!

BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH- DAY

November 3, 1864

O even-handed Nature! we confess
 This life that men so honor, love, and
 bless
 Has filled thine olden measure. Not the
 less

We count the precious seasons that re-
 main;
 Strike not the level of the golden grain,
 But heap it high with years, that earth
 may gain

What heaven can lose,—for heaven is rich
 in song:
 Do not all poets, dying, still prolong
 Their broken chants amid the seraph
 throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is
 seen, 20
 And England's heavenly minstrel sits be-
 tween
 The Mantuan and the wan-checked Flor-
 entine?

This was the first sweet singer in the
 cage
 Of our close-woven life. A new-born
 age
 Claims in his vesper song its heritage:

Spare us, oh spare us long our heart's
 desire!
 Moloch, who calls our children through
 the fire,
 Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun
 The hours, the minutes, that his sands
 have run; 20
 Rather, as on those flowers that one by
 one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom
 display
 Till evening's planet with her guiding ray
 Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a
 flower,
 The long, long daylight, numbering hour
 by hour,
 Each breathing sweetness like a bridal
 bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?
 His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?
 His evening primrose has not opened
 yet; 30

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide
 the skies
 In midnight from his century-laden eyes,
 Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open
 bright
 As the resplendent cactus of the night
 That floods the gloom with fragrance and
 with light?

How can we praise the verse whose mu-
 sic flows
 With solemn cadence and majestic close,
 Pure as the dew that filters through the
 rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil
 days 40
 He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor
 praise,
 Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier
 lays?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
 So to his youth his manly years were
 true,
 All dyed in royal purple through and
 through!

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven
 is strung
 Needs not the flattering toil of mortal
 tongue:
 Let not the singer grieve to die unsung!

Marbles forget their message to mankind:
 In his own verse the poet still we find, ⁵⁰
 In his own page his memory lives en-
 shrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered
 bees,—
 As the fair cedar, fallen before the
 breeze,
 Lies self-embalmed amidst the moulder-
 ing trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow
 Out of their mother's fondness. Nature
 so
 Holds their soft hands, and will not let
 them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet
 Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses
 beat
 Twinned with her pulses, and their lips
 repeat ⁶⁰

The secrets she has told them, as their
 own:
 Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,
 And the rapt minstrel shares her awful
 throne!

O lover of her mountains and her woods,
 Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,
 Where Love himself with tremulous step
 intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred
 fire:
 Far be the day that claims thy sounding
 lyre
 To join the music of the angel choir!

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be
 filled, ⁷⁰
 Since throbbing hearts must be forever
 stilled,
 And all must fade that evening sunsets
 gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal
 eyes
 That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,
 Its smoke may vanish from these black-
 ened skies!

Then, when his summons comes, since
 come it must,
 And, looking heavenward with unfalter-
 ing trust,
 He wraps his drapery round him for the
 dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er
 his head
 The Northern fires beyond the zenith
 spread ⁸⁰
 In lambent glory, blue and white and
 red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding
 load,
 The milky way of peace all freshly
 strowed,
 And every white-throned star fixed in its
 lost abode!

1864. *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1864.

A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

How the mountains talked together,
 Looking down upon the weather,
 When they heard our friend had planned
 his
 Little trip among the Andes!
 How they'll bare their snowy scalps
 To the climber of the Alps
 When the cry goes through their passes,
 "Here comes the great Agassiz!"
 "Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,
 "But I wait for him to say so,— ¹⁰
 That 's the only thing that lacks,—he
 Must see me, Cotopaxi!"
 "Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,
 "And he must view my wonders!
 I'm but a lonely crater
 Till I have him for spectator!"
 The mountain hearts are yearning,
 The lava-torches burning,
 The rivers bend to meet him, ²⁰
 The forests bow to greet him,
 It thrills the spinal column
 Of fossil fishes solemn,
 And glaciers crawl the faster
 To the feet of their old master!
 Heaven keep him well and hearty!
 Both him and all his party!
 From the sun that broils and smites,
 From the centipede that bites,
 From the hail-storm and the thunder, ³⁰
 From the vampire and the condor,
 From the gust upon the river,
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,
 From the trip of mule or donkey,
 From the midnight howling monkey,

From the stroke of knife or dagger,
 From the puma and the jaguar,
 From the horrid boa-constrictor
 That has scared us in the pictur',
 From the Indians of the Pampas
 Who would dine upon their grampas, 40
 From every beast and vermin
 That to think of sets us squirmin',
 From every snake that tries on
 The traveller his p'ison,
 From every pest of Natur',
 Likewise the alligator,
 And from two things left behind him,—
 (Be sure they'll try to find him,)
 The tax-bill and assessor,—
 Heaven keep the great Professor! 50
 May he find, with his apostles,
 That the land is full of fossils,
 That the waters swarm with fishes
 Shaped according to his wishes,
 That every pool is fertile
 In fancy kinds of turtle,
 New birds around him singing,
 New insects, never stinging,
 With a million novel data
 About the articulata, 60
 And facts that strip off all husks
 From the history of mollusks.
 And when, with loud Te Deum,
 He returns to his Museum,
 May he find the monstrous reptile
 That so long the land has kept ill
 By Grant and Sherman throttled,
 And by Father Abraham bottled,
 (All specked and streaked and mottled
 With the scars of murderous battles, 70
 Where he clashed the iron rattles
 That gods and men he shook at,)
 For all the world to look at!

God bless the great Professor!
 And Madam, too, God bless her!
 Bless him and all his band,
 On the sea and on the land,
 Bless them head and heart and hand,
 Till their glorious raid is o'er,
 And they touch our ransomed shore! 80
 Then the welcome of a nation,
 With its shout of exultation,
 Shall awake the dumb creation,
 And the shapes of buried æons
 Join the living creatures' pæans,
 Till the fossil echoes roar;
 While the mighty megalosaurus
 Leads the palæozoic chorus,—
 God bless the great Professor,
 And the land his proud possessor,— 90
 Bless them now and evermore!

1865.

ALL HERE

It is not what we say or sing,
 That keeps our charm so long un-
 broken,
 Though every lightest leaf we bring
 May touch the heart as friendship's
 token;
 Not what we sing or what we say
 Can make us dearer to each other;
 We love the singer and his lay,
 But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
 Thrice welcome to our smiles and
 praises; 10
 Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
 Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;
 One flower ere long we all shall claim,
 Alas! unloved of Amaryllis—
 Nature's last blossom—need I name
 The wreath of three-score's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
 Around our boyhood's covered embers?
 Go read the treasured names aright
 The old triennial list remembers; 20
 Though twenty wear the starry sign
 That tells a life has broke its tether,
 The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine—
 God bless THE BOYS!—are all to-
 gether!

These come with joyous look and word,
 With friendly grasp and cheerful greet-
 ing,—
 Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
 The angel guests of every meeting;
 They cast no shadow in the flame
 That flushes from the gilded lustre, 30
 But count us—we are still the same;
 One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head
 To pass beyond the narrow portals,—
 The light these glowing moments shed
 Wakes from their sleep our lost immor-
 tals;
 They come as in their joyous prime,
 Before their morning days were num-
 bered,—
 Death stays the envious hand of Time,—
 The eyes have not grown dim that
 slumbered! 40

The paths that loving souls have trod
 Arch o'er the dust where worldlings
 grovel
 High as the zenith o'er the sod,—
 The cross above the sexton's shovel!

We rise beyond the realms of day;
 They seem to stoop from spheres of
 glory
 With us one happy hour to stray,
 While youth comes back in song and
 story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel 49
 That war has tried in edge and tem-
 per;
 It writes upon its sacred seal
 The priest's *ubique—omnes—semper!*
 It lends the sky a fairer sun
 That cheers our lives with rays as
 steady
 As if our footsteps had begun
 To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clinched its knot
 Too fast for mortal strength to sunder;
 The lightning bolts of noon are shot;
 No fear of evening's idle thunder! 60
 Too late! too late!—no graceless hand
 Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
 To rive the close encircling band
 That made and keeps us one forever!

So when upon the fated scroll
 The falling stars have all descended,
 And blotted from the breathing roll,
 Our little page of life is ended,
 We ask but one memorial line 69
 Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother:
 "My children. Boys of '29.
In pace. How they loved each other!"
 1867.

SIDNEY LANIER

(1842-1881)

THE DYING WORDS OF STONE- WALL JACKSON

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle."
"Tell Major Hawks to advance the Commissary
train."
"Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."

The stars of Night contain the glittering
Day
And rain his glory down with sweeter
grace
Upon the dark World's grand, enchanted
face—
All loth to turn away.

And so the Day, about to yield his breath,
Utters the stars unto the listening Night,
To stand for burning fare-thee-wells of
light
Said on the verge of death.

O hero-life that lit us like the sun!
O hero-words that glittered like the stars
And stood and shone above the gloomy
wars
When the hero-life was done!

The phantoms of a battle came to dwell
I' the fitful vision of his dying eyes—
Yet even in battle-dreams, he sends sup-
plies
To those he loved so well.

His army stands in battle-line arrayed:
His couriers fly: all's done: now God de-
cide!
—And not till then saw he the Other Side
Or would accept the shade.

Thou Land whose sun is gone, thy stars
remain!
Still shine the words that miniature his
deeds.
O thrice-beloved, where'er thy great heart
bleeds,
Solace hast thou for pain!

1865.

1884.

NIGHT AND DAY

The innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.
—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
—I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
—Come back, O Day! said he.

1866. *The Independent*, Aug., 1884.

CORN

To-day the woods are trembling through
and through
With shimmering forms, that flash before
my view,
Then melt in green as dawn-stars melt in
blue.
The leaves that wave against my cheek
caress
Like women's hands; the embracing
boughs express
A subtlety of mighty tenderness;
The copse-depths into little noises start,
That sound anon like beatings of a heart,
Anon like talk 'twixt lips not far apart.
The beech dreams balm, as a dreamer
hums a song;
Through that vague wafture, expirations
strong
Throb from young hickories breathing
deep and long
With stress and urgency bold of prisoned
spring
And ecstasy of burgeoning.

Now, since the dew-plashed road of morn
 is dry,
 Forth venture odors of more quality
 And heavenlier giving. Like Jove's locks
 awry,
 Long muscadines
 Rich-wreath the spacious foreheads of
 great pines,
 And breathe ambrosial passion from their
 vines. 20
 I pray with mosses, ferns and flowers shy
 That hide like gentle nuns from human
 eye
 To lift adoring perfumes to the sky.
 I hear faint bridal-sighs of brown and
 green
 Dying to silent hints of kisses keen
 As far lights fringe into a pleasant sheen.
 I start at fragmentary whispers, blown
 From undertalks of leafy souls unknown,
 Vague purports sweet, of inarticulate tone.
 Dreaming of gods, men, nuns and brides,
 between 30
 Old companies of oaks that inward lean
 To join their radiant amplitudes of green
 I slowly move, with ranging looks that
 pass
 Up from the matted miracles of grass
 Into yon veined complex of space
 Where sky and leafage interlace
 So close, the heaven of blue is seen
 Interwoven with a heaven of green.

I wander to the zigzag-cornered fence
 Where sassafras, intrenched in brambles
 dense, 40
 Contests with stolid vehemence
 The march of culture, setting limb and
 thorn
 As pikes against the army of the corn.

There, while I pause, my fieldward-faring
 eyes
 Take harvests, where the stately corn-
 ranks rise,
 Of inward dignities
 And large benignities and insights wise,
 Graces and modest majesties.
 Thus, without theft, I reap another's
 field;
 Thus, without tilth, I house a wondrous
 yield, 50
 And heap my heart with quintuple crops
 concealed.

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain
 stands
 Advanced beyond the foremost of his
 bands,

And waves his blades upon the very edge
 And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
 Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk
 nor talk,
 Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
 That leads the vanward of his timid
 time
 And sings up cowards with commanding
 rhyme—
 Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee,
 to grow 60
 By double increment, above, below;
 Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in
 grace like thee,
 Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
 That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
 Soul filled like thy long veins with sweet-
 ness tense,
 By every godlike sense
 Transmuted from the four wild elements.
 Drawn to high plans,
 Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal
 man's,
 Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
 And keepest hold 71
 Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
 That gave thee birth;
 Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
 Serene and brave,
 With unremitting breath
 Inhaling life from death,
 Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage elo-
 quent,
 Thyself thy monument.

As poets should, 80
 Thou hast built up thy hardihood
 With universal food,
 Drawn in select proportion fair
 From honest mould and vagabond air;
 From darkness of the dreadful night,
 And joyful light;
 From antique ashes, whose departed flame
 In thee has finer life and longer fame;
 From wounds and balms,
 From storms and calms, 90
 From potsherds and dry bones
 And ruin-stones.
 Into thy vigorous substance thou hast
 wrought
 Whate'er the hand of Circumstance hath
 brought;
 Yea, into cool solacing green hast spun
 White radiance hot from out the sun.
 So thou dost mutually leaven
 Strength of earth with grace of heaven;
 So thou dost marry new and old
 Into a one of higher mould; 100
 So thou dost reconcile the hot and cold,

The dark and bright,
 And many a heart-perplexing opposite,
 And so,
 Akin by blood to high and low,
 Fitly thou playest out thy poet's part,
 Richly expending thy much-bruised heart
 In equal care to nourish lord in hall
 Or beast in stall:
 Thou took'st from all that thou might'st
 give to all. 110

O steadfast dweller on the selfsame spot
 Where thou wast born, that still repinest
 not—
 Type of the home-fond heart, the happy
 lot!—
 Deeply thy mild content rebukes the
 land
 Whose flimsy homes, built on the shifting
 sand
 Of trade, for ever rise and fall
 With alternation whimsical,
 Enduring scarce a day,
 Then swept away
 By swift engulfments of incalculable
 tides 120
 Whereon capricious Commerce rides.
 Look, thou substantial spirit of content!
 Across this little vale, thy continent,
 To where, beyond the mouldering mill,
 Yon old deserted Georgian hill
 Bares to the sun his piteous aged crest
 And seamy breast,
 By restless-hearted children left to lie
 Untended there beneath the heedless sky,
 As barbarous folk expose their old to
 die. 130
 Upon that generous-rounding side,
 With gullies scarified
 Where keen Neglect his lash hath plied,
 Dwelt one I knew of old, who played at
 toil,
 And gave to coquette Cotton soul and
 soil.
 Scorning the slow reward of patient
 grain,
 He sowed his heart with hopes of swifter
 gain,
 Then sat him down and waited for the
 rain.
 He sailed in borrowed ships of usury—
 A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea. 140
 Seeking the Fleece and finding misery.
 Lulled by smooth-rippling loans, in idle
 trance
 He lay, content that unthrift Circum-
 stance
 Should plough for him the stony field of
 Chance.

Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man
 might tell,
 He staked his life on games of Buy-and-
 Sell,
 And turned each field into a gambler's
 hell.
 Aye, as each year began,
 My farmer to the neighboring city ran;
 Passed with a mournful anxious face 150
 Into the banker's inner place;
 Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer
 grace;
 Railed at the drought, the worm, the rust,
 the grass;
 Protested ne'er again 'twould come to
 pass;
 With many an *oh* and *if* and *but alas!*
 Parried or swallowed searching questions
 rude,
 And kissed the dust to soften Dives's
 mood.
 At last, small loans by pledges great re-
 newed,
 He issues smiling from the fatal door,
 And buys with lavish hand his yearly
 store 160
 Till his small borrowings will yield no
 more.
 Aye, as each year declined,
 With bitter heart and ever-brooding mind
 He mourned his fate unkind.
 In dust, in rain, with might and main,
 He nursed his cotton, cursed his grain,
 Fretted for news that made him fret
 again,
 Snatched at each telegram of Future Sale,
 And thrilled with Bulls' or Bears' alter-
 nate wail—
 In hope or fear alike for ever pale. 170
 And thus from year to year, through hope
 and fear,
 With many a curse and many a secret
 tear,
 Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear,
 At last
 He woke to find his foolish dreaming past,
 And all his best-of-life the easy prey
 Of squandering scamps and quacks that
 lined his way
 With vile array,
 From rascal statesman down to petty
 knave;
 Himself, at best, for all his bragging
 brave, 180
 A gamester's catspaw and a banker's slave.
 Then, worn and gray, and sick with deep
 unrest,
 He fled into the oblivious West,
 Unmourned, unblest.

Old hill! old hill! thou gashed and hairy
 Lear
 Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,
 E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to
 cheer—
 King, that no subject man nor beast may
 own,
 Discrowned, undaughtered and alone—
 Yet shall the great God turn thy fate, ¹⁹⁰
 And bring thee back into thy monarch
 state
 And majesty immaculate.
 Lo, through hot waverings of the August
 morn,
 Thou givest from thy vasty sides fore-
 lorn
 Visions of golden treasures of corn—
 Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder
 heart
 That manfully shall take thy part,
 And lend thee,
 And defend thee,
 With antique sinew and with modern ²⁰⁰
 art.

1874-5. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Feb., 1875.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I
 O Age that half believ'st thou half be-
 liev'st,
 Half doubt'st the substance of thine own
 half doubt,
 And, half perceiving that thou half per-
 ceiv'st,
 Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in,
 head out!
 Lo! while thy heart's within, helping the
 choir,
 Without, thine eyes range up and down
 the time,
 Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with
 desire
 To see and not to see. Hence, crime
 on crime.
 Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now
 paced yon street,
 Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would
 swell; ¹⁰
 Legions of scribes would rise and run and
 beat
 His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to
 hell.
 Nay (so, dear Heart, thou whisperest in
 my soul),
 'Tis a half time, yet Time will make it
 whole.

II

Now at thy soft recalling voice I rise
 Where thought is lord o'er Time's com-
 plete estate,
 Like as a dove from out the gray sedge
 flies
 To tree-tops green where cooes his
 heavenly mate.
 From these clear coverts high and cool
 I see ¹⁹
 How every time with every time is knit,
 And each to all is mortised cunningly,
 And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit.
 Thus, if this Age but as a comma show
 'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded
 years,
 My calmer soul scorns not the mark: I
 know
 This crooked point Time's complex
 sentence clears.
 Yet more I learn, while, Friend! I sit by
 thee:
 Who sees all time, sees all eternity.

III

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep
 While Sin creeps grinning through His
 house of Time, ³⁰
 Stabbing His saintliest children in their
 sleep,
 And staining holy walls with clots of
 crime?—
 Or, How may He whose wish but names
 a fact
 Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply
 Would richly glut each void where man
 hath lacked
 Of grace or bread?—or, How may
 Power deny
 Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt
 our hope—
 These heart-break Hamlets who so
 barely fail
 In life or art that but a hair's more scope
 Had set them fair on heights they ne'er
 may scale?—
 Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win con-
 tent: ⁴⁰
 Thy Perfect stops th' Imperfect's argu-
 ment.

IV

By the more height of thy sweet stature
 grown,
 Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in
 mine,
 I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,
 I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too
 fine.

No text on sea-horizons cloudily writ,
 No maxim vaguely starred in fields or
 skies,
 But this wise thou-in-me deciphers it:
 Oh, thou'rt the Height of heights, the
 Eye of eyes.
 Not hardest Fortune's most unbounded
 stress⁵⁰
 Can blind my soul nor hurl it from on
 high,
 Possessing thee, the self of loftiness,
 And very light that Light discovers by.
 Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth; still
 Love's in sight:
 For we are taller than the breadth of
 night.

1874-75. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Nov., 1876.

THE SYMPHONY

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert
 dead!
 The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head:
 We're all for love," the violins said.
 "Of what avail the rigorous tale
 Of bill for coin and box for bale?
 Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost
 hope:
 Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
 And base it deep as devils grope:
 When all's done, what hast thou won
 Of the only sweet that's under the sun?¹⁰
 Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
 Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"
 Then, with a bridegroom's heart-beats
 trembling,
 All the mightier strings assembling
 Ranged them on the violins' side
 As when the bridegroom leads the bride,
 And, heart in voice, together cried:
 "Yea, what avail the endless tale
 Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?²⁰
 Look up the land, look down the land,
 The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
 Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
 Against an inward-opening door
 That pressure tightens evermore:
 They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
 For the outside leagues of liberty,
 Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
 Into a heavenly melody.
 'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),
 'In the same old year-long, drear-long
 way,³⁰
 We weave in the mills and heave in the
 kilns,
 We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,

And thief much gold from the Devil's
 bank tills,
 To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
 The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and
 die;
 And so do we, and the world's a sty;
 Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath no remedy
 Say many men, and hasten by,
 Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.⁴⁰
 But who said once, in the lordly tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone
But all that cometh from the Throne?
 Hath God said so?
 But Trade saith *No*:
 And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills
 say *Go!*
There's plenty that can, if you can't: we
know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
*Trade is trade.'*⁵⁰
 Thereat this passionate protesting
 Meekly changed, and softened till
 It sank to sad requesting
 And suggesting sadder still:
 "And oh, if men might sometime see
 How piteous-false the poor decree
 That trade no more than trade must be!
 Does business mean, *Die, you—live, I?*
 Then 'Trade is trade' but sings a lie:⁶⁰
 'Tis only war grown miserly.
 If business is battle, name it so:
 War-crimes less will shame it so,
 And widows less will blame it so.
 Alas, for the poor to have some part
 In yon sweet living lands of Art,
 Makes problem not for head, but heart.
 Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
 Plainly the heart of a child could solve
 it."

And then, as when from words that seem
 but rude
 We pass to silent pain that sits abroad⁷⁰
 Back in our heart's great dark and soli-
 tude,
 So sank the strings to gentle throbbing
 Of long chords change-marked with sob-
 bing—
 Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
 Than half wing-openings of the sleeping
 bird,
 Some dream of danger to her young hath
 stirred.
 Then stirring and demurring ceased, and
 lo!
 Every least ripple of the strings' song-
 flow

Died to a level with each level bow
 And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced
 so, 80
 As a brook beneath his curving bank doth
 go
 To linger in the sacred dark and green
 Where many boughs the still pool over-
 lean
 And many leaves make shadow with their
 sheen.

But presently
 A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly ¹
 Upon the bosom of that harmony,
 And sailed and sailed incessantly,
 As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
 Had fluttered down upon that pool of
 tone 90
 And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
 And floated down the glassy tide
 And clarified and glorified
 The solemn spaces where the shadows
 bide.

From the warm concave of that fluted
 note
 Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did
 float,
 As if a rose might somehow be a
 throat:

"When Nature from her far-off glen
 Flutes her soft messages to men,
 The flute can say them o'er again; 100
 Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
 Breathes through life's strident polyphone
 The flute-voice in the world of tone.

Sweet friends,
 Man's love ascends
 To finer and diviner ends
 Than man's mere thought e'er compre-
 hends
 For I, e'en I,
 As here I lie,
 A petal on a harmony, 110
 Demand of Science whence and why
 Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
 When he doth gaze on earth and sky?
 I am not overbold:

I hold
 Full powers from Nature manifold.
 I speak for each no-tongued tree
 That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
 And dumbly and most wistfully
 His mighty prayerful arms outspreads 120
 Above men's oft-unheeding heads.
 And his big blessing downward sheds.
 I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves.
 Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
 Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;

¹ Lanier had been since 1873 first flutist in
 the Peabody Symphony Orchestra.

Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved
 canes,
 And briery mazes bounding lanes,
 And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for
 rains,

And milky stems and sugary veins;
 For every long-armed woman-vine 130
 That round a piteous tree doth twine;
 For passionate odors, and divine
 Pistils, and petals crystalline;
 All purities of shady springs,
 All shynesses of film-winged things
 That fly from tree-trunks and bark-
 rings;

All modesties of mountain-fawns
 That leap to covert from wild lawns,
 And tremble if the day but dawns;
 All sparklings of small beady eyes 140
 Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
 Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
 All piquancies of prickly burs,
 And smoothnesses of downs and furs,
 Of eiders and of minevers;
 All limpid honeys that do lie
 At stamen-bases, nor deny
 The humming-birds' fine roguery,
 Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
 All gracious curves of slender wings, 150
 Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
 Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;
 Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
 Wherewith in every lonesome dell
 Time to himself his hours doth tell;
 All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,
 Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
 And night's unearthly under-tones;
 All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
 All cool reposing mountain-steeps, 160
 Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps;—
 Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and
 lights,

And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
 Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
 —These doth my timid tongue present,
 Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
 And servant, all love-eloquent.

I heard, when "*All for love*" the violins
 cried:
 So, Nature calls through all her system
 wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long de-
 nied. 170

Much time is run, and man hath changed
 his ways,
 Since Nature, in the antique fable-days,
 Was hid from man's true love by proxy
 fays,
 False fauns and rascal gods that stole her
 praise.

The nymphs, cold creatures of man's
colder brain;
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm
heart 'was fain
Never to lave its love in them again.

Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor*
said;

Then first the bounds of neighborhood
outspread ¹⁷⁹

Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant
head:

"*All men are neighbors,*" so the sweet
Voice said.

So, when man's arms had circled all man's
race,

The liberal compass of his warm embrace
Stretched bigger yet in the dark bounds
of space;

With hands a-grope he felt smooth Na-
ture's grace,

Drew her to breast and kissed her sweet-
heart face:

Yea, man found neighbors in great hills
and trees

And streams and clouds and suns and
birds and bees,

And throbbed with neighbor-loves in lov-
ing these. ¹⁹⁰

But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!
That stand by the inward-opening door

Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,
And sigh their monstrous foul-air sigh

For the outside hills of liberty,
Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky

For Art to make into melody!
Thou Trade! thou king of the modern

days!
Change thy ways, ²⁰⁰
Change thy ways;

Let the sweaty laborers file
A little while,

A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.

Trade! is thy heart all dead, all dead?
And hast thou nothing but a head?

I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said,
And into sudden silence fled,

Like as a blush that while 'tis red
Dies to a still, still white instead. ²¹⁰

Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,
Till presently the silence breeds

A little breeze among the reeds
That seems to blow by sea-marsh weeds:

Then from the gentle stir and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet,

Like as a lady sings while yet
Her eyes with salty tears are wet.

"O Trade! O Trade!" the Lady said,
"I too will wish thee utterly dead" ²²⁰

If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O my God! and O my God!

What shameful ways have women trod
At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!

Alas when sighs are traders' lies,
And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes

Are merchandise!
O purchased lips that kiss with pain!

O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and
stain! ²²⁹

O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
—And yet what wonder at my sisters'

crime?
So hath Trade withered up Love's sinewy

prime,
Men love not women as in olden time.

Ah, not in these cold merchantable days
Deem men their life an opal gray, where

plays
The one red Sweet of gracious ladies'-

praise.
Now, comes a suitor with sharp prying

eye—
Says, *Here, you Lady, if you'll sell, I'll*

buy:
Come, heart for heart—a trade? What!

weeping? why? ²³⁹

Shame on such wooers' dapper mercery!
I would my lover kneeling at my feet

In humble manliness should cry, *O sweet!*
I know not if thy heart my heart will

greet:
I ask not if thy love my love can meet:

Whate'er thy worshipful soft tongue shall
say,

I'll kiss thine answer, be it yea or nay:
I do but know I love thee, and I pray

To be thy knight until my dying day.
Woe him that cunning trades in hearts

contrives!
Base love good women to base loving

drives. ²⁵⁰
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;

And wooed they nobler, won they nobler
wives."

There thrust the bold straightforward horn
To battle for that lady lorn,

With heartsome voice of mellow scorn,
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

"Now comfort thee," said he,
"Fair Lady.

For God shall right thy grievous wrong,
And man shall sing thee a true-love song,

Voiced in act his whole life long, ²⁶¹
Yea, all thy sweet life long,

Fair Lady.

Where's he that craftily hath said,
 The day of chivalry is dead?
 I'll prove that lie upon his head,
 Or I will die instead,
 Fair Lady.
 Is Honor gone into his grave?
 Hath Faith become a caitiff knave, 270
 And Selfhood turned into a slave
 To work in Mammon's cave,
 Fair Lady?
 Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam
 again?
 Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain
 All great contempts of mean-got gain
 And hates of inward stain,
 Fair Lady?
 For aye shall name and fame be sold,
 And place be hugged for the sake of
 gold, 280
 And smirch-robed Justice feebly scold
 At Crime all money-bold,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall self-wrapt husbands aye forget
 Kiss-pardons for the daily fret
 Wherewith sweet wifely eyes are wet—
 Blind to lips kiss-wise set—
 Fair Lady?
 Shall lovers higgie, heart for heart,
 Till wooing grows a trading mart 290
 Where much for little, and all for part,
 Make love a cheapening art,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall woman scorch for a single sin
 That her betrayer may revel in,
 And she be burnt, and he but grin
 When that the flames begin,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
We maids would far, far whiter be 300
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall Trade aye salve his conscience-aches,
 With gibes at Chivalry's old mistakes—
 The wars that o'erhot knighthood makes
 For Christ's and ladies' sakes,
 Fair Lady?
 Now by each knight that e'er hath prayed
 To fight like a man and love like a
 maid, 310
 Since Pembroke's life, as Pembroke's
 blade,
 I' the scabbard, death, was laid,
 Fair Lady,
 I dare avouch my faith is bright
 That God doth right and God hath might.
 Nor time hath changed His hair to white,
 Nor His dear love to spite,
 Fair Lady.

I doubt no doubts: I strive, and shrive my
 clay,
 And fight my fight in the patient modern
 way 320
 For true love and for thee—ah me! and
 pray
 To be thy knight until my dying day,
 Fair Lady."
 Made end that knightly horn, and spurred
 away
 Into the thick of the melodious fray.

 And then the hautboy played and smiled,
 And sang like any large-eyed child,
 Cool-hearted and all undefiled.
 "Huge Trade!" he said,
 "Would thou wouldst lift me on thy
 head 330
 And run where'er my finger led!
 Once said a Man—and wise was He—
Never shalt thou the heavens see,
Save as a little child thou be."
 Then o'er sea-lashings of commingling
 tunes
 The ancient wise bassoons,
 Like weird
 Gray-beard
 Old harpers sitting on the high sea-dunes,
 Chanted runes: 340
 "Bright-waved gain, gray-waved loss,
 The sea of all doth lash and toss,
 One wave forward and one across:
 But now 'twas trough, now 'tis crest,
 And worst doth foam and flash to best,
 And curst to blest.

 "Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from
 east to west,
 Love, Love alone can pore
 On thy dissolving score
 Of harsh half-phrasings, 350
 Blotted ere writ,
 And double erasings
 Of chords most fit.
 Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
 May read thy weltering palimpsest.
 To follow Time's dying melodies through,
 And never to lose the old in the new,
 And ever to solve the discords true—
 Love alone can do.
 And ever Love hears the poor-folks' cry-
 ing, 360
 And ever Love hears the women's sigh-
 ing,
 And ever sweet knighthood's death-defy-
 ing,
 And ever wise childhood's deep imply-
 ing,
 But never a trader's glozing and lying.

"And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long de-
ferred:

O'er the modern waste a dove hath
whirred:

Music is Love in search of a word."

1875. *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1875.

CLOVER

Inscribed to the Memory of John Keats.

Dear uplands, Chester's favorable fields,
My large unjealous Loves, many yet one—
A grave good-morrow to your Graces, all,
Fair tilth and fruitful seasons!

Lo, how still!

The midmorn empties you of men, save
me;

Speak to your lover, meadows! None
can hear.

I lie as lies yon placid Brandywine,
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation.

'Tis a perfect hour

From founts of dawn the fluent autumn
day

Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon; but now with widen-
ing turn

Makes pause, in lucent meditation locked,
And rounds into a silver pool of morn,
Bottom'd with clover-fields. My heart
just hears

Eight lingering strokes of some far vil-
lage-bell,

That speak the hour so inward-voiced,
meseems

Time's conscience has but whispered him
eight hints

Of revolution. Reigns that mild surcease
That stills the middle of each rural
morn—

When nimble noises that with sunrise ran
About the farms have sunk again to rest;
When Tom no more across the horse-lot
calls

To sleepy Dick, nor Dick husk-voiced up-
braids

The sway-back'd roan for stamping on
his foot

With sulphurous oath and kick in flank,
what time

The cart-chain clinks across the slanting
shaft,

And, kitchenward, the rattling bucket
plumps

Souse down the well, where quivering
ducks quack aloud,
And Susan Cook is singing.

Up the sky

The hesitating moon slow trembles on,
Faint as a new-washed soul but lately up
From out a buried body. Far about,
A hundred slopes in hundred fantasies
Most ravishingly run, so smooth of curve
That I but seem to see the fluent plain
Rise toward a rain of clover-blooms, as
lakes

Pout gentle mounds of plashment up to
meet

Big shower-drops. Now the little winds,
as bees,

Bowing the blooms come wandering where
I lie

Mixt soul and body with the clover-tufts.
Light on my spirit, give from wing and
thigh

Rich pollens and divine sweet irritants
To every nerve, and freshly make report
Of inmost Nature's secret autumn-thought
Unto some soul of sense within my frame
That owns each cognizance of the outly-
ing five,

And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches,
all in one.

Tell me, dear Clover (since my soul is
thine,

Since I am fain give study all the day,
To make thy ways my ways, thy service
mine,

To seek me out thy God, my God to be,
And die from out myself to live in thee)—
Now, Cousin Clover, tell me in mine
ear:

Go'st thou to market with thy pink and
green?

Of what avail, this color and this grace?
Wert thou but squat of stem and brindle-
brown,

Still careless herds would feed. A poet.
thou:

What worth, what worth, the whole of all
thine art?

Three-Leaves, instruct me! I am sick of
price.

Framed in the arching of two clover-
stems

Where-through I gaze from off my hill,
afar,

The spacious fields from me to Heaven
take on

Tremors of change and new significance.
To th' eye, as to the ear a simple tale
Begins to hint a parable's sense beneath.

The prospect widens, cuts all bounds of
 blue⁶⁹
 Where horizontal limits bend, and spreads
 Into a curious-hill'd and curious-valley'd
 Vast,
 Endless before, behind, around; which
 seems
 Th' incalculable Up-and-Down of Time
 Made plain before mine eyes. The clover-
 stems
 Still cover all the space; but now they
 bear,
 For clover-blooms, fair, stately heads of
 men
 With poets' faces heartsome, dear and
 pale—
 Sweet visages of all the souls of time
 Whose loving service to the world has
 been
 In the artist's way expressed and bodied.
 Oh,⁸⁰
 In arms' reach, here be Dante, Keats,
 Chopin,
 Raphael, Lucretius, Omar, Angelo,
 Beethoven, Chaucer, Schubert, Shake-
 speare, Bach,
 And Buddha (sweetest masters! Let me
 lay
 These arms this once, this humble once,
 about
 Your reverend necks—the most contain-
 ing clasp,
 For all in all, this world e'er saw!) and
 there,
 Yet further on, bright throngs unnamable
 Of workers worshipful, nobilities
 In the Court of Gentle Service, silent
 men,⁹⁰
 Dwellers in woods, brooders on helpful art,
 And all the press of them, the fair, the
 large,
 That wrought with beauty.
 Lo, what bulk is here?
 Now comes the Course-of-things, shaped
 like an Ox,
 Slow browsing, o'er my hillside, ponder-
 ously—
 The huge-brawned, tame, and workful
 Course-of-things,
 That hath his grass, if earth be round or
 flat,
 And hath his grass, if empires plunge in
 pain
 Of faiths flash out. This cool, unasking Ox
 Comes browsing o'er my hills and vales
 of Time,¹⁰⁰
 And thrusts me out his tongue, and curls
 it, sharp,
 And sicklewise, about my poets' heads,

And twists them in, all—Dante, Keats,
 Chopin,
 Raphael, Lucretius, Omar, Angelo,
 Beethoven, Chaucer, Schubert, Shake-
 speare, Bach,
 And Buddha, in one sheaf—and champs
 and chews,
 With slantly-churning jaws, and swallows
 down:
 Then slowly plants a mighty forefoot out,
 And makes advance to futureward, one
 inch.
 So: they have played their part.¹⁰⁹
 And to this end?
 This, God? This, troublous-breeding
 Earth? This, Sun
 Of hot, quick pains? To this no-end that
 ends,
 These Masters wrought, and wept, and
 sweated blood,
 And burned, and loved, and ached with
 public shame,
 And found no friends to breathe their
 loves to, save
 Woods and wet pillows? This was all?
 This Ox?
 "Nay," quoth a sum of voices in mine ear,
 "God's clover, we, and feed His Course-
 of-things;
 The pasture is God's pasture, systems
 strange¹¹⁹
 Of food and fiberment He hath, whereby
 The general brawn is built for plans of
 His
 To quality precise. Kinsman, learn this:
 The artist's market is the heart of man;
 The artist's price, some little good of man.
 Tease not thy vision with vain search for
 ends.
 The End of Means is art that works by
 love.
 The End of Ends . . . in God's Begin-
 ning's lost."

1876.

The Independent, 1876.

SONNETS ON COLUMBUS

From the Psalm of the West.

.
 Columbus stands in the night alone, and,
 passing grave,
 Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-
 silence yearn.
 Heartens his heart as friend befriends his
 friend less brave,
 Makes burn the faiths that cool, and
 cools the doubts that burn:—

I

"Twixt this and dawn, three hours my
soul will smite
With prickly seconds, or less tolerably
With dull-blade minutes flatwise slapping
me.

Wait, Heart! Time moves.—Thou lithe
young Western Night,
Just-crownèd king, slow riding to thy
right,

Would God that I might straddle mutiny
Calm as thou sitt'st yon never-managed
sea,

Balk'st with his balking, fliest with his
flight,

Giv'st supple to his rearings and his falls,
Nor dropp'st one coronal star about thy
brow

Whilst ever dayward thou art steadfast
drawn!

Yea, would I rode these mad contentious
brawls

No damage taking from their If and How,
Nor no result save galloping to my
Dawn!

II

"My Dawn? my Dawn? How if it never
break?

How if this West by other Wests is
pieced,

And these by vacant Wests on Wests in-
creased—

One Pain of Space, with hollow ache on
ache

Throbbing and ceasing not for Christ's
own sake?—

Big perilous theorem, hard for king and
priest:

*Pursue the West but long enough, 'tis
East!*

Oh, if this watery world no turning take!
Oh, if for all my logic, all my dreams,

Provings of that which is by that which
seems,

Fears, hopes, chills, heats, hastes, pa-
tiences, droughts, tears,

Wife-grievings, slights on love, embezzled
years,

Hates, treaties, scorns, upliftings, loss and
gain,—

This earth, no sphere, be all one sicken-
ing plane!

III

"Or, haply, how if this contrarious West,
That me by turns hath starved, by turns
hath fed,

Embraced, disgraced, beat back, solicited,

Have no fixed heart of Law within his
breast,

Or with some different rhythm doth e'er
contest

Nature in the East? Why, 'tis but three
weeks fled

I saw my Judas needle shake his head.

And flout the Pole that, east, he Lord
confessed!

God! if this West should own some other
Pole,

And with his tangled way perplex my soul
Until the maze grow mortal, and I die

Where distraught Nature clean hath gone
astray,

On earth some other wit than Time's at
play,

Some other God than mine above the sky!

IV

"Now speaks mine other heart with cheer-
ier seeming:

*Ho, Admiral! o'er-defalking to thy crew
Against thyself, thyself far overfew*

*To front yon multitudes of rebel schem-
ing?*

Come, ye wild twenty years of heavenly
dreaming!

Come, ye wild weeks since first this can-
vas drew

Out of vexed Palos ere the dawn was
blue,

O'er milky waves about the bows full-
creaming!

Come set me round with many faithful
spears

Of confident remembrance—how I crushed
Cat-lived rebellions, pitfalled treasons,

hushed
Scared husbands' heart-break cries on
distant wives.

Made cowards blush at whining for their
lives,

Watered my parching souls, and dried
their tears.

V

"Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,

From Portugal, to take us: we are dead!
Hold Westward, pilot, calmly I replied.

So when the last land down the horizon
died,

Go back, go back! they prayed: *our hearts
are lead.—*

Friends, we are bound into the West, I
said.

Then passed the wreck of a mast upon
our side.

See (so they wept) *God's Warning!* *Ad-*
miral, turn!—
Steersman, I said, hold straight into the
West. ⁷⁰

Then down the night we saw the meteor
 burn.

So, do the very heavens in fire protest:
Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear
Spain!—

Hold straight into the West, I said again.

VI

"Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded
 sea.

Lo! herebeneath (another coward cries)
The cursèd land of sunk Atlantis lies:
This slime will suck us down—turn while
thou'rt free!—

But no! I said, Freedom bears West for
me!

Yet when the long-time stagnant winds
 arise, ⁸⁰

And day by day the keel to westward
 flies,

My Good my people's Ill doth come to
 be:

Ever the winds into the West do blow;
Never a ship, once turned, might home-
ward go;

Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome
main.

For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn,
before

We sail outside all bounds of help from
pain!—

Our help is in the West, I said once more.

VII

"So when there came a mighty cry of
Land!

And we clomb up and saw, and shouted
 strong ⁹⁰

Salve Regina! all the ropes along,
 But knew at morn how that a counterfeit
 band

Of level clouds had aped a silver strand;
 So when we heard the orchard-bird's
 small song,

And all the people cried, *A hellish throng*
To tempt us onward by the Devil planned,
Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh
green weeds,

Pelican, tunny-fish, fair tapering reeds,
Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die,
In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.
Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell,
and rest!— ¹⁰¹

Steersman, I said, hold straight into the
West.

VIII

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the
 Night,

From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on
 thee.

Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
Would'st leap ashore, Heart? Yonder
burns—a Light.

Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
 I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:

What seest? *Admiral, like as Land—a*
Light! ¹¹⁰

Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and
 try:

What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and*
sky!

Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's
 gun!

Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear:
 'tis done!

Two dawns do break at once from Time's
 full hand—

God, East—mine, West: good friends,
 behold my Land!"

1876. *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1876.

HEARTSTRONG SOUTH AND HEADSTRONG NORTH

From the Psalm of the West. ✓

I

"Lists all white and blue in the skies;
 And the people hurried amain
 To the Tournament under the ladies' eyes
 Where jousted Heart and Brain.

II

"*Blow, herald, blow!* There entered Heart,
 A youth in crimson and gold.
Blow, herald, blow! Brain stood apart,
 Steel-armored, glittering, cold.

III

"Heart's palfrey caracoled gayly round,
 Heart tra-li-raed merrily; ¹⁰
 But Brain sat still, with never a sound—
 Full cynical-calm was he.

IV

"Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three
 From his lady's white hand caught;
 Brain's casque was bare as Fact—not he
 Or favor gave or sought.

V

"Blow, herald, blow! Heart shot a glance
To catch his lady's eye;
But Brain looked straight a-front, his
lance
To aim more faithfully. 20

VI

"They charged, they struck; both fell, both
bled;
Brain rose again, ungloved;
Heart fainting smiled, and softly said,
My love to my Beloved."

VII

Heart and Brain! no more be twain;
Throb and think, one flesh again!
Lo! they weep, they turn, they run;
Lo! they kiss: Love, thou art one!

1876. *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1876.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall. 10

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said
Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 20

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and
sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall 30

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth
brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly
brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming
stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall. 40

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the
main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the
plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall. 50

1877. *Scott's Magazine*, 1877.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt; 10
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

1877. *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1877.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Superb and sole, upon a plumèd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic
drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone
dismay

Of languid doves when long their lovers
 stray,
 And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle
 dew
 At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
 Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird
 could say.
 Then down he shot, bounced airily along
 The sward, twitched in a grasshopper,
 made song¹⁰
 Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art
 again.
 Sweet Science, this large riddle read me
 plain:
 How may the death of that dull insect be
 The life of yon trim Shakspeare on the
 tree?

The Galaxy, Aug., 1877.

THE BEE

What time I paced, at pleasant morn,
 A deep and dewy wood,
 I heard a mellow hunting-horn
 Make dim report of Dian's lustihood
 Far down a heavenly hollow.
 Mine ear, though fain, had pain to follow:
Tara! it twanged, *tara-tara!* it blew
 Yet wavered oft, and flew
 Most ficklewise about, or here, or there,
 A music now from earth and now from¹⁰
 air.
 But on a sudden, lo!
 I marked a blossom shiver to and fro
 With dainty inward storm; and there
 within
 A down-drawn trump of yellow jessa-
 mine
 A bee
 Thrust up its sad-gold body lustily,
 All in a honey madness hotly bound
 On blissful burglary.
 A cunning sound¹⁹
 In that wing-music held me: down I lay
 In amber shades of many a golden spray,
 Where looping low with languid arms the
 Vine
 In wreaths of ravishment did overtwine
 Her kneeling Live-Oak, thousand-fold to
 plight
 Herself unto her own true stalwart knight.
 As some dim blur of distant music nears
 The long-desiring sense, and slowly clears
 To forms of time and apprehensive
 tune,
 So, as I lay, full soon

Interpretation throve: the bee's fanfare
 Through sequent films of discourse vague
 as air,³⁰
 Passed to plain words, while, fanning
 faint perfume,
 The bee o'erhung a rich, unrifled bloom:
 "O Earth, fair lordly Blossom, soft
 a-shine
 Upon the star-pranked universal vine,
 Hast nought for me?

To thee

Come I, a poet, hereward haply blown
 From out another worldflower lately
 flown.
 Wilt ask, *What profit e'er a poet brings?*
 He beareth starry stuff about his wings⁴⁰
 To pollen thee and sting thee fertile: nay,
 If still thou narrow thy contracted way,
 —Worldflower, if thou refuse me—
 —Worldflower, if thou abuse me,
 And hoist thy stamen's spear-point high
 To wound my wing and mar mine eye—
 Nathless I'll drive me to thy deepest
 sweet,
 Yea, richlier shall that pain the pollen beat
 From me to thee, for oft these pollens be
 Fine dust from wars that poets wage for⁵⁰
 thee.
 But, O beloved Earthbloom soft a-shine
 Upon the universal Jessamine,
 Prithee, abuse me not,
 Prithee, refuse me not,
 Yield, yield the heartsome honey love to
 me
 Hid in thy nectary!"
 And as I sank into a dimmer dream
 The pleading bee's song-burthen sole did
 seem:
 "Hast ne'er a honey-drop of love for
 me

In thy huge nectary?"⁶⁰

1877. *Lippincott's Magazine*, Oct., 1877.

UNDER THE CEDARCROFT CHESTNUT¹

Trim set in ancient sward, his manful
 bole
 Upbore his frontage largely toward the
 sky.
 We could not dream but that he had a
 soul:
 What virtue breathed from out his
 bravery!

¹ "This chestnut tree (at Cedarcroft, the estate of Mr. Bayard Taylor, in Pennsylvania), is estimated to be more than eight hundred years old." (*Author's Note.*)

We gazed o'erhead: far down our deep-
 ening eyes
 Rained glammers from his green mid-
 summer mass.
 The worth and sun of all his centuries
 Suffused his mighty shadow on the
 grass.

A Presence large, a grave and steadfast
 Form⁹
 Amid the leaves' light play and fantasy,
 A calmness conquered out of many a
 storm,
 A Manhood mastered by a chestnut-
 tree!

Then, while his monarch fingers down-
 ward held
 The rugged burrs wherewith his state
 was rife,
 A voice of large authoritative Eld
 Seemed uttering quickly parables of
 life:

*How Life in truth was sharply set with
 ills;
 A kernel cased in quarrels; yea, a
 sphere
 Of stings, and hedge-hog-round of mortal
 quills:
 How most men itched to eat too soon
 i' the year,*²⁰

*And took but wounds and worries for
 their pains,
 Whereas the wise withheld their patient
 hands,
 Nor plucked green pleasures till the sun
 and rains
 And seasonable ripenings burst all
 bands*

*And opened wide the liberal burrs of life.
 There, O my Friend, beneath the chest-
 nut bough,
 Gazing on thee immersed in modern
 strife,
 I framed a prayer of fervency—that
 thou,*

In soul and stature larger than thy kind,
 Still more to this strong Form might'st
 liken thee,³⁰
 Till thy whole Self in every fibre find
 The tranquil lordship of thy chestnut
 tree.

1877. *Scribner's Monthly*, Jan., 1878.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

Sail fast, sail fast,
 Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
 Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
 Fly glittering through the sun's strange
 beams;

Sail fast, sail fast.
 Breaths of new buds from off some dry-
 ing lea
 With news about the Future scent the sea:
 My brain is beating like the heart of
 Haste:
 I'll loose me a bird upon this Present
 waste;

Go, trembling song,¹⁰
 And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
 Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
 But thine eye is faith and thy wing is
 love.

1878.

Scribner's Monthly, 1878.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined
 buck in the bracken lay;
 And all of a sudden the sinister smell
 of a man,
 Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
 Down the hillside and sifted along through
 the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she
 was the daintiest doe;
 In the print of her velvet flank on the
 velvet fern
 She reared, and rounded her ears in
 turn.
 Then the buck leapt up, and his head as
 a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as
 if Death had the form of a deer;
 And the two slim does long lazily
 stretching arose,¹⁰
 For their day-dream slower came to
 a close,
 Till they woke and were still, breath-
 bound with waiting and wonder and
 fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the
 hillock, the hounds shot by,
 The does and the ten-tined buck made
 a marvellous bound,
 The hounds swept after with never a
 sound,
 But Alan loud winded his horn in sign
 that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean
 of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed
 wild,
 And he cursed at old Alan till Alan
 fared off with the hounds
 For to drive him the deer to the lower
 glen-grounds:
 "I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean,
 "in the sight of the wife and the
 child." 20

So gayly he paced with the wife and the
 child to his chosen stand;
 But he hurried tall Hamish the hench-
 man ahead: "Go turn,"—
 Cried Maclean,—“if the deer seek to
 cross to the burn,
 Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest
 thy back be red as thy hand.”

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown
 of his breath with the height of the
 hill,
 Was white in the face when the ten-
 tined buck and the does
 Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily
 rose
 His shouts, and his nether lip twitched
 and his legs were o'er-weak for his
 will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and
 bounded away to the burn.
 But Maclean never bating his watch
 tarried waiting below; 30
 Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for
 to go
 All the space of an hour; then he went,
 and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and
 shrunken the eye-balls shone,
 As withdrawn from a vision of deeds
 it were shame to see.
 "Now, now, grim henchman, what is 't
 with thee?"
 Drake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as
 a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made
 out," spoke Hamish, full mild.
 "And I ran for to turn, but my breath
 it was blown, and they passed;
 I was weak, for ye called ere I broke
 me my fast."
 Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in
 the sight of the wife and the child 40

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had
 not wrought me a snail's own
 wrong!"
 Then he sounded, and down came kins-
 men and clansmen all:
 "Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back
 let fall,
 And reckon no stroke if the blood follow
 not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his
 strokes; at the last he smiled.
 "Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean,
 "for it still may be,
 If a slimmer-paunched henchman will
 hurry with me,
 I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a
 gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path
 and that; and over the hill
 Sped Maclean with an outward wrath
 for an inward shame; 50
 And that place of the lashing full quiet
 became;
 And the wife and the child stood sad;
 and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick
 about and about turns he.
 "There is none betwixt me and the
 crag-top!" he screams under breath.
 Then, livid as Lazarus lately from
 death,
 He snatches the child from the mother,
 and clambers the crag toward the
 sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is
 dumb, and her heart goes dead for
 a space,
 Till the motherhood, mistress of death,
 shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
 And that place of the lashing is live
 with men,
 And Maclean, and the gillie that told him,
 dash up in a desperate race. 60

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-
 glance reveals all the tale untold.
 They follow mad Hamish afar up the
 crag toward the sea,
 And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run
 for a fee!"
 Yon castle and lands to the two first
 hands that shall hook him and hold

"Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and
 ever she flies up the steep,
 And the clansmen pant, and they sweat,
 and they jostle and strain.
 But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis
 vain;
 Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink,
 and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that
 run, and they all stand still.
 And the wife prays Hamish as if he
 were God, on her knees. ⁷⁰
 Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but
 please, but please
 For to spare him!" and Hamish still
 dangles the child, with a wavering
 will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk
 scream, and a gibe, and a song,
 Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child
 if, in sight of ye all,
 Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall
 fall,
 And ye reckon no stroke if the blood fol-
 low not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to
 his lip that his tooth was red,
 Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay,
 but it never shall be!
 Let me hurl off the damnable hound in
 the sea!"
 But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us
 the child from the sea, if dead? ⁸⁰

"Say yea!—Let them lash *me*, Hamish?"—
 "Nay!"—"Husband, the lashing will
 heal;
 But, oh, who will heal me the bonny
 sweet bairn in his grave?
 Could ye cure me my heart with the
 death of a knave?
 Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—
 kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly
 to kneel.

With never a word, till presently down-
 ward he jerked to the earth.
 Then the henchman—he that smote
 Hamish—would tremble and lag;
 "Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full
 stern, from the crag;
 Then he struck him, and "One" sang
 Hamish, and danced with the child
 in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he
 counted each stroke with a song.
 When the last stroke fell, then he
 moved him a pace down the height, ⁹⁰
 And he held forth the child in the
 heart-aching sight
 Of the mother, and looked all pitiful
 grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched
 out with the thanksgiving prayer—
 And there as the mother crept up with
 a fearful swift pace,
 Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's
 face—
 In a flash fierce Hamish turned round
 and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms
 from the horrible height in the sea,
 Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the
 wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
 Age-feeble with anger and impotent
 pain,
 Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and
 locked hold of dead roots of a tree.

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood
 from his back drip-dripped in the
 brine, ¹⁰⁰
 And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton
 fish as he flew,
 And the mother stared white on the
 waste of blue,
 And the wind drove a cloud to seaward,
 and the sun began to shine.

1878. *Appleton's Magazine*, 1878.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN ¹

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
 and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that
 myriad-cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform
 boughs,—
 Emerald twilights,—
 Virginal shy lights,
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
 whisper of vows,

¹ The salt marshes of Glynn County, Georgia, immediately around the sea-coast city of Brunswick.

The three "Hymns of the Marshes" . . . are the only written portions of a series of six "Marsh Hymns" that were designed by the author to form a separate volume. (Mrs. LANIER.)

When lovers pace timidly down through
 the green colonnades
 Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear
 dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-
 beach within¹⁰
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-
 day fire,—
 Wildwood privacies, closets of lone de-
 sire,
 Chamber from chamber parted with wav-
 ering arras of leaves,—
 Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer
 to the soul that grieves,
 Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
 through the wood,
 Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
 good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
 shades of the vine,
 While the riotous noon-day sun of the
 June-day long did shine
 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held
 you fast in mine;²⁰
 But now when the noon is no more, and
 riot is rest,
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous
 gate of the West,
 And the slant yellow beam down the
 wood-aisle doth seem
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from
 a dream,—
 Ay, now, when my soul all day hath
 drunken the soul of the oak,
 And my heart is at ease from men, and
 the wearisome sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel
 of trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I
 know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly
 great compass within,
 That the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the Marshes of Glynn³⁰
 Will work me no fear like the fear they
 have wrought me of yore
 When length was fatigue, and when
 breadth was but bitterness sore,
 And when terror and shrinking and
 dreary unnamable pain
 Drew over me out of the merciless miles
 of the plain,—
 Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
 The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I
 am drawn,
 Where the gray beach glimmering runs,
 as a belt of the dawn,
 For a mete and a mark
 To the forest-dark:—⁴⁰

So:
 Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
 Thus—with your favor—soft, with a rev-
 erent hand
 (Not lightly touching your person, Lord
 of the land!),
 Bending your beauty aside, with a step
 I stand
 On the firm-packed sand,
 Free
 By a world of marsh that borders a
 world of sea.
 Sinuous southward and sinuous north-
 ward the shimmering band
 Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of
 the marsh to the folds of the land.⁵⁰
 Inward and outward to northward and
 southward the beach-lines linger and
 curl
 As a silver-wrought garment that clings
 to and follows the firm sweet limbs
 of a girl.
 Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving
 again into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a
 dim gray looping of light.
 And what if behind me to westward the
 wall of the woods stands high?
 The world lies east: how ample, the
 marsh and the sea and the sky!
 A league and a league of marsh-grass,
 waist-high, broad in the blade,
 Green, and all of a height, and unflecked
 with a light or a shade,
 Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
 To the terminal blue of the main.⁶⁰

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the
 terminal sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad
 discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
 nothing-withholding and free
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer
 yourselves to the sea!
 Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
 the rains and the sun,
 Ye spread and span like the catholic man
 who hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of
infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out
of a stain. 70
As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the
greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the
marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space
'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass
sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the great-
ness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal
marshes of Glynn.
And the sea lends large, as the marsh:
lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the
flood-tide must be: 80
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate
channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost
creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million
veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences
flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets
run 90
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades
of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents
cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will
the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men, 100
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that
creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swim-
meth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the
marvellous marshes of Glynn.

1878. "The Masque of Poets," 1879.

MARSH SONG—AT SUNSET

Over the monstrous shambling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red West,—
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,
Over the Caliban sea
O cloud in the West, like a thought in
the heart
Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,
And do a grace for me. 10

Over the huge and huddling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
Bring hither my brother Antonio,—Man,—
My injurer: night breaks the ban:
Brother, I pardon thee.

1879-80. *The Continent*, Feb., 1882.

REMONSTRANCE

"Opinion, let me alone: I am not thine.
Prim Creed, with categoric point, forbear
To feature me my Lord by rule and
line.
Thou canst not measure Mistress Nature's
hair,
Not one sweet inch: nay, if thy sight
is sharp,
Would'st count the strings upon an angel's
harp?
Forbear, forbear.

"Oh let me love my Lord more fathom
deep
Than there is line to sound with: let me
love
My fellow not as men that mandates
keep: 10
Yea, all that's lovable, below, above,
That let me love by heart, by heart, be-
cause
(Free from the penal pressure of the
laws)
I find it fair.

"The tears I weep by day and bitter
night,
Opinion! for thy sole salt vintage fall.
—As morn by morn I rise with fresh
delight,
Time through my casement cheerily doth
call
'Nature is new,' 'tis birthday every day,
Come feast with me, let no man say
me nay,
Whate'er befall."

"So fare I forth to feast: I sit beside
Some brother bright: but, ere good-mor-
row's passed,
Burly Opinion wedging in hath cried
Thou shalt not sit by us, to break thy
fast,
Save to our Rubric thou subscribe and
swear—
Religion hath blue eyes and yellow hair:
She's Saxon, all."

"Then, hard a-hungred for my brother's
grace
Till well-nigh fain to swear his folly's
true,
In sad dissent I turn my longing face
To him that sits on the left: 'Brother,—
with you?'
—'Nay, not with me, save thou sub-
scribe and swear.
*Religion hath black eyes and raven
hair:*
Nought else is true.'

"Debarred of banquets that my heart
could make
With every man on every day of life,
I homeward turn, my fires of pain to
slake
In deep endearments of a worshipped
wife.
'I love thee well, dear Love,' quoth she,
'and yet
Would that thy creed with mine com-
pletely met,
As one, not two.'

"Assassin! Thief! Opinion, 'tis thy
work.
By Church, by throne, by hearth, by every
good
That's in the Town of Time, I see
thee lurk,
And e'er some shadow stays where thou
hast stood.

Thou hand'st sweet Socrates his hem-
lock sour;
Thou sav'st Barabbas in that hideous
hour,
And stabb'st the good

"Deliverer Christ; thou rack'st the souls
of men;
Thou tосsest girls to lions and boys to
flames;
Thou hew'st Crusader down by Sara-
cen;
Thou buildest closets full of secret
shames;
Indifferent cruel, thou dost blow the
blaze
Round Ridley or Servetus; all thy days
Smell scorched; I would

"—Thou base-born Accident of time
and place—
Bigot Pretender unto Judgment's throne—
Bastard, that claimest with a cunning
face
Those rights the true, true Son of Man
doth own
By Love's authority—thou Rebel cold
At head of civil wars and quarrels
old—
Thou Knife on a throne—

"I would thou left'st me free, to live
with love,
And faith, that through the love of love
doth find
My Lord's dear presence in the stars
above,
The clods below, the flesh without, the
mind
Within, the bread, the tear, the smile.
Opinion, damned Intriguer, gray with
guile,
Let me alone."

1878. *The Century Magazine*, Apr., 1883.

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL

To heal his heart of long-time pain
One day Prince Love for to travel was
fain
With Ministers Mind and Sense.
"Now what to thee most strange may be?"
Quoth Mind and Sense. "All things above,
One curious thing I first would see—
Hell," quoth Love.

Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out:
They searched the ways of man about.

First frightfully groaneth Sense. 10
" 'Tis here, 'tis here," and spur-reth in fear
To the top of the hill that hangeth above
And plucketh the Prince: "Come, come,
'tis here—"

"Where?" quoth Love—

"Not far, not far," said shivering Sense
As they rode on. "A short way hence,
—But seventy paces hence:

Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height
above?

Cold blew a mouldy wind by me." 20
("Cold?" quoth Love.)

"As I rode down, and the River was black,
And yon-side, lo! an endless wrack
And rabble of souls," sighed Sense,

"Their eyes upturned and begged and
burned

In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above
Beat back the hands that upward
yearned—"

"Nay!" quoth Love—

"Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt see,
Wilt thou but down this slope with me; 30
'Tis palpable," whispered Sense.

At the foot of the hill a living rill
Shone, and the lilies shone white above;
"But now 'twas black, 'twas a river, this
rill,"

("Black?" quoth Love.)

"Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow,
And yon-side where was woe, was woe,—
Where the rabble of souls," cried
Sense,

"Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
Thrust back in the brimstone from above—
Is banked of violet, rose, and fern:" 41

"How?" quoth Love:

"For lakes of pain, yon pleasant plain
Of woods and grass and yellow grain
Doth ravish the soul and sense:

And never a sigh beneath the sky,
And folk that smile and gaze above"—

"But saw'st thou here, with thine own eye,
Hell?" quoth Love.

"I saw true hell with mine own eye, 50
True hell, or light hath told a lie,
True, verily," quoth stout Sense.

Then Love rode round and searched the
ground,

The caves below, the hills above;

"But I cannot find where thou hast found
Hell," quoth Love.

There, while they stood in a green wood
And marvelled still on Ill and Good,
Came suddenly Minister Mind.

"In the heart of sin doth hell begin: 60
'Tis not below, 'tis not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within:"
("Where?" quoth Love.)

"I saw a man sit by a corse;
Hell's in the murderer's breast: remorse!
Thus clamored his mind to his mind:
Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal,
Hell's not below, nor yet above,
'Tis fixed in the ever-damnèd soul"—

"Fixed?" quoth Love— 70

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but see:
He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse," quoth Mind.
Full soon they passed, for they rode fast,
Where the piteous willow bent above.

"Now shall I see at last, at last,
Hell," quoth Love.

There when they came Mind suffered
shame:

"These be the same and not the same,"
A-wondering whispered Mind. 80
Lo, face by face two spirits pace
Where the blissful willow waves above:
One saith: "Do me a friendly grace"—
("Grace!" quoth Love.)

"Read me two Dreams that linger long,
Dim as returns of old-time song
That flicker about the mind.

I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
I struck thee dead, then stood above,
With tears that none but dreamers weep;"
"Dreams," quoth Love. 91

"In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
That clung with pain and stung with
power,

Yea, nettled me, body and mind."
"'Twas the nettle of sin, 'twas medicine;
No need nor seed of it here Above;
In dreams of hate true loves begin."
"True," quoth Love.

"Now strange," quoth Sense, and
"Strange," quoth Mind.

"We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find, 100
—But we saw it," quoth Sense and
Mind.

Stretched on the ground, beautifully
crowned
Of the piteous willow that wreathed above,
"But I cannot find where ye have found
Hell," quoth Love.

1878. *The Century Magazine*, Mar., 1884.

SUNRISE¹

In my sleep I was fain of their fellow-
ship, fain

Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the
main.

The little green leaves would not let me
alone in my sleep;

Up-breathed from the marshes, a message
of range and of sweep,

Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-
liberties, drifting,

Came through the lapped leaves sifting,
sifting,

Came to the gates of sleep.

Then my thoughts, in the dark of the
dungeon-keep

Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City
of Sleep,

Upstarted, by twos and by threes assem-
bling: ¹⁰

The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter
yes,

Shaken with happiness:

The gates of sleep stood wide.

I have waked, I have come, my beloved!

I might not abide:

I have come ere the dawn, O beloved,
my live-oaks, to hide

In your gospelling glooms,—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh
and the sea my sea.

Tell me, sweet burly-bark'd, man-bodied
Tree

That mine arms in the dark are embrac-
ing, dost know ²⁰

From what fount are these tears at thy
feet which flow?

They rise not from reason, but deeper in-
consequent deeps.

Reason's not one that weeps.

What logic of greeting lies

Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the
rain of the eyes?

¹ "Sunrise," Mr. Lanier's latest completed
poem, was written while his sun of life seemed
fairly at the setting, and the hand which first
pencilled its lines had not strength to carry
nourishment to the lips.

"Sunrise," the culminating poem, the highest
vision of Sidney Lanier, was dedicated through
his latest request to that friend who indeed came
into his life only near its close, yet was at first
meeting recognized by the poet as "the father
of his spirit," George Westfeldt. When words
were very few and the poem was unread, even
by any friend, the earnest bidding came: "Send
him my 'Sunrise,' that he may know how en-
tirely we are one in thought." (*Poems*, 1884.)

O cunning green leaves, little masters!
like as ye gloss

All the dull-tissued dark with your lumi-
nous darks that emboss

The vague blackness of night into pattern
and plan,

So

(But would I could know, but would I
could know), ³⁰

With your question embroid'ring the dark
of the question of man,—

So, with your silences purfling this silence
of man

While his cry to the dead for some knowl-
edge is under the ban,

Under the ban,—

So, ye have wrought me

Designs on the night of our knowledge,—
yea, ye have taught me,

So,

That haply we know somewhat more
than we know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in
storms,

Ye consciences murmuring faith un-
der forms, ⁴⁰

Ye ministers meet for each passion
that grieves,

Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,

Oh, rain me down from your darks that
contain me

Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that
pain me,—

Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring,—

repeat

Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now
brought breath

From the heaven-side bank of the river
of death,—

Teach me the terms of silence,—preach
me

The passion of patience,—sift me,—im-
peach me,— ⁵⁰

And there, oh there

As ye hang with your myriad palms up-
turned in the air,

Pray me a myriad prayer.

My gossip, the owl,—is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hang-
ing bough,

As I pass to the beach, art stirred?

Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

.

Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the
 sea,
 Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
 Distilling silence,—lo, 60
 That which our father-age had died to
 know—

The menstruum that dissolves all matter
 —thou
 Hast found it: for this silence, filling now
 The globèd clarity of receiving space,
 This solves us all: man, matter, doubt,
 disgrace,
 Death, love, sin, sanity,
 Must in yon silence' clear solution lie.
 Too clear! That crystal nothing who'll
 peruse?
 The blackest night could bring us brighter
 news.

Yet precious qualities of silence haunt 70
 Round these vast margins, ministrant.
 Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
 With trying to breathe no bigger than thy
 race

Just to be fellowed, when that thou hast
 found

No man with room, or grace enough of
 bound

To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou
 art,—

'T is here, 't is here thou canst unhand
 thy heart

And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
 By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide 's at full: the marsh with flooded
 streams 80

Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
 Each winding creek in grave entrancement
 lies

A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
 Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
 The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast
 they lie

Oh, what if a sound should be made!

Oh, what if a bound should be laid

To this bow-and-string tension of beauty
 and silence a-spring,—

To the bend of beauty the bow, or the
 hold of silence the string!

I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diapha-
 nous gleam 90

Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a
 dream,—

Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space
 and of night,

Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted
 with light,

Over-sated with beauty and silence, will
 seem

But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be
 laid,

Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—
 mystery, where?

In the leaves? in the air

In my heart? is a motion made: 100

'T is a motion of dawn, like a flicker of
 shade on shade.

In the leaves 't is palpable: low multitu-
 dinous stirring

Upwinds through the woods; the little
 ones, softly conferring,

Have settled my lord's to be looked for;
 so; they are still;

But the air and my heart and the earth
 are a-thrill,—

And look where the wild duck sails round
 the bend of the river,—

And look where a passionate shiver

Expectant is bending the blades

Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers
 and shades,—

And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast
 fleeting, 110

Are beating

The dark overhead as my heart beats,—
 and steady and free

Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea
 (Run home, little streams,

With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),
 And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,

For list, down the inshore curve of the
 creek

How merrily flutters the sail,—

And lo, in the East! Will the East un-
 veil?

The East is unveiled, the East hath con-
 fessed 120

A flush: 't is dead; 't is alive: 't is dead,
 ere the West

Was aware of it: nay, 't is abiding, 't is
 unwithdrawn:

Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'T is Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that
 dream of a flush is uprolled

To the zenith ascending, a dome of
 undazzling gold

Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from
 out of the sea:

The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh,
 the Bee,

The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over
the sea. 130

Yet now the dew-drop, now the morn-
ing gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day
Ere with the sun their souls exhale
away.

Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summ'd morn shines complete as in
the blue

Big dew-drop of all heaven: with these
lit shrines

O'er-silvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild,
Minded of nought but peace, and of a
child. 141

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a
mean and a measure

Of motion,—not faster than dateless
Olympian leisure

Might pace with unblown ample garments
from pleasure to pleasure,—

The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring,
unreeling,

Forever revealing, revealing, reveal-
ing,

Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise,
—'t is done!

Good-morrow, lord Sun!
With several voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea
and my soul 150

Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of
all morrows doth roll,

Cry good and past-good and most heav-
enly morrow, lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple,—Workman
Heat,—

Parter of passionate atoms that travail to
meet

And be mixed in the death-cold oneness,—
innermost Guest

At the marriage of elements,—fellow of
publicans,—blest

King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest
o'er

The idle skies, yet laborest fast ever-
more,—

Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in
the beat

Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—
Laborer Heat: 160

Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's
all news,

With his inshore greens and manifold
mid-sea blues,

Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest
hues

Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
Confess thee, and each mild flame that
glows

In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones
that shine,

It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving
the winds a-swirl

Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar
that whirl

In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a
storm for a heart, 170

Rent with debate, many-spotted with
question, part

From part oft sundered, yet ever a globed
light,

Yet ever the artist, ever more large and
bright

Than the eye of a man may avail of:—
manifold One,

I must pass from thy face, I must pass
from the face of the Sun:

Old Want is awake and agog, every
wrinkle a-frown;

The worker must pass to his work in
the terrible town:

But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the
thing to be done;

I am strong with the strength of my
lord the Sun:

How dark, how dark soever the race that
must needs be run, 180

I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,

Never the hell-colored smoke of the fac-
tories

Hide thee,

Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,

And ever my heart through the night shall
with knowledge abide thee,

And ever by day shall my spirit, as one
that hath tried thee,

Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder
beside thee 190

My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

1880. *The Independent*, Dec., 1882.

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH¹

There was a child went forth every day;
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or
for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the
song of the phoebe-bird,
And the Third-month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's foal,
and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there—and the beautiful
curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads—all became part of him.

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month and Fifth-month became part of him; 10
Winter-grain sprouts, and those of the light-yellow corn, and the esculent roots of
the garden,
And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms, and the fruit afterward, and wood-
berries, and the commonest weeds by the road;
And the old drunkard staggering home from the out-house of the tavern, whence
he had lately risen,
And the school-mistress that pass'd on her way to the school,
And the friendly boys that pass'd—and the quarrelsome boys,
And the tidy and fresh-cheek'd girls—and the barefoot negro boy and girl,
And all the changes of city and country, wherever he went.

His own parents.

He that had father'd him, and she that had conceiv'd him in her womb, and birth'd
him,

They gave this child more of themselves than that; 20

They gave him afterward every day—they became part of him.

The mother at home, quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table;
The mother with mild words—clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off
her person and clothes as she walks by;

The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, unjust;

The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure,

The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture—the yearning and swell-
ing heart.

Affection that will not be gainsay'd—the sense of what is real—the thought if, after
all, it should prove unreal,

The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time—the curious whether and how,
Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and specks?

Men and women crowding fast in the streets—if they are not flashes and specks,
what are they? 30

¹ This is a record of his recollections from childhood country life on Long Island.

The streets themselves, and the façades of houses, and goods in the windows,
 Vehicles, teams, the heavy-plank'd wharves—the huge crossing at the ferries,
 The village on the highland, seen from afar at sunset—the river between,
 Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables of white or brown,
 three miles off,
 The schooner near by, sleepily dropping down the tide—the little boat slack-tow'd
 astern,
 The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,
 The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint, away solitary by itself—
 the spread of purity it lies motionless in,
 The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh and shore mud;
 These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and
 will always go forth every day.

First published in 1855. In edition of 1856 under title of "Poem of the Child That Went Forth and Always Goes Forth, Forever and Forever."

FROM WALT WHITMAN

1

I celebrate myself;¹
 And what I assume you shall assume;
 For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my Soul;
 I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes—the shelves are crowded with perfumes;
 I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it;
 The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume—it has no taste of the distillation—it is odorless;
 It is for my mouth forever—I am in love with it;
 I will go to the bank by the wood, and become undisguised and naked;
 I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

2

The smoke of my own breath;
 Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine;
 My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing of blood and
 air through my lungs;
 The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore, and dark-color'd sea-
 rocks, and of hay in the barn;
 The sound of the belch'd words of my voice, words loos'd to the eddies of the wind;
 A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms;
 The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag;
 The delight alone, or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides;
 The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed and meet-
 ing the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?
 Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
 Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

¹ "I meant 'Leaves of Grass,' as published, to be the Poem of average Identity (of yours, whoever you are, now reading these lines) . . . All serves, helps—but in the center of all, absorbing all, giving, for your purpose, the only meaning and vitality to all, master or mistress of all, under the law, stands Yourself. To sing the Song of that law of average Identity, and of Yourself, consistently with the divine law of the universal, is a main purpose of these 'Leaves.'" (See Whitman's Preface to the 1876 edition of "Leaves of Grass.")

Stop this day and night with me, and you shall possess the origin of all poems;
 You shall possess the good of the earth and sun—(there are millions of suns left;)
 You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of
 the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books;
 You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me:
 You shall listen to all sides, and filter them from yourself.

6

A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands; 30
 How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is, any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
 A scented gift and remembrancer, designedly dropt,
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark,
 and say, *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic;
 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
 Growing among black folks as among white; 39
 Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you, curling grass;
 It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men;
 It may be if I had known them I would have loved them;
 It may be you are from old people, and from women, and from offspring taken soon
 out of their mothers' laps;
 And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers;
 Darker than the colorless beards of old men;
 Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues! 50
 And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women.
 And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their
 laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
 And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere;
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death;
 And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward—nothing collapses; 60
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

9

The big doors of the country barn stand open and ready;
 The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-drawn wagon;
 The clear light plays on the brown gray and green intertinged;
 The armfuls are pack'd to the sagging mow.

I am there—I help—I came stretch'd atop of the load;
 I felt its soft jolts—one leg reclined on the other;
 I jump from the cross-beams, and seize the clover and timothy,
 And roll head over heels, and tangle my hair full of wisps.

10

Alone, far in the wilds and mountains, I hunt,
 Wandering, amazed at my own lightness and glee;
 In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the night,
 Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-kill'd game;
 Falling asleep on the gather'd leaves, with my dog and gun by my side.

The Yankee clipper is under her sky-sails—she cuts the sparkle and scud;
 My eyes settle the land—I bend at her prow, or shout joyously from the deck.

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me;
 I tuck'd my trowser-ends in my boots, and went and had a good time:
 (You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.)

I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west—the bride was a
 red girl;
 Her father and his friends sat near, cross-legged and dumbly smoking—they had
 moccasins to their feet, and large thick blankets hanging from their shoulders;
 On a bank lounged the trapper—he was drest mostly in skins—his luxuriant beard
 and curls protected his neck—he held his bride by the hand;
 She had long eyelashes—her head was bare—her coarse straight locks descended upon
 her voluptuous limbs and reach'd to her feet.

The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside;
 I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile;
 Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and weak,
 And went where he sat on a log, and led him in and assured him,
 And brought water, and fill'd a tub for his sweated body and bruis'd feet,
 And gave him a room that enter'd from my own, and gave him some coarse clean
 clothes,
 And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkwardness,
 And remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
 He staid with me a week before he was recuperated and pass'd north;
 (I had him sit next me at table—my fire-lock lean'd in the corner.)

12

The butcher-boy puts off his killing clothes, or sharpens his knife at the stall in the
 market;
 I loiter, enjoying his repartee, and his shuffle and break-down.

Blacksmiths with grimed and hairy chests environ the anvil;
 Each has his main-sledge—they are all out—(there is a great heat in the fire).

From the cinder-strew'd threshold I follow their movements;
 The lithe sheer of their waists plays even with their massive arms;
 Over-hand the hammers swing—over-hand so slow—over-hand so sure:
 They do not hasten—each man hits in his place.

13

The negro holds firmly the reins of his four horses—the block swags underneath
 on its tied-over chain;
 The negro that drives the dray of the stone-yard—steady and tall he stands, pois'd
 on one leg on the string-piece;
 His blue shirt exposes his ample neck and breast, and loosens over his hip-band;
 His glance is calm and commanding—he tosses the slouch of his hat away from
 his forehead;
 The sun falls on his crispy hair and moustache—falls on the black of his polish'd
 and perfect limbs.

I behold the picturesque giant, and love him—and I do not stop there;
 I go with the team also.

In me the caresser of life wherever moving—backward as well as forward slueing;
 To niches aside and junior bending. 110

Oxen that rattle the yoke and chain, or halt in the leafy shade! what is that you
 express in your eyes?

It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life.

My tread scares the wood-drake and wood-duck, on my distant and day-long ramble;
 They rise together—they slowly circle around.

I believe in those wing'd purposes,
 And acknowledge red, yellow, white, playing within me,
 And consider green and violet, and the tufted crown, intentional;
 And do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else;
 And the jay in the woods never studied the gamut, yet trills pretty well to me;
 And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me. 120

14

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night;
Ya-honk! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;
 (The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen close;
 I find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.)

The sharp-hoof'd moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the chickadee, the
 prairie-dog,
 The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,
 The brood of the turkey-hen, and she with her half-spread wings;
 I see in them and myself the same old law.

The press of my feet to the earth springs a hundred affections;
 They scorn the best I can do to relate them. 130

I am enamor'd of growing out-doors,
 Of men that live among cattle, or taste of the ocean or woods,
 Of the builders and steerers of ships, and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the
 drivers of horses;
 I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.

What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me;
 Me going in for my chance, spending for vast returns;
 Adorning myself to bestow myself on the first that will take me;
 Not asking the sky to come down to my good will;
 Scattering it freely forever

16

I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise; 140
 Regardless of others, ever regardful of others,
 Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,
 Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse, and stuff'd with the stuff that is fine;
 One of the Great Nation, the nation of many nations, the smallest the same, and
 the largest the same;
 A southerner soon as a northerner—a planter nonchalant and hospitable, down by
 the Oconee I live;
 A Yankee, bound by my own way, ready for trade, my joints the limberest joints
 on earth, and the sternest joints on earth;
 A Kentuckian, walking the vale of the Elkhorn, in my deer-skin leggings—a Louisi-
 anian or Georgian;
 A boatman over lakes or bays, or along coasts—a Hoosier, Badger, Buckeye;
 At home on Kanadian snow-shoes, or up in the bush, or with fishermen off New-
 foundland;
 At home in the fleet of ice-boats, sailing with the rest and tacking; 150
 At home on the hills of Vermont, or in the woods of Maine, or the Texan ranch;
 Comrade of Californians—comrade of free north-westerners, (loving their big pro-
 portions;)
 Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen—comrade of all who shake hands and welcome
 to drink and meat;
 A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfulest;
 A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of seasons;
 Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion;
 A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker;
 A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest.

I resist anything better than my own diversity;
 I breathe the air, but leave plenty after me, 160
 And am not stuck up, and am in my place.

(The moth and the fish-eggs are in their place;
 The suns I see, and the suns I cannot see, are in their place;
 The palpable is in its place, and the impalpable is in its place.)

17

These are the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands—they are not original
 with me;

If they are not yours as much as mine, they are nothing, or next to nothing;
 If they are not the riddle, and the untying of the riddle, they are nothing;
 If they are not just as close as they are distant, they are nothing.

This is the grass that grows wherever the land is, and the water is;
 This is the common air that bathes the globe. 170

20

Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude;
 How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?

What is a man, anyhow? What am I? What are you?

All I mark as my own, you shall offset it with your own;
 Else it were time lost listening to me.

I do not snivel that snivel the world over,
 That months are vacuums, and the ground but wallow and filth;
 That life is a suck and a sell, and nothing remains at the end but threadbare trape,
 and tears.

Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids—conformity goes to the
fourth-remov'd;
I wear my hat as I please, indoors or out. 180

Why should I pray? Why should I venerate and be ceremonious?

Having pried through the strata, analyzed to a hair, counsell'd with doctors, and
calculated close,
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.

In all people I see myself—none more, and not one a barleycorn less;
And the good or bad I say of myself, I say of them.

And I know I am solid and sound;
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow;
All are written to me, and I must get what the writing means.

I know I am deathless;
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter's compass; 190
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

I know I am august;
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
I see that the elementary laws never apologize;
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all.)

I exist as I am—that is enough;
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content;
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.

One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years, 200
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite;
I laugh at what you call dissolution;
And I know the amplitude of time.

21

I am the poet of the Body;
And I am the poet of the Soul.

The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft and increase upon myself—the latter I translate into a new
tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man;
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man; 210
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride;
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough;
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? Are you the President?
It is a trifle—they will more than arrive there, every one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night;
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.

Press close, bare-bosom'd night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing night!
 Night of south winds! night of the large few stars!
 Still, nodding night! mad, naked, summer night.

220

Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breath'd earth!
 Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees;
 Earth of departed sunset; earth of the mountains, misty-topt!
 Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon, just tinged with blue!
 Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
 Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and clearer for my sake!
 Far-swooping elbow'd earth! rich, apple-blossom'd earth!
 Smile, for your lover comes!

Prodigal, you have given me love! Therefore I to you give love!
 O unspeakable, passionate love!

230

31

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
 And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
 And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
 And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
 And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
 And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
 And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels,
 And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling
 her iron tea-kettle and baking short-cake.

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits, grains, esculent roots, 240
 And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over,
 And have distanced what is behind me for good reasons,
 And call anything close again, when I desire it.

In vain the speeding or shyness;
 In vain the plutonic rocks send their old heat against my approach;
 In vain the mastodon retreats beneath its own powder'd bones;
 In vain objects stand leagues off, and assume manifold shapes;
 In vain the ocean settling in hollows, and the great monsters lying low;
 In vain the buzzard houses herself with the sky;
 In vain the snake slides through the creepers and logs;
 In vain the elk takes to the inner passes of the woods;
 In vain the razor-bill'd auk sails far north to Labrador;
 I follow quickly, I ascend to the nest in the fissure of the cliff.

250

32

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd;
 I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
 Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago; 260
 Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me, and I accept them;
 They bring me tokens of myself—they evince them plainly in their possession.

I wonder where they get those tokens:

Did I pass that way huge times ago, and negligently drop them?

Myself moving forward then and now and forever,

Gathering and showing more always and with velocity,

Infinite and omnigenous, and the like of these among them;

Not too exclusive toward the reachers of my remembrancers;

Picking out here one that I love, and now go with him on brotherly terms. 270

A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive to my caresses,
Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,
Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,
Eyes full of sparkling wickedness—ears finely cut, flexibly moving.

His nostrils dilate, as my heels embrace him;

His well-built limbs tremble with pleasure, as we race around and return.

I but use you a moment, then I resign you, stallion;

Why do I need your paces, when I myself out-gallop them?

Even, as I stand or sit, passing faster than you.

34

Now I tell what I knew in Texas in my early youth; 280

(I tell not the fall of Alamo,

Not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo,

The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo;)

'Tis the tale of the murder in cold blood of four hundred and twelve young men.

Retreating, they had form'd in a hollow square, with their baggage for breast-works;

Nine hundred lives out of the surrounding enemy's, nine times their number, was the price they took in advance;

Their colonel was wounded and their ammunition gone;

They treated for an honorable capitulation, receiv'd writing and seal, gave up their arms, and march'd back prisoners of war.

They were the glory of the race of rangers;

Matchless with horse, rifle, song, supper, courtship, 290

Large, turbulent, generous, handsome, proud, and affectionate,

Bearded, sunburnt, drest in the free costume of hunters,

Not a single one over thirty years of age.

The second First-day morning they were brought out in squads, and massacred—it was beautiful early summer;

The work commenced about five o'clock, and was over by eight.

None obey'd the command to kneel;

Some made a mad and helpless rush—some stood stark and straight;

A few fell 'at once, shot in the temple or heart—the living and dead lay together;

The maim'd and mangled dug in the dirt—the newcomers saw them there;

Some, half-kill'd, attempted to crawl away; 300

These were despatch'd with bayonets, or batter'd with the blunts of muskets;

A youth not seventeen years old seiz'd his assassin till two more came to release him;

The three were all torn, and cover'd with the boy's blood.

At eleven o'clock began the burning of the bodies:

That is the tale of the murder of the four hundred and twelve young men.

35

Would you hear of an old-fashion'd sea-fight?
 Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?
 List to the story as my grandmother's father, the sailor, told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you, (said he;)
 His was the surly English pluck—and there is no tougher or truer, and never was,
 and never will be; 320
 Along the lower'd eve he came, horribly raking us.

We closed with him—the yards entangled—the cannon touch'd;
 My captain lash'd fast with his own hands.

We had receiv'd some eighteen-pound shots under the water;
 On our lower gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around,
 and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark;
 Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet
 of water reported;
 The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the afterhold, to give them
 a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels,
 They see so many strange faces, they do not know whom to trust. 320

Our frigate takes fire;
 The other asks if we demand quarter?
 If our colors are struck, and the fighting is done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cries, *we have just begun our part of the*
 fighting.

Only three guns are in use;
 One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's mainmast;
 Two, well served with grape and canister, silence his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top;
 They hold out bravely during the whole of the action. 330

Not a moment's cease;
 The leaks gain fast on the pumps—the fire eats toward the powder-magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away—it is generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain;
 He is not hurried—his voice is neither high nor low;
 His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the moon, they surrender to us.

36

Stretch'd and still lies the midnight;
 Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the darkness;
 Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking—preparations to pass to the one we have
 conquered; 340

The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his orders through a countenance
 white as a sheet;
 Near by, the corpse of the child that serv'd in the cabin;
 The dead face of an old salt with long white hair and carefully curl'd whiskers;
 The flames, spite of all that can be done, flickering aloft and below;
 The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit for duty;
 Formless stacks of bodies, and bodies by themselves—dabs of flesh upon the masts
 and spars,
 Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of the soothe of waves,
 Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-parcels, strong scent,
 Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass and fields by the shore, death-
 messages given in charge to survivors,
 The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth of his saw, 350
 Wheeze, cluck, swash of falling blood, short wild scream, and long, dull, tapering
 groan;
 These so—these irretrievable.

44

It is time to explain myself—Let us stand up.

What is known I strip away;
 I launch all men and women forward with me into THE UNKNOWN.

The clock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate?

We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers;
 There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of them.

Births have brought us richness and variety,
 And other births will bring us richness and variety. 360

I do not call one greater and one smaller;
 That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you, my brother, my sister?
 I am sorry for you—they are not murderous or jealous upon me;
 All has been gentle with me—I keep no account with lamentation;
 (What have I to do with lamentation?)

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs;
 On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps;
 All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount. 370

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;
 Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know I was even there;
 I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
 And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugged close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
 Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;
 For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings;
 They sent influences to look after what was to hold me. 380

Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me;
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths, and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul.

46

I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured, and never will
be measured.

I tramp a perpetual journey—(come listen all!)
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods;
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair;
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy;
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, or exchange;
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents, and a plain public road.

300

Not I—not any one else, can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself.

It is not far—it is within reach;
Perhaps you have been on it since you were born, and did not know;
Perhaps it is every where on water and on land.

400

Shoulder your duds, dear son, and I will mine, and let us hasten forth,
Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go.

If you tire, give me both burdens, and rest the chuff of your hand on my hip,
And in due time you shall repay the same service to me;
For after we start, we never lie by again.

This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and look'd at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my Spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the
pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied
then?*

And my Spirit said, *No, we but level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.*

410

You are also asking me questions, and I hear you;
I answer that I cannot answer—you must find out for yourself.

Sit a while, dear son;
Here are biscuits to eat, and here is milk to drink;
But as soon as you sleep, and renew yourself in sweet clothes, I kiss you with a
good-bye kiss, and open the gate for your egress hence.

Long enough have you dream'd contemptible dreams;
Now I wash the gum from your eyes;
You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light, and of every moment of your
life.

Long have you timidly waded, holding a plank by the shore;
 Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
 To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise again, nod to me, shout, and laughingly
 dash with your hair. 420

48

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
 And I have said that the body is not more than the soul;
 And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
 And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral, drest
 in his shroud,
 And I or you, pocketless of a dime, may purchase the pick of the earth,
 And to glance with an eye, or show a bean in its pod, confounds the learning of
 all times,
 And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become
 a hero,
 And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
 And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a
 million universes. 430

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
 For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God;
 (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death.)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.

Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
 I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then;
 In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass;
 I find letters from God dropt in the street—and every one is sign'd by God's name,
 And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go, 440
 Others will punctually come forever and ever.

49

And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me.

To his work without flinching the accoucheur comes;
 I see the elder-hand, pressing, receiving, supporting;
 I recline by the sills of the exquisite flexible doors,
 And mark the outlet, and mark the relief and escape.

And as to you, Corpse, I think you are good manure—but that does not offend me;
 I smell the white roses sweet-scented and growing,
 I reach to the leafy lips—I reach to the polish'd breasts of melons.

And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths;
 (No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.) 450

I hear you whispering there, O stars of heaven;
 O suns! O grass of graves! O perpetual transfers and promotions!
 If you do not say anything, how can I say anything?

Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest,
 Of the moon that descends the steeps of the soughing twilight,
 Toss, sparkles of day and dusk! toss on the black stems that decay in the muck!
 Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs.

I ascend from the moon, I ascend from the night;
 I perceive that the ghastly glimmer is noonday sunbeams reflected;
 And debouch to the steady and central from the offspring great or small.

460

50

There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in me.

Wrench'd and sweaty—calm and cool then my body becomes;
 I sleep—I sleep long.

I do not know it—it is without name—it is a word unsaid;
 It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.

Something it swings on more than the earth I swing on;
 To it the creation is the friend whose embracing awakes me.

Perhaps I might tell more. Outlines! I plead for my brothers and sisters.

Do you see, O my brothers and sisters?
 It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—it is HAPPINESS.

470

52

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—he complains of my gab and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable;
 I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

The last scud of day holds back for me;
 It flings my likeness after the rest, and true as any, on the shadow'd wilds;
 It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air—I shake my white locks at the runaway sun;
 I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeathe myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I love;
 If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.

480

You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;
 But I shall be good health to you nevertheless.
 And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged;
 Missing me one place, search another;
 I stop somewhere, waiting for you.

1855.

FROM SONG OF THE BROAD-AXE

1

Weapon, shapely, naked, wan!
 Head from the mother's bowels drawn!
 Wooded flesh, and metal bone! limb only one, and lip only one!
 Gray-blue leaf by red-heat grown! helve produced from a little seed sown!
 Resting the grass amid and upon,
 To be lean'd, and to lean on.

Strong shapes, and attributes of strong shapes—masculine trades, sights and sounds;
 Long varied train of an emblem, dabs of music;
 Fingers of the organist skipping staccato over the keys of the great organ.

4

Muscle and pluck forever! 10
 What invigorates life, invigorates death,
 And the dead advance as much as the living advance,
 And the future is no more uncertain than the present,
 And the roughness of the earth and of man encloses as much as the delicatessen of
 the earth and of man,
 And nothing endures but personal qualities.

What do you think endures?
 Do you think the great city endures?
 Or a teeming manufacturing state? or a prepared constitution? or the best-built
 steamships?
 Or hotels of granite and iron? or any chef-d'œuvres of engineering, forts, arma-
 ments?

Away! These are not to be cherish'd for themselves; 20
 They fill their hour, the dancers dance, the musicians play for them;
 The show passes, all does well enough of course,
 All does very well till one flash of defiance.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;
 If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

5

The place where the great city stands is not the place of stretch'd wharves, docks,
 manufactures, deposits of produce,
 Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new-comers, or the anchor-lifters of the
 departing,
 Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings, or shops selling goods from
 the rest of the earth,
 Nor the place of the best libraries and schools—nor the place where money is
 plenteiest,
 Nor the place of the most numerous population. 30

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards;
 Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return, and
 understands them;
 Where no monuments exist to heroes, but in the common words and deeds;
 Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place;
 Where the men and women think lightly of the laws;
 Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases;
 Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected
 persons;
 Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea to the whistle of death pours
 its sweeping and unript waves;
 Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority;
 Where the citizen is always the head and ideal—and President, Mayor, Governor,
 and what not, are agents for pay; 40
 Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves;
 Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs;
 Where speculations on the Soul are encouraged;
 Where women walk in public processions in the streets, the same as the men,
 Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men;

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands;
 Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands;
 Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands;
 Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
 There the great city stands.

50

8

I see the European headsman;
 He stands mask'd, clothed in red, with huge legs, and strong naked arms,
 And leans on a ponderous axe.

(Whom have you slaughter'd lately, European headsman?
 Whose is that blood upon you, so wet and sticky?)

I see the clear sunsets of the martyrs;
 I see from the scaffolds the descending ghosts,
 Ghosts of dead lords, uncrown'd ladies, impeach'd ministers, rejected kings,
 Rivals, traitors, poisoners, disgraced chieftains, and the rest.

I see those who in any land have died for the good cause;
 The seed is spare, nevertheless the crop shall never run out;
 (Mind you, O foreign kings, O priests, the crop shall never run out.)

60

I see the blood wash'd entirely away from the axe;
 Both blade and helve are clean;
 They spirt no more the blood of European nobles—they clasp no more the necks
 of queens.

I see the headsman withdraw and become useless;
 I see the scaffold untrodden and mouldy—I see no longer any axe upon it;
 I see the mighty and friendly emblem of the power of my own race—the newest,
 largest race.

10

The shapes arise!
 The shape measur'd, saw'd, jack'd, join'd, stain'd,
 The coffin-shape for the dead to lie within in his shroud;
 The shape got out in posts, in the bedstead posts, in the posts of the bride's bed;
 The shape of the little trough, the shape of the rockers beneath, the shape of the
 babe's cradle;
 The shape of the floor-planks, the floor-planks for dancers' feet;
 The shape of the planks of the family home, the home of the friendly parents and
 children,
 The shape of the roof of the home of the happy young man and woman—the roof
 over the well-married young man and woman,
 The roof over the supper joyously cook'd by the chaste wife, and joyously eaten
 by the chaste husband, content after his day's work.

70

The shapes arise!
 The shape of the prisoner's place in the court-room, and of him or her seated in
 the place;
 The shape of the liquor-bar lean'd against by the young rum-drinker and the old
 rum-drinker;
 The shape of the shamed and angry stairs, trod by sneaking footsteps;
 The shape of the sly settee, and the adulterous unwholesome couple;
 The shape of the gambling-board with its devilish winnings and losings;
 The shape of the step-ladder for the convicted and sentenced murderer, the mur-
 derer with haggard face and pinion'd arms,
 The sheriff at hand with his deputies, the silent and white-lipp'd crowd, the dangling
 of the rope.

80

The shapes arise!
 Shapes of doors giving many exits and entrances;
 The door passing the dis sever'd friend, flush'd and in haste;
 The door that admits good news and bad news;
 The door whence the son left home, confident and puff'd up;
 The door he enter'd again from a long and scandalous absence, ⁹⁰ diseas'd, broken
 down, without innocence, without means.

12

The main shapes arise!
 Shapes of Democracy, total—result of centuries;
 Shapes, ever projecting other shapes;
 Shapes of turbulent manly cities;
 Shapes of the friends and home-givers of the whole earth,
 Shapes bracing the earth, and braced with the whole earth.

1856.

FROM SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

1

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
 Healthy, free, the world before me,
 The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.
 Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I myself am good fortune;
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
 Strong and content, I travel the open road.

The earth—that is sufficient;
 I do not want the constellations any nearer;
 I know they are very well where they are;
 I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens;
 I carry them, men and women—I carry them with me wherever I go;
 I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them;
 I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

2

You road I enter upon and look around! I believe you are not all that is here;
 I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, neither preference or denial;
 The black with his woolly head, the felon, the diseas'd, the illiterate person, are
 not denied;
 The birth, the hasting after the physician, the beggar's tramp, the drunkard's
 stagger, the laughing party of mechanics,
 The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple, ²⁰
 The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the town, the
 return back from the town,
 They pass—I also pass—anything passes—none can be interdicted;
 None but are accepted—none but are dear to me.

3

You air that serves me with breath to speak!
 You objects that call from diffusion my meanings, and give them shape!

You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!
 You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!
 I think you are latent with unseen existences—you are so dear to me.

You flagg'd walks of the cities! you strong curbs at the edges!
 You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined sides! you distant
 ships! 30
 You rows of houses! you window-pierc'd façades! you roofs!
 You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!
 You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!
 You doors and ascending steps! you arches!
 You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!
 From all that has been near you, I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and
 now would impart the same secretly to me;
 From the living and the dead I think you have peopled your impassive surfaces,
 and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me.

4

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
 The picture alive, every part in its best light,
 The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted, 40
 The cheerful voice of the public road—the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel! O public road! do you say to me, *Do not leave me?*
 Do you say, *Venture not? If you leave me, you are lost?*
 Do you say, *I am already prepared—I am well-beaten and undenied—adhere to me?*

O public road! I say back, I am not afraid to leave you—yet I love you;
 You express me better than I can express myself;
 You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all great poems also;
 I think I could stop here myself, and do miracles;
 (My judgments, thoughts, I henceforth try by the open air, the road;) 50
 I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me
 shall like me;
 I think whoever I see must be happy.

6

Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear, it would not amaze me;
 Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appear'd, it would not astonish me.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
 It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room;
 A great deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race of men,
 Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law, and mocks all authority and all
 argument against it.

Here is the test of wisdom; 60
 Wisdom is not finally tested in schools;
 Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it, to another not having it;
 Wisdom is of the Soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
 Applies to all stages and objects and qualities, and is content,
 Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellence of
 things;
 Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the
 Soul.

Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious
clouds, and along the landscape and flowing currents.

Here is realization;
Here is a man tallied—he realizes here what he has in him; 70
The past, the future, majesty, love—if they are vacant of you, you are vacant of
them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?

Here is adhesiveness—it is not previously fashion'd—it is apropos;
Do you know what it is, as you pass, to be loved by strangers?
Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?

9

Allons! whoever you are, come travel with me!
Traveling with me, you find what never tires.

The earth never tires; 80
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first—Nature is rude and incompre-
hensible at first;
Be not discouraged—keep on—there are divine things, well envelop'd;
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

Allons! we must not stop here!
However sweet these laid-up stores—however convenient this dwelling, we cannot
remain here;
However shelter'd this port, and however calm these waters, we must not anchor
here;
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us, we are permitted to receive
it but a little while.

10

Allons! the inducements shall be greater;
We will sail pathless and wild seas;
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper speeds by under
full sail. 90

Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements!
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;

Allons! from all formules!
From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests!

The stale cadaver blocks up the passage—the burial waits no longer.

Allons! yet take warning!
He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance;
None may come to the trial, till he or she bring courage and health.

Come not here if you have not already spent the best of yourself;
Only those may come, who come in sweet and determin'd bodies; 100
No diseas'd person—no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted here.

I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes;
We convince by our presence.

11

Listen! I will be honest with you;
 I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes;
 These are the days that must happen to you:

You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
 You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
 You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd—you hardly settle yourself to
 satisfaction, before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,
 You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind
 you; 110
 What beckonings of love you receive, you shall only answer with passionate kisses
 of parting,
 You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

14

The Soul travels;
 The body does not travel as much as the soul;
 The body has just as great a work as the soul, and parts away at last for the
 journeys of the soul.

All parts away for the progress of souls;
 All religion, all solid things, arts, governments,—all that was or is apparent upon this
 globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of Souls
 along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the uni-
 verse, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,
 Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied, 120
 Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
 They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;
 But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great.

16

Allons! through struggles and wars!
 The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.

Have the past struggles succeeded?
 What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? nature?
 Now understand me well—It is provided in the essence of things, that from any
 fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a
 greater struggle necessary.

My call is the call of battle—I nourish active rebellion;
 He going with me must go well arm'd; 130
 He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.

17

Allons! the road is before us!
 It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well.

Allons! be not detain'd!
 Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
 Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
 Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
 Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the
 judge expound the law.

Mon enfant! I give you my hand!
 I give you my love, more precious than money,
 I give you myself, before preaching or law;
 Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
 Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

140

First published in 1856. In that edition and that of 1860 under title of "Poem of the Road."

CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY¹

1

Flood-tide below me! I watch you face to face;
 Clouds of the west! sun there half an hour high! I see you also face to face.

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!
 On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more
 curious to me than you suppose;
 And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence, are more to me, and more
 in my meditations, than you might suppose.

2

The impalpable sustenance of me from all things, at all hours of the day;
 The simple, compact, well-join'd scheme—myself disintegrated, every one disintegrated,
 yet part of the scheme:
 The similitudes of the past, and those of the future;
 The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights and hearings—on the walk in the
 street, and the passage over the river;
 The current rushing so swiftly, and swimming with me far away;
 The others that are to follow me, the ties between me and them;
 The certainty of others—the life, love, sight, hearing of others.

10

Others will enter the gates of the ferry, and cross from shore to shore;
 Others will watch the run of the flood-tide;
 Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and west, and the heights of Brooklyn
 to the south and east;
 Others will see the islands large and small;
 Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half an hour high;
 A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence, others will see them,
 Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in of the flood-tide, the falling back to the sea of
 the ebb-tide.

3

It avails not, neither time or place—distance avails not;
 I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations
 hence;
 I project myself—also I return—I am with you, and know how it is.
 Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt;
 Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a crowd;
 Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river and the bright flow, I was
 refresh'd;
 Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the swift current, I stood, yet
 was hurried;
 Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships, and the thick-stem'd pipes of
 steamboats, I look'd.

20

¹ Living in Brooklyn or New York City from this time forward, my life then, and still more the following years, was curiously identified with Fulton Ferry. . . I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing poems. (Whitman in "Specimen Days.")

I, too, many and many a time cross'd the river, the sun half an hour high;
 I watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls—I saw them high in the air, floating with
 motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,
 I saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies, and left the rest in
 strong shadow, 30
 I saw the slow-wheeling circles, and the gradual edging toward the south.

I, too, saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,
 Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,
 Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light around the shape of my head in the
 sun-lit water,
 Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and southwestward,
 Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,
 Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the arriving ships,
 Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,
 Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops—saw the ships at anchor,
 The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride the spars, 40
 The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine pennants,
 The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,
 The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,
 The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sun-set,
 The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests and
 glistening,
 The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite store-
 houses by the docks,
 On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd on each side by
 the barges—the hay-boat, the belated lighter,
 On the neighboring shore, the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high and
 glaringly into the night,
 Casting their flicker of black, contrasted with wild red and yellow light, over the
 tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets.

4

These, and all else, were to me the same as they are to you; 50
 I project myself a moment to tell you—also I return.

I loved well those cities;
 I loved well the stately and rapid river;
 The men and women I saw were all near to me;
 Others the same—others who look back on me, because I look'd forward to them.
 (The time will come, though I stop here to-day and to-night.)

5

What is it, then, between us?
 What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years between us?
 Whatever it is, it avails not—distance avails not, and place avails not.

6

I too lived—Brooklyn, of ample hills, was mine; 60
 I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan Island, and bathed in the waters around it;
 I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me,
 In the day, among crowds of people, sometimes they came upon me,
 In my walks home late at night, or as I lay in my bed, they came upon me.
 I too had been struck from the float forever held in solution;
 I too had receiv'd identity by my Body;
 That I was, I knew was of my body—and what I should be, I knew I should be of
 my body.

7

It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall,
 The dark patches threw down upon me also;
 The best I had done seemed to me blank and suspicious;
 My great thoughts, as I supposed them, were they not in reality meager? would not
 people laugh at them? 70

It is not you alone who knows what it is to be evil;
 I am he who knew what it was to be evil;
 I, too, knitted the old knot of contrariety,
 Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,
 Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
 Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant;
 The wolf, the snake, the hog not wanting in me,
 The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous wish, not wanting,
 Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness, none of these wanting. 80

8

But I was Manhattanese, friendly and proud!
 I was called by my nighest name by clear, loud voices of young men as they saw me
 approaching or passing;
 Felt their arms on my neck as they stood, or the negligent leaning of their flesh
 against me as I sat,
 Saw many I loved in the street, or ferry-boat, or public assembly, yet never told
 them a word,
 Lived the same life with the rest, the same old laughing, gnawing, sleeping,
 Play'd the part that still looks back on the actor or actress,
 The same old rôle, the rôle that is what we make it, as great as we like,
 Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

9

Closer yet I approach you;
 What thought you have of me, I had as much of you—I laid in my stores in advance;
 I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born. 89

Who was to know what should come home to me?
 Who knows but I am enjoying this?
 Who knows but I am as good as looking at you now, for all you cannot see me?

It is not you alone, nor I alone;
 Not a few races, nor a few generations, nor a few centuries;
 It is that each came, or comes, or shall come, from its due emission,
 From the general center of all, and forming a part of all:
 Everything indicates—the smallest does, and the largest does;
 A necessary film envelopes all, and envelopes the Soul for a proper time. 100

10

Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to me than my
 mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
 My river and sun-set, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide,
 The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight, and the belated
 lighter;
 Curious what Gods can exceed these that clasp me by the hand, and with voices I
 love call me promptly and loudly by my nighest name as I approach;
 Curious what is more subtle than this which ties me to the woman or man that looks
 in my face,
 Which fuses me into you now, and pours my meaning into you.

We understand, then, do we not?
 What I promis'd without mentioning it, have you not accepted?
 What the study could not teach—what the preaching could not accomplish, is accomplish'd, is it not?
 What the push of reading could not start, is started by me personally, is it not? 110

11

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!
 Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!
 Gorgeous clouds of the sun-set! drench with your splendor me, or the men and women generations after me;
 Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!
 Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta!—stand up, beautiful hills of Brooklyn!
 Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers!
 Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!
 Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house, or street, or public assembly!
 Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by my highest name!
 Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or actress! 120
 Play the old rôle, the rôle that is great or small, according as one makes it!
 Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown ways be looking upon you;
 Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly, yet haste with the hasting current;
 Fly on, sea-birds! fly-sideways, or wheel in large circles high in the air;
 Receive the summer sky, you water! and faithfully hold it, till all downcast eyes have time to take it from you;
 Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or any one's head, in the sun-lit water;
 Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-sail'd schooners, sloops, lighters!
 Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lower'd at sunset;
 Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows at nightfall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the houses;
 Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are; 130
 You necessary film, continue to envelop the soul;
 About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our divinest aromas;
 Thrive, cities! bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and sufficient rivers;
 Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual;
 Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting.

12

We descend upon you and all things—we arrest you all;
 We realize the soul only by you, you faithful solids and fluids;
 Through you color, form, location, sublimity, ideality;
 Through you every proof, comparison, and all the suggestions and determinations of ourselves.

You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers! you novices! 140
 We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate henceforward;
 Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withhold yourselves from us;
 We use you, and do not cast you aside—we plant you permanently within us;
 We fathom you not—we love you—there is perfection in you also;
 You furnish your parts toward eternity,
 Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the soul.

FROM AS I SAT ALONE BY BLUE ONTARIO'S SHORE

9

I listened to the Phantom by Ontario's shore,
I heard the voice arising, demanding bards;
By them, all native and grand—by them alone can The States be fused into the
compact organism of a Nation.

To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is no account;
That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold
of the limbs of the body, or the fibers of plants.

Of all races and eras, These States, with veins full of poetical stuff, most need poets,
and are to have the greatest, and use them the greatest;
Their Presidents shall not be their common referee so much as their poets shall.

(Soul of love, and tongue of fire!
Eye to pierce the deepest deeps, and sweep the world!
—Ah, mother! prolific and full in all besides—yet how long barren, barren?) 10

10

Of These States, the poet is the equable man,
Not in him, but off from him, things are grotesque, eccentric, fail of their full returns,
Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad,
He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion, neither more nor less,
He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,
He is the equalizer of his age and land,
He supplies what wants supplying—he checks what wants checking,
In peace, out of him speaks the spirit of peace, large, rich, thrifty, building populous
towns, encouraging agriculture, arts, commerce, lighting the study of man, the
Soul, health, immortality, government;
In war, he is the best backer of the war—he fetches artillery as good as the engineer's
—he can make every word he speaks draw blood;
The years straying toward infidelity, he withholds by his steady faith, 20
He is no arguer, he is judgment—(Nature accepts him absolutely;)
He judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing;
As he sees the farthest, he has the most faith,
His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,
In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent,
He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement,
He sees eternity in men and women—he does not see men and women as dreams or
dots.
For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that idea the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders,
The attitude of him cheers up slaves and horrifies foreign despots. 30

Without extinction is Liberty! without retrograde is Equality!
They live in the feelings of young men, and the best women;
Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the earth been always ready to fall
for Liberty.

11

For the great Idea!
That, O my brethren—that is the mission of Poets.

Songs of stern defiance, ever ready,
Songs of the rapid arming, and the march,

The flag of peace quick-folded, and instead, the flag we know,
Warlike flag of the great Idea.

(Angry cloth I saw there leaping!
I stand again in leaden rain, your flapping folds saluting;
I sing you over all, flying, beckoning through the fight—O the hard-contested fight!
O the cannons ope their rosy-flashing muzzles! the hurtled balls scream!
The battle-front forms amid the smoke—the volleys pour incessant from the line;
Hark! the ringing word, *Charge!*—now the tussle, and the furious maddening yells;
Now the corpses tumble curl'd upon the ground,
Cold, cold in death, for precious life of you,
Angry cloth I saw there leaping.)

12

Are you he who would assume a place to teach, or be a poet here in The States?
The place is august—the terms obdurate.

Who would assume to teach here, may well prepare himself, body and mind,
He may well survey, ponder, arm, fortify, harden, make lithe, himself,
He shall surely be question'd beforehand by me with many and stern questions.

Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing to America?
Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?
Have you learn'd the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom,
friendship, of the land? its substratums and objects?
Have you consider'd the organic compact of the first day of the first year of Inde-
pendence, sign'd by the Commissioners, ratified by The States, and read by
Washington at the head of the army?
Have you possess'd yourself of the Federal Constitution?
Do you see who have left all feudal processes and poems behind them, and assumed
the poems and processes of Democracy?
Are you faithful to things? do you teach as the land and sea, the bodies of men,
womanhood, amateness, angers, teach?
Have you sped through fleeting customs, popularities?
Can you hold your hand against all seductions, follies, whirls, fierce contentions? are
you very strong? are you really of the whole people?
Are you not of some coterie? some school or mere religion?
Are you done with reviews and criticisms of life? animating now to life itself?
Have you vivified yourself from the maternity of These States?
Have you too the old, ever-fresh forbearance and impartiality?
Do you hold the like love for those hardening to maturity; for the last-born? little
and big? and for the errant?

What is this you bring my America?
Is it uniform with my country?
Is it not something that has been better told or done before?
Have you not imported this, or the spirit of it, in some ship?
Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness? is the good old cause in it?
Has it not dangled long at the heels of the poets, politicians, literats, of enemies'
lands?
Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is still here?
Does it answer universal needs? will it improve manners?
Does it sound, with trumpet-voice, the proud victory of the Union, in that secession
war?
Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?
Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air—to appear again in my strength, gait,
face?
Have real employments contributed to it? original makers—not mere amanuenses?
Does it meet modern discoveries, calibres, facts face to face?

What does it mean to me? to American persons, progresses, cities? Chicago, Kanada, Arkansas? the planter, Yankee, Georgian, native, immigrant, sailors, squatters, old States, new States?

Does it encompass all The States, and the unexceptional rights of all the men and women of the earth? (the genital impulse of These States;)

Does it see behind the apparent custodians, the real custodians, standing, menacing, silent—the mechanics, Manhattanese, western men, southerners, significant alike in their apathy, and in the promptness of their love?

Does it see what finally befalls, and has always finally befallen, each temporizer, patcher, outsider, partialist, alarmist, infidel, who has ever ask'd anything of America?

What mocking and scornful negligence?

The track strew'd with the dust of skeletons;

By the roadside others disdainfully toss'd.

13

Rhymes and rhymers pass away—poems distill'd from foreign poems pass away,

The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes;

Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soul of literature; 90

America justifies itself, give it time—no disguise can deceive it, or conceal from it—
it is impassive enough,

Only toward the likes of itself will it advance to meet them,

If its poets appear, it will in due time advance to meet them—there is no fear of mistake,

(The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorb'd it.)

He masters whose spirit masters—he tastes sweetest who results sweetest in the long run;

The blood of the brawn beloved of time is unconstraint;

In the need of poems, philosophy, politics, manners, engineering, an appropriate native grand-opera, shipcraft, any craft, he or she is greatest who contributes the greatest original practical example.

Already a nonchalant breed, silently emerging, appears on the streets.

People's lips salute only doers, lovers, satisfiers, positive knowers;

There will shortly be no more priests—I say their work is done, 100

Death is without emergencies here, but life is perpetual emergencies here,

Are your body, days, manners, superb? after death you shall be superb;

Justice, health, self-esteem, clear the way with irresistible power;

How dare you place anything before a man?

14

Fall behind me, States!

A man before all—myself, typical before all.

Give me the pay I have served for!

Give me to sing the song of the great Idea! take all the rest;

I have loved the earth, sun, animals—I have despised riches,

I have given alms to every one that ask'd, stood up for the stupid and crazy, devoted my income and labor to others, 110

I have hated tyrants, argued not concerning God, had patience and indulgence toward the people, taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown,

I have gone freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families,

I have read these leaves to myself in the open air—I have tried them by trees, stars, rivers,

I have dismiss'd whatever insulted my own Soul or defiled my Body,

I have claim'd nothing to myself which I have not carefully claim'd for others on
the same terms,
I have sped to the camps, and comrades found and accepted from every State;
(In war of you, as well as peace, my suit is good, America—sadly I boast;
Upon this breast has many a dying soldier lean'd, to breathe his last;
This arm, this hand, this voice, have nourish'd, rais'd, restored,
To life recalling many a prostrate form:)
—I am willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste of myself,
I reject none, I permit all.

120

(Say, O mother! have I not to your thought been faithful?
Have I not, through life, kept you and yours before me?)

22

O my rapt verse, my call—mock me not!
Not for the bards of the past—not to invoke them have I launch'd you forth,
Not to call even those lofty bards here by Ontario's shores,
Have I sung so capricious and loud, my savage song.

Bards for my own land, only, I invoke;
(For the war, the war is over—the field is clear'd,)
Till they strike up marches henceforth triumphant and onward,
To cheer, O mother, your boundless, expectant soul.

13

Bards grand as these days so grand!
Bards of the great Idea! Bards of the peaceful inventions! (for the war, the war
is over!)

- Yet Bards of the latent armies—a million soldiers waiting, ever-ready,
Bards towering like hills—(no more these dots, these pigmies, these little piping
straws, these gnats, that fill the hour, to pass for poets;)
Bards with songs as from burning coals, or the lightning's fork'd stripes!
Ample Ohio's bards—bards for California! inland bards—bards of the war;)
(As a wheel turns on its axle, so I find my chants turning finally on the war;)
Bards of pride! Bards tallying the ocean's roar, and the swooping eagle's scream!
You, by my charm, I invoke!

140

First published under title of "Poem of Many in One" in 1856.



OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

1

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands, and the fields beyond, where the child, leaving his bed, wan-
der'd alone, bare-headed, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows, twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother—from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon, late-risen, and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of sickness and love, there in the transparent mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart, never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such, as now they start, the scene revisiting,

10

As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
 Borne hither—ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
 A man—yet by these tears a little boy again,
 Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,¹
 I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
 Taking all hints to use them—but swiftly leaping beyond them,
 A reminiscence sing.

20

2

Once, Paumanok,
 When the snows had melted—when the lilac-scent was in the air, and the Fifth-month
 grass was growing,
 Up this sea-shore, in some briers,
 Two guests from Alabama—two together,
 And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with brown,
 And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
 And every day the she-bird, crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
 And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
 Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

30

3

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask—we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

40

4

Till of a sudden,
 May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
 One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
 Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
 Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,
 And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer weather,
 Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
 Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
 I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,
 The solitary guest from Alabama.

50

5

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore!
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me.

6

Yes, when the stars glisten'd.
 All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
 Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
 Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

¹ Whitman, in analysis of himself, wrote "he . . . constructs his verse in a loose and free metre of his own, of an irregular length of lines, apparently lawless at first perusal, although on closer examination a certain regularity appears, like the recurrence of lesser and larger waves on the sea-shore, rolling in without intermission, and fitfully rising and falling." See footnote on "There was a Child," page 473.

He call'd on his mate;
He pour'd forth the meanings which I, of all men, know.

60

Yes, my brother, I know;
The rest might not—but I have treasur'd every note;
For once, and more than once, dimly, down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their
sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd, to keep, to sing—now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

70

7

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late;
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

80

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here;
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you
only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

90

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!

100

*Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols.*

*But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.* 110

*Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.*

*Do not be decoy'd elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

*O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.* 120

*O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
O all—and I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.*

*Yet I murmur, murmur on!
O murmurs—you yourselves make me continue to sing, I know not why.*

*O past! O life! O songs of joy!
In the air—in the woods—over fields;
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my love no more, no more with me! 130
We two together no more.*

8

*The aria sinking;
All else continuing—the stars shining.
The winds blowing—the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore, gray and rustling;
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching;
The boy extatic—with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the Soul, swiftly depositing, 140
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there—the trio—each uttering,
The undertone—the savage old mother, incessantly crying,
To the boy's Soul's questions sullenly timing—some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outseting bard of love.*

9

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,
 Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it mostly to me?
 For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping,
 Now I have heard you,
 Now in a moment I know what I am for—I awake, 150
 And already a thousand singers—a thousand songs, clearer, louder and more sor-
 rowful than yours,
 A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me,
 Never to die.

O you singer, solitary, singing by yourself—projecting me;
 O solitary me, listening—nevermore shall I cease perpetuating you;
 Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
 Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
 Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there, in the
 night,
 By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon, 160
 The messenger there arous'd—the fire, the sweet hell within,
 The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere;)
 O if I am to have so much, let me have more!
 O a word! O what is my destination? (I fear it is henceforth chaos;)
 O how joys, dreads, convolutions, human shapes, and all shapes, spring as from
 graves around me!
 O phantoms! you cover all the land and all the sea!
 O I cannot see in the dimness whether you smile or frown upon me;
 O vapor, a look, a word! O well-beloved!
 O you dear women's and men's phantoms!
 A word then, (for I will conquer it,) 170
 The word final, superior to all,
 Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;
 Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?
 Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

10

Whereto answering, the sea,
 Delaying not, hurrying not,
 Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
 Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word DEATH;
 And again Death—ever Death, Death, Death, 180
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird, nor like my arous'd child's heart,
 But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at my feet,
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears, and laving me softly all over,
 Death, Death, Death, Death, Death.

Which I do not forget,
 But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
 That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,
 With the thousand responsive songs, at random,
 My own songs, awaked from that hour;
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves, 190
 The word of the sweetest song, and all songs,
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
 The sea whisper'd me.

Under title of "A Child's Reminiscence," *New York Saturday Press*, Dec. 24, 1859.

STARTING FROM PAUMANOK

1

Starting from fish-shape Paumanok, where I was born,
 Well-begotten, and rais'd by a perfect mother;
 After roaming many lands—lover of populous pavements;
 Dweller in Mannahatta, my city—or on southern savannas;
 Or a soldier camp'd, or carrying my knapsack and gun—or a miner in California;
 Or rude in my home in Dakota's woods, my diet meat, my drink from the spring;
 Or withdrawn to muse and meditate in some deep recess,
 Far from the clank of crowds, intervals passing, rapt and happy;
 Aware of the fresh free giver, the flowing Missouri—aware of mighty Niagara;
 Aware of the buffalo herds, grazing the plains—the hirsute and strong-breasted
 bull;
 Of earth, rocks, Fifth-month flowers, experienced—stars, rain, snow, my amaze;
 Having studied the mocking-bird's tones, and the mountain-hawk's,
 And heard at dusk the unrival'd one, the hermit thrush from the swamp-cedars,
 Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World.

2

Victory, union, faith, identity, time,
 The indissoluble compacts, riches, mystery,
 Eternal progress, the kosmos, and the modern reports.

This, then, is life;
 Here is what has come to the surface after so many throes and convulsions.

How curious! how real!
 Underfoot the divine soil—overhead the sun.

See, revolving, the globe;
 The ancestor-continent, away, group'd together;
 The present and future continents, north and south, with the isthmus between.

See, vast, trackless spaces;
 As in a dream, they change, they swiftly fill;
 Countless masses debouch upon them;
 They are now cover'd with the foremost people, arts, institutions, known

See, projected, through time,
 For me, an audience interminable.

With firm and regular step they wend—they never stop,
 Successions of men, Americanos, a hundred millions;
 One generation playing its part, and passing on;
 Another generation playing its part, and passing on in its turn,
 With faces turn'd sideways or backward towards me, to listen,
 With eyes retrospective towards me,

3

Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian;
 Foremost! century marches! Libertad! masses!
 For you a programme of chants.

Chants of the prairies;
 Chants of the long-running Mississippi, and down to the Mexican sea;
 Chants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota;

Chants going forth from the centre, from Kansas, and thence, equi-distant,
Shooting in pulses of fire, ceaseless, to vivify all.

4

In the Year 80 of The States,
My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-six years old, in perfect health, begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance;
(Retiring back a while, sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,) .
I harbor, for good or bad—I permit to speak, at every hazard,
Nature now without check, with original energy.

50

5

Take my leaves, America! take them, South, and take them, North!
Make welcome for them everywhere, for they are your own offspring;
Surround them, East and West! for they would surround you;
And you precedents! connect lovingly with them, for they connect lovingly with
you.

I conn'd old times;
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters:
Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me!

60

In the name of These States, shall I scorn the antique?
Why These are the children of the antique, to justify it.

6

Dead poets, philosophers, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language-shapers, on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or desolate,
I dare now proceed till I respectfully credit what you have left, wafted hither:
I have perused it—own it is admirable, (moving awhile among it;)
Think nothing can ever be greater—nothing can ever deserve more than it de-
serves;
Regarding it all intently a long while—then dismissing it,
I stand in my place, with my own day, here.

70

Here lands female and male;
Here the heir-ship and heiress-ship of the world—here the flame of materials;
Here Spirituality, the translatress, the openly-avow'd,
The ever-tending, the finale of visible forms;
The satisfier, after due long-waiting, now advancing,
Yes, here comes my mistress, the Soul.

7

The SOUL:
Forever and forever—longer than soil is brown and solid—longer than water ebbs
and flows.

I will make the poems of materials, for I think they are to be the most spiritual
poems;
And I will make the poems of my body and of mortality.
For I think I shall then supply myself with the poems of my Soul, and of im-
mortality.

80

I will make a song for These States, that no one State may under any circumstances be subjected to another State;
 And I will make a song that there shall be comity by day and by night between all The States, and between any two of them:
 And I will make a song for the ears of the President, full of weapons with menacing points,
 And behind the weapons countless dissatisfied faces:
 —And a song make I, of the One form'd out of all;
 The fang'd and glittering One whose head is over all;
 Resolute, warlike One, including and over all;
 (However high the head of any else, that head is over all.) 90

I will acknowledge contemporary lands;
 I will trail the whole geography of the globe, and salute courteously every city large and small;
 And employments! I will put in my poems, that with you is heroism, upon land and sea;
 And I will report all heroism from an American point of view.

I will sing the song of companionship;
 I will show what alone must finally compact These;
 I believe These are to found their own ideal of manly love, indicating it in me;
 I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were threatening to consume me;
 I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires;
 I will give them complete abandonment; 100
 I will write the evangel-poem of comrades, and of love;
 (For who but I should understand love, with all its sorrow and joy?
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades?)

8

I am the credulous man of qualities, ages, races;
 I advance from the people in their own spirit;
 Here is what sings unrestricted faith.

Omnes! Omnes! let others ignore what they may;
 I make the poem of evil also—I commemorate that part also;
 I am myself just as much evil as good, and my nation is—And I say there is in fact no evil;
 (Or if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the land, or to me, as anything else.) 110
 I too, following many, and follow'd by many, inaugurate a Religion—I descend into the arena;
 (It may be I am destin'd to utter the loudest cries there, the winner's pealing shouts;
 Who knows? they may rise from me yet, and soar above every thing.)

Each is not for its own sake;
 I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for Religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough;
 None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough;
 None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their Religion;
 Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur: 120
 (Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without Religion;
 Nor land, nor man or woman, without Religion.)

9

What are you doing, young man?
 Are you so earnest—so given up to literature, science, art, amours?
 These ostensible realities, politics, points?
 Your ambition or business, whatever it may be?

It is well—Against such I say not a word—I am their poet also;
 But behold! such swiftly subside—burnt up for Religion's sake;
 For not all matter is fuel to heat, impalpable flame, the essential life of the earth,
 Any more than such are to Religion. 130

10

What do you seek, so pensive and silent?
 What do you need, Camerado?
 Dear son! do you think it is love?

Listen, dear son—listen, America, daughter or son!
 It is a painful thing to love a man or woman to excess—and yet it satisfies—it
 is great;
 But there is something else very great—it makes the whole coincide;
 It, magnificent, beyond materials, with continuous hands, sweeps and provides for all.

11

Know you! solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater Religion,
 The following chants, each for its kind, I sing.

My comrade! 140
 For you, to share with me, two greatnesses—and a third one, rising inclusive and
 more resplendent,
 The greatness of Love and Democracy—and the greatness of Religion.

Melange mine own! the unseen and the seen;
 Mysterious ocean where the streams empty;
 Prophetic spirit of materials shifting and flickering around me;
 Living beings, identities, now doubtless near us, in the air, that we know not of;
 Contact daily and hourly that will not release me;
 These selecting—these, in hints, demanded of me.

Not he, with a daily kiss, onward from childhood kissing me,
 Has winded and twisted around me that which holds me to him, 150
 Any more than I am held to the heavens, to the spiritual world,
 And to the identities of the Gods, my lovers, faithful and true,
 After what they have done to me, suggesting themes.

O such themes! Equalities!
 O amazement of things! O divine average!
 O warblings under the sun—usher'd, as now, or at noon, or setting!
 O strain, musical, flowing through ages—now reaching hither!
 I take to your reckless and composite chords—I add to them, and cheerfully pass
 them forward.

12

As I have walk'd in Alabama my morning walk,
 I have seen where the she-bird, the mocking-bird, sat on her nest in the briers,
 hatching her brood. 160

I have seen the he-bird also;
 I have paused to hear him, near at hand, inflating his throat, and joyfully singing.

And while I paused, it came to me that what he really sang for was not there only,
Nor for his mate, nor himself only, nor all sent back by the echoes;
But subtle, clandestine, away beyond,
A charge transmitted, and gift occult, for those being born.

13

Democracy!

Near at hand to you a throat is now inflating itself and joyfully singing.

Ma femme!

For the brood beyond us and of us, 170
For those who belong here, and those to come,
I, exultant, to be ready for them, will now shake out carols stronger and haughtier
than have ever yet been heard upon earth.
I will make the songs of passion, to give them their way,
And your songs, outlaw'd offenders—for I scan you with kindred eyes, and carry
you with me the same as any.

I will make the true poem of riches,
To earn for the body and the mind whatever adheres, and goes forward, and is
not dropt by death.

I will effuse egotism, and show it underlying all—and I will be the bard of per-
sonality;
And I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other,
And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me—for I am determin'd to
tell you with courageous clear voice, to prove you illustrious;
And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present—and can be none in 180
the future;
And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turn'd to beautiful
results—and I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death;
And I will thread a thread through my poems that time and events are compact,
And that all the things of the universe are perfect miracles, each as profound as
any.

I will not make poems with reference to parts;
But I will make leaves, poems, poemets, songs, says, thoughts, with reference to
ensemble:
And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with reference to all days;
And I will not make a poem, not the least part of a poem, but has reference to
the Soul;
(Because, having look'd at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor
any particle of one, but has reference to the Soul.)

14

Was somebody asking to see the Soul?
See! your own shape and countenance—persons, substances, beasts, the trees, the
running rivers, the rocks and sands. 190

All hold spiritual joys, and afterwards loosen them:
How can the real body ever die, and be buried?

Of your real body, and any man's or woman's real body,
Item for item, it will elude the hands of the corpse-cleaners, and pass to fitting
spheres,
Carrying what has accrued to it from the moment of birth to the moment of
death.

Not the types set up by the printer return their impression, the meaning, the main concern,
 Any more than a man's substance and life, or a woman's substance and life,
 return in the body and the Soul,
 Indifferently before death and after death.

Behold! the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern—and includes and is the Soul;
 Whoever you are! how superb and how divine is your body, or any part of it. 200

15

Whoever you are! to you endless announcements.

Daughter of the lands, did you wait for your poet?
 Did you wait for one with a flowing mouth and indicative hand?

Toward the male of The States, and toward the female of The States,
 Live words—words to the lands.

O the lands! interlink'd, food-yielding lands!
 Land of coal and iron! Land of gold! Lands of cotton, sugar, rice!
 Land of wheat, beef, pork! Land of wool and hemp! Land of the apple and grape!

Land of the pastoral plains, the grass-fields of the world! Land of those sweet-air'd interminable plateaus!

Land of the herd, the garden, the healthy house of adobie! 210
 Lands where the northwest Columbia winds, and where the southwest Colorado winds!

Land of the eastern Chesapeake! Land of the Delaware!
 Land of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan!
 Land of the Old Thirteen! Massachusetts land! Land of Vermont and Connecticut!

Land of the ocean shores! Land of sierras and peaks!
 Land of boatmen and sailors! Fishermen's land!
 Inextricable lands! the clutched together! the passionate ones!
 The side by side! the elder and younger brothers! the bony-limb'd!
 The great women's land! the feminine! the experienced sisters and the inexperienced sisters!

Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breez'd! the diverse! the compact! 220
 The Pennsylvanian! the Virginian! the double Carolinian!
 O all and each well-loved by me! my intrepid nations! O I at any rate include you all with perfect love!

I cannot be discharged from you! not from one, any sooner than another!
 O Death! O for all that, I am yet of you, unseen, this hour, with irrepressible love,
 Walking New England, a friend, a traveler,
 Splashing my bare feet in the edge of the summer ripples, on Paumanok's sands.
 Crossing the prairies—dwelling again in Chicago—dwelling in every town,
 Observing shows, births, improvements, structures, arts,
 Listening to the orators and the oratresses in public halls,
 Of and through The States, as during life—each man and woman my neighbor, 230
 The Louisianian, the Georgian, as near to me, and I as near to him and her,
 The Mississippian and Arkansian yet with me—and I yet with any of them;
 Yet upon the plains west of the spinal river—yet in my house of adobie,
 Yet returning eastward—yet in the Sea-Side State, or in Maryland,
 Yet Kanadian, cheerily braving the winter—the snow and ice welcome to me,
 Yet a true son either of Maine, or of the Granite State, or of the Narragansett Bay State, or of the Empire State;
 Yet sailing to other shores to annex the same—yet welcoming every new brother;

Hereby applying these leaves to the new ones, from the hour they unite with the
old ones;
Coming among the new ones myself, to be their companion and equal—coming
personally to you now;
Enjoining you to acts, characters, spectacles, with me. 240

16

With me, with firm holding—yet haste, haste on.

For your life, adhere to me!
Of all the men of the earth, I only can unloose you and toughen you;
I may have to be persuaded many times before I consent to give myself really to you—
but what of that?
Must not Nature be persuaded many times?

No dainty dolce affettuoso I;
Bearded, sun-burnt, gray-neck'd, forbidding, I have arrived,
To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of the universe;
For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them.

17

On my way a moment I pause; 250
Here for you! and here for America!
Still the Present I raise aloft—Still the Future of The States I harbinge, glad and
sublime;
And for the Past, I pronounce what the air holds of the red aborigines.

The red aborigines!
Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in
the woods, syllabled to us for names;
Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta,
Oronoco,
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla;
Leaving such to The States, they melt, they depart, charging the water and the land
with names.

18

O expanding and swift! O henceforth, 260
Elements, breeds, adjustments, turbulent, quick and audacious;
A world primal again—Vistas of glory, incessant and branching;
A new race, dominating previous ones, and grander far—with new contests,
New politics, new literatures and religions, new inventions and arts.

These! my voice announcing—I will sleep no more, but arise;
You oceans that have been calm within me! how I feel you, fathomless, stirring,
preparing unprecedented waves and storms.

19

See! steamers steaming through my poems!
See, in my poems immigrants continually coming and landing;
See, in arriere, the wigwam, the trail, the hunter's hut, the flatboat, the maize-leaf,
the claim, the rude fence, and the backwoods village;
See, on the one side the Western Sea, and on the other the Eastern Sea, how they
advance and retreat upon my poems, as upon their own shores. 270

See, pastures and forests in my poems—See, animals, wild and tame—See, beyond
the Kansas, countless herds of buffalo, feeding on short curly grass;
See, in my poems, cities, solid, vast, inland, with paved streets, with iron and stone
edifices, ceaseless vehicles, and commerce;

See, the many-cylinder'd steam printing-press—See, the electric telegraph, stretching
 across the Continent, from the Western Sea to Manhattan;
 See, through Atlantica's depths, pulses American, Europe reaching—pulses of Europe,
 duly return'd;
 See, the strong and quick locomotive, as it departs, panting, blowing the steam-whistle;
 See, ploughmen, ploughing farms—See, miners, digging mines—See, the numberless
 factories;
 See, mechanics, busy at their benches, with tools—See from among them, superior
 judges, philosophers, Presidents, emerge, drest in working dresses;
 See, lounging through the shops and fields of The States, me, well-belov'd, close-held
 by day and night;
 Hear the loud echoes of my songs there! Read the hints come at last.

20

O Camerado close!
 O you and me at last—and us two only.

280

O a word to clear one's path ahead endlessly!
 O something extatic and undemonstrable! O music wild!
 O now I triumph—and you shall also;
 O hand in hand—O wholesome pleasure—O one more desirer and lover!
 O to haste, firm holding—to haste, haste on with me.

First published in 1860 under title of "Proto-Leaf."

A SONG

1

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
 I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;
 I will make divine magnetic lands,
 With the love of comrades,
 With the life-long love of comrades

2

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along
 the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
 I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks;
 By the love of comrades,
 By the manly love of comrades.

3

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma femme!
 For you! for you, I am thrilling these songs,
 In the love of comrades,
 In the high-towering love of comrades.

10

1860

I SAW IN LOUISIANA A LIVE-OAK GROWING

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
 All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the branches;
 Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
 And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself;
 But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves, standing alone there, without its
 friend, its lover near—for I knew I could not;

And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined around
 it a little moss,
 And brought it away—and I have placed it in sight in my room;
 It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
 (For I believe lately I think of little else than of them;)
 Yet it remains to me a curious token—it makes me think of manly love;
 For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana, solitary, in a wide
 flat space,
 Uttering joyous leaves all its life, without a friend, a lover, near,
 I know very well I could not.

1860

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions;
 But really I am neither for nor against institutions;
 (What indeed have I in common with them?—Or what with the destruction of them?)
 Only I will establish in the Mannahatta, and in every city of These States, inland and
 seaboard,
 And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large, that dents the water,
 Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,
 The institution of the dear love of comrades.

1860

ME IMPERTURBE

Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature,
 Master of all, or mistress of all—aplomb in the midst of irrational things,
 Imbued as they—passive, receptive, silent as they,
 Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety, foibles, crimes, less important than I
 thought;
 Me private, or public, or menial, or solitary—all these subordinate, (I am eternally
 equal with the best—I am not subordinate;)
 Me toward the Mexican Sea, or in the Mannahatta, or the Tennessee, or far north,
 or inland,
 A river man, or a man of the woods, or of any farm-life in These States, or of the
 coast, or the lakes, or Kanada,
 Me, wherever my life is lived, O to be self-balanced for contingencies!
 O to confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and
 animals do.

1860

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;
 Those of mechanics—each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong;
 The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
 The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work;
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat—the deckhand singing on the
 steamboat deck;
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench—the hatter singing as he stands;
 The wood-cutter's song—the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the noon
 intermission, or at sundown;
 The delicious singing of the mother—or of the young wife at work—or of the girl
 sewing or washing—Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;
 The day what belongs to the day—At night, the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
 Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

First published in 1860 where line 1 reads "American Mouth-Songs."

WITH ANTECEDENTS

1

With antecedents;
 With my fathers and mothers, and the accumulations of past ages;
 With all which, had it not been, I would not now be here, as I am:
 With Egypt, India, Phenicia, Greece and Rome;
 With the Kelt, the Scandinavian, the Alb, and the Saxon;
 With antique maritime ventures,—with laws, artizanship, wars and journeys;
 With the poet, the skald, the saga, the myth, and the oracle;
 With the sale of slaves—with enthusiasts—with the troubadour, the crusader, and the monk;
 With those old continents whence we have come to this new continent;
 With the fading kingdoms and kings over there; 20
 With the fading religions and priests;
 With the small shores we look back to from our own large and present shores;
 With countless years drawing themselves onward, and arrived at these years;
 You and Me arrived—America arrived, and making this year;
 This year! sending itself ahead countless years to come.

2

O but it is not the years—it is I—it is You;
 We touch all laws, and tally all antecedents;
 We are the skald, the oracle, the monk, and the knight—we easily include them, and more;
 We stand amid time, beginningless and endless—we stand amid evil and good;
 All swings around us—there is as much darkness as light; 20
 The very sun swings itself and its system of planets around us;
 Its sun, and its again, all swing around us.
 As for me, (torn, stormy, even as I, amid these vehement days,) 30
 I have the idea of all, and am all, and believe in all;
 I believe materialism is true, and spiritualism is true—I reject no part.

Have I forgotten any part?
 Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.
 I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews;
 I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god;
 I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception; 30
 I assert that all past days were what they should have been;
 And that they could no-how have been better than they were,
 And that to-day is what it should be—and that America is,
 And that to-day and America could no-how be better than they are.

3

In the name of These States, and in your and my name, the Past,
 And in the name of These States, and in your and my name, the Present time.

I know that the past was great, and the future will be great,
 And I know that both curiously conjoint in the present time,
 (For the sake of him I typify—for the common average man's sake—your sake, if you are he;)
 And that where I am, or you are, this present day, there is the centre of all days, 40
 all races,
 And there is the meaning, to us, of all that has ever come of races and days, or ever will come.

MYSELF AND MINE

Myself and mine gymnastic ever,
 To stand the cold or heat—to take good aim with a gun—to sail a boat—to manage
 horses—to beget superb children,
 To speak readily and clearly—to feel at home among common people,
 And to hold our own in terrible positions, on land and sea.

Not for an embroiderer;
 (There will always be plenty of embroiderers—I welcome them also;)
 But for the fibre of things, and for inherent men and women.

Not to chisel ornaments,
 But to chisel with free stroke the heads and limbs of plenteous Supreme Gods, that
 The States may realize them, walking and talking.

Let me have my own way; 10
 Let others promulge the laws—I will make no account of the laws;
 Let others praise eminent men and hold up peace—I hold up agitation and conflict;
 I praise no eminent man—I rebuke to his face the one that was thought most worthy.

(Who are you? you mean devil! And what are you secretly guilty of, all your life?
 Will you turn aside all your life? Will you grub and chatter all your life?)

(And who are you—blabbing by rote, years, pages, languages, reminiscences,
 Unwitting to-day that you do not know how to speak a single word?)

Let others finish specimens—I never finish specimens;
 I shower them by exhaustless laws, as Nature does, fresh and modern continually.

I give nothing as duties; 20
 What others give as duties, I give as living impulses;
 (Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?)

Let others dispose of questions—I dispose of nothing—I arouse unanswerable
 questions;
 Who are they I see and touch, and what about them?
 What about these likes of myself, that draw me so close by tender directions and
 indirections?
 I call to the world to distrust the accounts of my friends, but listen to my enemies—
 as I myself do;
 I charge you, too, forever reject those who would expound me—for I cannot expound
 myself;
 I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me;
 I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.

After me, vista! 30
 O, I see life is not short, but immeasurably long;
 I henceforth tread the world, chaste, temperate, an early riser, a steady grower,
 Every hour the semen of centuries—and still of centuries.

I will follow up these continual lessons of the air, water, earth;
 I perceive I have no time to lose.

DRUM-TAPS

*Aroused and angry,
I thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war;
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd, and I resign'd myself,
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead.¹*

DRUM-TAPS

1

First, O songs, for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum, pride and joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms—how she gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limbs, unwaiting a moment, she sprang;
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my peerless!
O strongest you in the hour of danger, in crisis! O truer than steel!)
How you sprang! how you threw off the costumes of peace with indifferent hand;
How your soft opera-music changed, and the drum and fife were heard in their stead;
How you led to the war, (that shall serve for our prelude, songs of soldiers,)
How Manhattan drum-taps led.

10

2

Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading;
Forty years as a pageant—till unawares, the Lady of this teeming, and turbulent city,
Sleepless amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable wealth,
With her million children around her—suddenly,
At dead of night, at news from the south,
Incens'd, struck with clench'd hand the pavement.

A shock electric—the night sustain'd it;
Till with ominous hum, our hive at day-break pour'd out its myriads.

From the houses then, and the workshops, and through all the doorways,
Leapt they tumultuous—and lo! Manhattan arming.

20

3

To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming;
The mechanics arming, (the trowel, the jack-plane, the blacksmith's hammer, tost
aside with precipitation;)
The lawyer leaving his office, and arming—the judge leaving the court;
The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins abruptly
down on the horses' backs;
The salesman leaving the store—the boss, the book-keeper, porter, all leaving;
Squads gather everywhere by common consent, and arm;
The new recruits, even boys—the old men show them how to wear their accoutrements
—they buckle the straps carefully;
Outdoors arming—indoors arming—the flash of the musket-barrels;
The white tents cluster in camps—the arm'd sentries around—the sunrise cannon, and
again at sunset;
Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the city, and embark from the wharves;
(How good they look, as they tramp down to the river, sweaty, with their guns on
their shoulders!
How I love them! how I could hug them, with their brown faces, and their clothes
and knapsacks cover'd with dust!)

30

¹ Whitman began his hospital service in December 1862, when his brother George was wounded at Fredericksburg. "Friends in New York and elsewhere supplied him with money for the work. Before the war closed he had made about six hundred hospital visits; cared, to a greater or less extent, for nearly one hundred thousand unfortunates; and expended many thousand dollars."
—G. R. Carpenter's "Whitman," page 91.

The blood of the city up—arm'd! arm'd! the cry everywhere;
 The flags flung out from the steeples of churches, and from all the public buildings
 and stores;
 The tearful parting—the mother kisses her son—the son kisses his mother;
 (Loth is the mother to part—yet not a word does she speak to detain him;)
 The tumultuous escort—the ranks of policemen preceding, clearing the way;
 The unpent enthusiasm—the wild cheers of the crowd for their favorites;
 The artillery—the silent cannons, bright as gold, drawn along, rumble high over
 the stones; 40
 (Silent cannons—soon to cease your silence!
 Soon, unlimber'd, to begin the red business;)
 All the mutter of preparation—all the determin'd arming;
 The hospital service—the lint, bandages, and medicines;
 The women volunteering for nurses—the work begun for, in earnest—no mere
 parade now;
 War! an arm'd race is advancing!—the welcome for battle—no turning away;
 War! be it weeks, months, or years—an arm'd race is advancing to welcome it.

4

Mannahatta a-march!—and it's O to sing it well!
 It's O for a manly life in the camp!
 And the sturdy artillery! 50
 The guns, bright as gold—the work for giants—to serve well the guns:
 Unlimber them! no more, as the past forty years, for salutes for courtesies merely;
 Put in something else now besides powder and wadding.

5

And you, Lady of Ships! you Mannahatta!
 Old matron of this proud, friendly, turbulent city!
 Often in peace and wealth you were pensive, or covertly frown'd amid all your
 children;
 But now you smile with joy, exulting old Mannahatta!

1865

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

1

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
 Into the school where the scholar is studying;
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride;
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain;
 So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

2

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets:
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in
 those beds; 10
 No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—Would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

3

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
 Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
 Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses, 20
 So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

First published in "Drum-Taps," 1865.

THE CENTENARIAN'S STORY:

VOLUNTEER OF 1861-2.

(At Washington Park, Brooklyn, assisting the Centenarian.)

Give me your hand, old Revolutionary;
 The hill-top is nigh—but a few steps, (make room, gentlemen;)
 Up the path you have follow'd me well, spite of your hundred and extra years;
 You can walk, old man, though your eyes are almost done;
 Your faculties serve you, and presently I must have them serve me.

Rest, while I tell what the crowd around us means;
 On the plain below, recruits are drilling and exercising;
 There is the camp—one regiment departs to-morrow;
 Do you hear the officers giving the orders?
 Do you hear the clank of the muskets? 10

Why, what comes over you now, old man?
 Why do you tremble, and clutch my hand so convulsively?
 The troops are but drilling—they are yet surrounded with smiles;
 Around them, at hand, the well-drest friends, and the women;
 While splendid and warm the afternoon sun shines down;
 Green the midsummer verdure, and fresh blows the dallying breeze,
 O'er proud and peaceful cities, and arm of the sea between.
 But drill and parade are over—they march back to quarters;
 Only hear that approval of hands! hear what a clapping!

As wending, the crowds now part and disperse—but we, old man, 20
 Not for nothing have I brought you hither—we must remain;
 You to speak in your turn, and I to listen and tell.

THE CENTENARIAN

When I clutch'd your hand, it was not with terror;
 But suddenly, pouring about me here, on every side,
 And below there where the boys were drilling, and up the slopes they ran,
 And where tents are pitch'd, and wherever you see, south and south-east and
 south-west,
 Over hills, across lowlands, and in the skirts of woods,
 And along the shores, in mire (now fill'd over), came again, and suddenly raged.
 As eighty-five years ago, no mere parade receiv'd with applause of friends,
 But a battle, which I took part in myself—aye, long ago as it is, I took part in it, 30
 Walking then this hill-top, this same ground.

Aye, this is the ground;
 My blind eyes, even as I speak, behold it re-peopled from graves;

¹ Story of the Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776.

The years recede, pavements and stately houses disappear;
Rude forts appear again, the old hoop'd guns are mounted;
I see the lines of rais'd earth stretching from river to bay;
I mark the vista of waters, I mark the uplands and slopes:
Here we lay encamp'd—it was this time in summer also.

As I talk, I remember all—I remember the Declaration;
It was read here—the whole army paraded—it was read to us here;
By his staff surrounded, the General stood in the middle—he held up his unsheath'd sword,
It glitter'd in the sun in full sight of the army.

'Twas a bold act then;
The English war-ships had just arrived—the king had sent them from over the sea;
We could watch down the lower bay where they lay at anchor,
And the transports, swarming with soldiers.

A few days more, and they landed—and then the battle.

Twenty thousand were brought against us,
A veteran force, furnish'd with good artillery.

I tell not now the whole of the battle;
But one brigade, early in the forenoon, order'd forward to engage the red-coats;
Of that brigade I tell, and how steadily it march'd,
And how long and how well it stood, confronting death.

Who do you think that was, marching steadily, sternly confronting death?
It was the brigade of the youngest men, two thousand strong,
Rais'd in Virginia and Maryland, and many of them known personally to the General.

Jauntily forward they went with quick step toward Gowanus waters;
Till of a sudden, unlook'd for, by defiles through the woods, gain'd at night,
The British advancing, wedging in from the east, fiercely playing their guns,
That brigade of the youngest was cut off, and at the enemy's mercy.

The General watch'd them from this hill;
They made repeated desperate attempts to burst their environment;
Then drew close together, very compact, their flag flying in the middle;
But O from the hills how the cannon were thinning and thinning them!

It sickens me yet, that slaughter!
I saw the moisture gather in drops on the face of the General;
I saw how he wrung his hands in anguish.

Meanwhile the British manœuvr'd to draw us out for a pitch'd battle;
But we dared not trust the chances of a pitch'd battle.

We fought the fight in detachments;
Sallying forth, we fought at several points—but in each the luck was against us;
Our foe advancing, steadily getting the best of it, push'd us back to the works on this hill;
Till we turn'd, menacing, here, and then he left us.

That was the going out of the brigade of the youngest men, two thousand strong;
Few return'd—nearly all remain in Brooklyn.

That, and here, my General's first battle;
 No women looking on, nor sunshine to bask in—it did not conclude with applause;
 Nobody clapp'd hands here then.

But in darkness, in mist, on the ground, under a chill rain,
 Wearied that night we lay, foil'd and sullen; 80
 While scornfully laugh'd many an arrogant lord, off against us encamp'd,
 Quite within hearing, feasting, clinking wine-glasses together over their victory.

So, dull and damp, and another day;
 But the night of that, mist lifting, rain ceasing,
 Silent as a ghost, while they thought they were sure of him, my General retreated.

I saw him at the river-side,
 Down by the ferry, lit by torches, hastening the embarkation;
 My General waited till the soldiers and wounded were all pass'd over;
 And then, (it was just ere sunrise,) these eyes rested on him for the last time.

Every one seem'd fill'd with gloom; 90
 Many no doubt thought of capitulation.

But when my General pass'd me,
 As he stood in his boat, and look'd toward the coming sun,
 I saw something different from capitulation.

TERMINUS

Enough—the Centenarian's story ends;
 The two, the past and present, have interchanged;
 I myself, as connecter, as chansonnier of a great future, am now speaking.

And is this the ground Washington trod?
 And these waters I listlessly daily cross, are these the waters he cross'd,
 As resolute in defeat, as other generals in their proudest triumphs? 100
 It is well—a lesson like that, always comes good;
 I must copy the story, and send it eastward and westward;
 I must preserve that look, as it beam'd on you, rivers of Brooklyn.

See! as the annual round returns, the phantoms return;
 It is the 27th of August, and the British have landed;
 The battle begins, and goes against us—behold! through the smoke, Washington's
 face;
 The brigade of Virginia and Maryland have march'd forth to intercept the enemy;
 They are cut off—murderous artillery from the hills plays upon them;
 Rank after rank falls, while over them silently droops the flag,
 Baptized that day in many a young man's bloody wounds, 110
 In death, defeat, and sisters', mothers' tears.

Ah, hills and slopes of Brooklyn! I perceive you are more valuable than your owners
 supposed;
 Ah, river! henceforth you will be illumin'd to me at sunrise with something besides
 the sun.

Encampments new! in the midst of you stands an encampment very old;
 Stands forever the camp of the dead brigade.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night:
 When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my side that day,
 One look I but gave, which your dear eyes return'd, with a look I shall never forget;
 One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reach'd up as you lay on the ground;
 Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested battle;
 Till late in the night reliev'd, to the place at last again I made my way;
 Found you in death so cold, dear comrade—found your body, son of responding
 kisses, (never again on earth responding;)
 Bared your face in the starlight—curious the scene—cool blew the moderate night-
 wind;
 Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me the battle-field spreading;
 Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the fragrant silent night;
 But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh—Long, long I gazed;
 Then on the earth partially reclining, sat by your side, leaning my chin in my hands;
 Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you, dearest comrade—Not a
 tear, not a word;
 Vigil of silence, love and death—vigil for you my son and my soldier,
 As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole;
 Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not save you, swift was your death,
 I faithfully loved you and cared for you living—I think we shall surely meet again;)
 Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the dawn appear'd,
 My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his form,
 Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head, and carefully under feet;
 And there and then, and bathed by the rising sun, my son in his grave, in his rude-
 dug grave I deposited;
 Ending my vigil strange with that—vigil of night and battlefield dim;
 Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding;)
 Vigil for comrade swiftly slain—vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd,
 I rose from the chill ground, and folded my soldier well in his blanket,
 And buried him where he fell.

First published in "Drum-Taps," 1865.

THE DRESSER:

1870

1

An old man bending, I come, among new faces,
 Years looking backward, resuming, in answer to children,
Come tell us, old man, as from young men and maidens that love me;
 Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,
 Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the other was equally brave;)
 Now be witness again—paint the mightiest armies of earth;
 Of those armies so rapid, so wondrous, what saw you to tell us?
 What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
 Of hard-fought engagements, or sieges tremendous, what deepest remains?

2

O maidens and young men I love, and that love me,
 What you ask of my days, those the strangest and sudden your talking recalls;
 Soldier alert I arrive, after a long march, cover'd with sweat and dust;
 In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly shout in the rush of suc-
 cessful charge;
 Enter the captur'd works . . . yet lo! like a swift-running river, they fade;

¹ See footnote to "Drum-Taps," page 516. In Whitman's Prose Works, in this connection should be read "The Wound Dresser" and the pages from "Specimen Days" which cover his hospital experience.

Pass and are gone, they fade—I dwell not on soldiers' perils or soldiers' joys;
(Both I remember well—many the hardships, few the joys, yet I was content.)

But in silence, in dreams' projections,
While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,
So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the imprints off the sand.
In nature's reverie sad, with hinged knees returning, I enter the doors—(while for
you up there, 20
Whoever you are, follow me without noise, and be of strong heart.)

3

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground, after the battle brought in;
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground;
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd hospital;
To the long rows of cots, up and down, each side, I return;
To each and all, one after another. I draw near—not one do I miss;
An attendant follows, holding a tray—he carries a refuse pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied and fill'd again. 30

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand, to dress wounds;
I am firm with each—the pangs are sharp, yet unavoidable;
One turns to me his appealing eyes—(poor boy! I never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you.)

4

On, on I go!—(open doors of time! open hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand, tear not the bandage away;)
The neck of the cavalry-man, with the bullet through and through, I examine;
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life struggles hard;
(Come, sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death! 40
In mercy come quickly.)

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and blood;
Back on his pillow the soldier bends, with curv'd neck, and side-falling head;
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, (he dares not look on the bloody stump,
And has not yet look'd on it.)

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep;
But a day or two more—for see, the frame all wasted already, and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the bullet wound, 50
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, so sickening, so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me, holding the tray and pail.

I am faithful, I do not give out;
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive hand—(yet deep in my breast a fire, a
burning flame.)

5

Thus in silence, in dreams' projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the hospitals;
The hurt and wounded I pacify with soothing hand,

I sit by the restless all the dark night—some are so young;
 Some suffer so much—I recall the experience sweet and sad;
 (Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and rested,
 Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

60

First published in "Drum-Taps," 1865.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

1

Give me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-dazzling;
 Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the orchard;
 Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows;
 Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape;
 Give me fresh corn and wheat—give me serene-moving animals, teaching content;
 Give me nights perfectly quiet, as on high plateaus west of Mississippi, and I looking
 up at the stars;
 Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers, where I can walk un-
 disturb'd;
 Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman, of whom I should never tire;
 Give me a perfect child—give me, away, aside from the noise of the world, a rural,
 domestic life;
 Give me to warble spontaneous songs, reliev'd, recluse by myself, for my own ears
 only;
 Give me solitude—give me Nature—give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!
 —These, demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement, and rack'd by
 the war-strife;)
 These to procure, incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,
 While yet incessantly asking, still I adhere to my city;
 Day upon day, and year upon year, O city, walking your streets,
 Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time, refusing to give me up;
 Yet giving to make me glutt'd, enrich'd of soul—you give me forever faces;
 (O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries;
 I see my own soul trampling down what it ask'd for.)

10

2

Keep your splendid, silent sun;
 Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods;
 Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and orchards;
 Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields, where the Ninth-month bees hum;
 Give me faces and streets! give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the
 trottoirs!
 Give me interminable eyes! give me women! give me comrades and lovers by the
 thousand!
 Let me see new ones every day! let me hold new ones by the hand every day!
 Give me such shows! give me the streets of Manhattan!¹
 Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching—give me the sound of the trum-
 pets and drums!
 (The soldiers in companies or regiments—some, starting away, flush'd and reckless;
 Some, their time up, returning, with thinn'd ranks—young, yet very old, worn,
 marching, noticing nothing;)

20

30

¹ I realize . . . that not Nature alone is great in her fields of freedom and the open air, in her storms, the shows of night and day, the mountains, forests, seas—but in the artificial, the work of man, too, is equally great—in this profusion of teeming humanity—in these ingenuities, goods, streets, houses, ships,—these hurrying, feverish electric crowds of men, their complicated business genius (not least among the genuises) and all this mighty, many-threaded wealth concentrated here. (Whitman in his "Collect.")

—Give me the shores and the wharves heavy-fringed with the black ships!
 O such for me! O an intense life! O full to repletion, and varied!
 The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
 The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me! the torch-light procession!
 The dense brigade, bound for the war, with high piled military wagons following;
 People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants;
 Manhattan streets, with their powerful throbs, with the beating drums, as now;
 The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets, (even the sight of the wounded;)
 Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus—with varied chorus, and light of the sparkling eyes;
 Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

40
First published in "Drum-Taps," 1865.

SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAY-BREAK

POET

O a new song, a free song,
 Flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping, by sounds, by voices clearer,
 By the wind's voice and that of the drum,
 By the banner's voice, and child's voice, and sea's voice, and father's voice,
 Low on the ground and high in the air,
 On the ground where father and child stand,
 In the upward air where their eyes turn,
 Where the banner at day-break is flapping.

Words! book-words! what are you?
 Words no more, for hearken and see,
 My song is there in the open air—and I must sing,
 With the banner and pennant a-flapping.

10

I'll weave the chord and twine in,
 Man's desire and babe's desire—I'll twine them in, I'll put in life;
 I'll put the bayonet's flashing point—I'll let bullets and slugs whizz;
 (As one carrying a symbol and menace, far into the future,
 Crying with trumpet voice, *Arouse and beware! Beware and arouse!*)
 I'll pour the verse with streams of blood, full of volition, full of joy;
 Then loosen, launch forth, to go and compete,
 With the banner and pennant a-flapping.

20

PENNANT

Come up here, bard, bard;
 Come up here, soul, soul;
 Come up here, dear little child,
 To fly in the clouds and winds with me, and play with the measureless light.

CHILD

Father, what is that in the sky beckoning to me with long finger?
 And what does it say to me all the while?

FATHER

Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky;
 And nothing at all to you it says. But look you, my babe,
 Look at these dazzling things in the houses, and see you the money-shops opening;
 And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the streets with goods:

30

These! ah, these! how valued and toil'd for, these!
How envied by all the earth!

POET

Fresh and rosy red, the sun is mounting high;
On floats the sea in distant blue, careering through its channels;
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea, setting in toward land;
The great steady wind from west and west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant, with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea, nor the red sun;
I am not the wind, with girlish laughter;
Not the immense wind which strengthens—not the wind which lashes; 40
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death;
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods, mornings and evenings,
And the shore-sands know, and the hissing wave, and that banner and pennant,
Aloft there flapping and flapping.

CHILD

O father, it is alive—it is full of people—it has children!
O now it seems to me it is talking to its children!
I hear it—it talks to me—O it is wonderful!
O it stretches—it spreads and runs so fast! O my father, 50
It is so broad, it covers the whole sky!

FATHER

Cease, cease, my foolish babe,
What you are saying is sorrowful to me—much it displeases me;
Behold with the rest, again I say—behold not banners and pennants aloft;
But the well-prepared pavements behold—and mark the solid-wall'd houses.

BANNER AND PENNANT

Speak to the child, O bard, out of Manhattan;
(The war is over—yet never over . . . out of it, we are born to real life and identity;)
• Speak to our children all, or north or south of Manhattan,
Where our factory-engines hum, where our miners delve the ground,
Where our hoarse Niagara rumbles, where our prairie-ploughs are ploughing; 60
Speak, O bard! point this day, leaving all the rest, to us over all—and yet we know not why;
For what are we, mere strips of cloth, profiting nothing,
Only flapping in the wind?

POET

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone;
I hear again the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry;
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men—I hear LIBERTY!
I hear the drums beat, and the trumpets yet blowing;
I myself move abroad, swift-rising, flying then;
I use the wings of the land-bird, and use the wings of the sea-bird, and look down as from a height;
I do not deny the precious results of peace—I see populous cities, with wealth 70
incalculable;

I see numberless farms—I see the farmers working in their fields or barns;
 I see mechanics working—I see buildings everywhere founded, going up, or finish'd;
 I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad tracks, drawn by the locomotives;
 I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans;
 I see far in the West the immense area of grain—I dwell awhile, hovering;
 I pass to the lumber forests of the north, and again to the southern plantation, and again to California;
 Sweeping the whole, I see the countless profit, the busy gatherings, earned wages;
 See the identity formed out of thirty-eight spacious and haughty States (and many more to come;)
 See forts on the shores of harbors—see ships sailing in and out;
 Then over all, (aye! aye!) my little and lengthen'd pennant, shaped like a sword, ⁸⁰
 Runs swiftly up, indicating war and defiance—And now the halyards have rais'd it,
 Side of my banner broad and blue—side of my starry banner,
 Discarding peace over all the sea and land.

BANNER AND PENNANT

Yet louder, higher, stronger, bard! yet farther, wider cleave!
 No longer let our children deem us riches and peace alone;
 We may be terror and carnage, and are so now;
 Not now are we any one of these spacious and haughty States, (nor any five, nor ten;)
 Nor market nor depot are we, nor money-bank in the city;
 But these, and all, and the brown and spreading land, and the mines below, are ours;
 And the shores of the sea are ours, and the rivers, great and small; ⁹⁰
 And the fields they moisten are ours, and the crops and the fruits are ours;
 Bays and channels, and ships sailing in and out, are ours—and we over all,
 Over the area spread below, the three or four millions of square miles—the capitals,
 The forty millions of people—O bard! in life and death supreme,
 We, even we, henceforth flaunt out masterful, high up above,
 Not for the present alone, for a thousand years, chanting through you,
 This song to the soul of one poor little child.

CHILD

O my father, I like not the houses;
 They will never to me be anything—nor do I like money;
 But to mount up there I would like, O father dear—that banner I like; ¹⁰⁰
 That pennant I would be, and must be.

FATHER

Child of mine, you fill me with anguish;
 To be that pennant would be too fearful;
 Little you know what it is this day, and after this day, forever;
 It is to gain nothing, but risk and defy everything;
 Forward to stand in front of wars—and O, such wars!—what have you to do with them?
 With passions of demons, slaughter, premature death?

POET

Demons and death then I sing;
 Put in all, aye all, will I—sword-shaped pennant for war, and banner so broad and blue,

And a pleasure new and extatic, and the prattled yearning of children, 110
 Blent with the sounds of the peaceful land, and the liquid wash of the sea;
 And the black ships, fighting on the sea, enveloped in smoke;
 And the icy cool of the far, far north, with rustling cedars and pines;
 And the whirr of drums, and the sounds of soldiers marching, and the hot sun
 shining south;
 And the beech-waves combing over the beach on my eastern shore, and my western
 shore the same;
 And all between those shores, and my ever running Mississippi, with bends and
 chutes;
 And my Illinois fields, and my Kansas fields, and my fields of Missouri;
 The CONTINENT—devoting the whole identity, without reserving an atom,
 Pour in! overwhelm that which asks, which sings, with all, and the yield of all.

Aye all! for ever, for all! 120
 From sea to sea, north and south, east and west,
 (The war is completed, the price is paid, the title is settled beyond recall;)
 Fusing and holding, claiming, devouring the whole;
 No more with tender lip, nor musical labial sound,
 But, out of the night emerging for good, our voice persuasive no more,
 Croaking like crows here in the wind.

POET.

(Finale)

My limbs, my veins dilate;
 The blood of the world has fill'd me full—my theme is clear at last:
 —Banner so broad, advancing out of the night, I sing you haughty and resolute;
 I burst through where I waited long, too long, deafen'd and blinded; 130
 My sight, my hearing and tongue, are come to me, (a little child taught me;)
 I hear from above, O pennant of war, your ironical call and demand;
 Insensate! insensate! (yet I at any rate chant you,) O banner!
 Not houses of peace indeed are you, nor any nor all their prosperity, (if need be,
 you shall again have every one of those houses to destroy them;
 You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort,
 built with money;
 May they stand fast, then? Not an hour, except you, above them and all, stand
 fast;)
 —O banner! not money so precious are you, not farm produce you, nor the material
 good nutriment,
 Nor excellent stores, nor landed on wharves from the ships;
 Not the superb ships, with sail-power or steam-power, fetching and carrying cargoes,
 Nor machinery, vehicles, trade, nor revenues,—But you, as henceforth I see you, 140
 Running up out of the night, bringing your cluster of stars, (ever-enlarging stars;)
 Divider of day-break you, cutting the air, touch'd by the sun, measuring the sky,
 (Passionately seen and yearn'd for by one poor little child,
 While others remain busy, or smartly talking, forever teaching thrift, thrift;)
 O you up there! O pennant! where you undulate like a snake, hissing so curious,
 Out of reach—an idea only—yet furiously fought for, risking bloody death—loved
 by me!
 So loved! O you banner leading the day, with stars brought from the night!
 Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding all—(absolute owner of ALL)—
 O banner and pennant!
 I too leave the rest—great as it is, it is nothing—houses, machines are nothing—I
 see them not;
 I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so broad, with stripes, I sing you only, 150
 Flapping up there in the wind.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

1

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

2

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy race, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

3

O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

4

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

5

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

6

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

7

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

8

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

9

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd;
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

10

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult—I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

11

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress, (bend your heads all,)
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

12

See, my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear, we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions, frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

13

On and on, the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

14

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

15

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in, they beat for us, with the western movement beat;
Holding single or together, steady moving, to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

16

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

17

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

18

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores, amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

19

Lo! the darting bowling orb!
 Lo! the brother orbs around! all the clustering suns and planets;
 All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

20

These are of us, they are with us,
 All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
 We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

21

O you daughters of the west!
 O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
 Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

22

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
 (Shrouded bards of other lands! you may sleep—you have done your work;)
 Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

23

Not for delectations sweet;
 Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious;
 Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

24

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
 Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
 Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

25

Has the night descended?
 Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged, nodding on our way?
 Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause oblivious,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

26

Till with sound of trumpet,
 Far, far off the day-break call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind;
 Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

YEARS OF THE MODERN

Years of the modern! years of the unperform'd!
 Your horizon rises—I see it parting away for more august dramas,
 I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing;
 I see tremendous entrances and exits—I see new combinations—I see the solidarity
 of races;
 I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage;
 (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable to
 them closed?)
 I see Freedom, completely arm'd, and victorious, and very haughty, with Law on one
 side, and Peace on the other,
 A stupendous Trio, all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
 —What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?
 I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions;
 I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken;
 I see the landmarks of European kings removed;
 I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, (all others give way;)
 —Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this day;
 Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God;
 Lo! how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest;
 His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere—he colonizes the Pacific, the archi-
 pelagoes;
 With the steam-ship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of
 war,
 With these, and the world-spreading factories, he interlinks all geography, all lands;
 —What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas? ²⁰
 Are all nations communing? is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
 Is humanity forming, en-masse?—for lo! tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim;
 The earth, restive, confronts a new era, perhaps a general divine war;
 No one knows what will happen next—such portents fill the days and nights;
 Years prophetic! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full
 of phantoms;
 Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me;
 This incredible rush and heat—this strange extatic fever of dreams, O years!
 Your dreams, O year, how they penetrate through me! (I know not whether I sleep
 or wake!)
 The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
 The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me. ³⁰

First published in "Drum-Taps," 1865, under title of "Years of the Unperformed."

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER¹

When I heard the learn'd astronomer;
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;
 When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;
 When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the
 lecture-room,
 How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
 Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

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¹ See "Specimen Days," Oct. 20, 1863; July 22, 1878; Apr. 5, 1879, and Feb. 10, 1881.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BURIAL HYMN¹*"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd."*

1

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd—and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

O ever-returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring;
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful, western, fallen star!
O shades of night! O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd! O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless! O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud, that will not free my soul!

3

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac bush, tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle . . . and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig, with its flower, I break.

4

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.
Solitary, the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat!
Death's outlet song of life—(for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not gifted to sing, thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through old woods, (where lately the violets peep'd from the
ground, spotting the gray debris;)
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes—passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown
fields uprising;
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veil'd women, standing,

¹ See passages on Lincoln in "Specimen Days" for Aug. 12, 1863; Mar. 4, 1865; Apr. 16, 1865.

With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit—with the silent sea of faces, and the unbared heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn; ⁴⁰
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—Where amid these you journey,
 With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
 Here! coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one, alone;
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring:
 For fresh as the morning—thus would I carol a song for you, O sane and sacred
 death.

All over bouquets of roses,
 O death! I cover you over with roses and early lilies; ⁵⁰
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes.
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you, and the coffins all of you, O death.)

8

O western orb, sailing the heaven!
 Now I know what you must have meant, as a month since we walk'd,
 As we walk'd up and down in the dark blue so mystic,
 As we walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell, as you bent to me night after night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down, as if to my side, (while the other stars ⁶⁰
 all look'd on;)
 As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something, I know not what, kept
 me from sleep;)
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west, ere you went, how full
 you were of woe;
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze, in the cold transparent night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
 As my soul, in its trouble, dissatisfied, sank, as where you, sad orb,
 Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on, there in the swamp!
 O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes—I hear your call;
 I hear—I come presently—I understand you;
 But a moment I linger—for the lustrous star has detain'd me; ⁷⁰
 The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
 Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the
 prairies meeting:
 These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
 I perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

80

Pictures of growing spring, and farms, and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, ex-
 panding the air;
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees
 prolific;
 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here
 and there;
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows;
 And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life, and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo! body and soul! this land!
 Mighty Manhattan, with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships;
 The varied and ample land—the South and the North in the light—Ohio's shores,
 and flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies, cover'd with grass and corn.

90

Lo! the most excellent sun, so calm and haughty;
 The violet and purple morn, with just-felt breezes;
 The gentle, soft-born, measureless light;
 The miracle, spreading, bathing all—the fulfill'd noon;
 The coming eve, delicious—the welcome night, and the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses—pour your chant from the bushes;
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

100

Sing on, dearest brother—warble your reedy song;
 Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid, and free, and tender!
 O wild and loose to my soul! O wondrous singer!
 You only I hear . . . yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart;)
 Yet the lilac, with mastering odor, holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day, and look'd forth,
 In the close of the day, with its light, and the fields of spring, and the farmer
 preparing his crops,
 In the large unconscious scenery of my land, with its lakes and forests,
 In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds, and the storms;)
 Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of chil-
 dren and women,
 The many-moving sea-tides,—and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
 And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor.
 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and
 minutia of daily usages;

110

And the streets, how their throbbings throb'd, and the cities pent—lo! then and there,
 Falling upon them all, and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
 Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail;
 And I knew Death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death. 120

15

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
 And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
 And I in the middle, as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
 I fled forth to the hiding receiving night, that talks not,
 Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
 To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me;
 The gray-brown bird I know, receiv'd us comrades three;
 And he sang what seem'd the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses, 130
 From the fragrant cedars, and the ghostly pines so still,
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held, as if by their hands, my comrades in the night;
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

DEATH CAROL

16

*Come, lovely and soothing Death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later, delicate Death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe, 140
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
 And for love, sweet love—But praise! praise! praise!
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.*

*Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.*

*Approach, strong Deliveress!
 When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee, 150
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings for thee;
 And the sights of the open landscapes, and the high-spread sky, are fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields, and the prairies wide;
Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

160

17

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
 With pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist, and the swamp-perfume;
 And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
 As to long panoramas of visions.

170

18

I saw askant the armies;
 And I saw, as in noiseless dreams, hundreds of battle-flags;
 Borne through the smoke of the battles, and pierc'd with missiles, I saw them,
 And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody;
 And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,)
 And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men—I saw them;
 I saw the débris and débris of all the dead soldiers of the war;
 But I saw they were not as was thought;
 They themselves were fully at rest—they suffer'd not;
 The living remain'd and suffer'd—the mother suffer'd,
 And the wife and the child, and the musing comrade suffer'd,
 And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

180

19

Passing the visions, passing the night;
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands;
 Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the tallying song of my soul,
 (Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying, ever-altering song,
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
 Covering the earth, and filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,)
 Passing, I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped leaves;
 I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.
 I cease from my song for thee;
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
 O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

190

20

Yet each I keep, and all, retrievements out of the night;
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
 With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full of woe,
 With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering odor;
 With the holders holding my hand, nearing the call of the bird,

200

Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their memory ever I keep—for the dead
 I loved so well;
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands . . . and this for his dear sake;
 Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of my soul,
 There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk and dim.

First published in "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," 1865-6.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

1

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

2

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

10

3

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won:
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

20

First published in "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," 1865-6.

ONE'S-SELF I SING

One's-self I sing—a simple, separate Person;
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word *En-masse*.

Of Physiology from top to toe I sing;
 Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy for the muse
 —I say the Form complete is worthier far;
 The Female equally with the male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
 Cheerful—for freest action form'd, under the laws divine,
 The Modern Man I sing.

1870.

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON

1

*O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict Soul!*

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
Pouring in floods of melody, in tones so pensive, sweet and strong, the like whereof
was never heard,
Reaching the far-off sentry, and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
Making the hearer's pulses stop for extasy and awe.

2

*O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!
O pardon me, a hapless Soul!*

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
When down a narrow aisle, amid the thieves and outlaws of the land,
(There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls—the keepers round,
Plenteous, well-arm'd, watching, with vigilant eyes.)
All that dark, cankerous blotch, a nation's criminal mass,
Calmly a Lady walk'd, holding a little innocent child by either hand,
Whom, seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
She, first preluding with the instrument, a low and musical prelude,
In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

3

THE HYMN.

A Soul, confined by bars and bands,
Cries, Help! O help! and wrings her hands;
Blinded her eyes—bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

*O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict Soul!*

Ceaseless, she paces to and fro;
O heart-sick days! O nights of wo!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face;
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.

*O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!
O pardon me, a hapless Soul!*

It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless Body dragg'd me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The Body was too much for me.

*O Life! no life, but bitter dole!
O burning, beaten, baffled Soul!*

(Dear prison'd Soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free, and bear thee home,
The Heavenly Pardoner, Death shall come.

*Convict no more—nor shame, nor dole!
Depart! a God-enfranchis'd Soul!)*

4

The singer ceas'd;
 One glance swept from her clear, calm eyes, o'er all those upturn'd faces;
 Strange sea of prison faces—a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and beauteous
 faces;
 Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,
 While her gown touch'd them, rustling in the silence,
 She vanish'd with her children in the dusk.

5

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers, ere they stirr'd, 50
 (Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,)
 A hush and pause fell down, a wondrous minute,
 With deep, half-stifled sobs, and sound of bad men bow'd, and moved to weeping,
 And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
 The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,
 The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;
 —A wondrous minute then—But after, in the solitary night, to many, many there,
 Years after—even in the hour of death—the sad refrain—the tune, the voice, the
 words,
 Resumed—the large, calm Lady walks the narrow aisle,
 The wailing melody again—the singer in the prison sings: 60

*O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
 O fearful thought—a convict Soul!*

1870.

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS

(A REMINISCENCE OF 1864.)

1

Who are you, dusky woman, so ancient, hardly human,
 With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
 Why, rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet?

2

('Tis while our army lines Carolina's sand and pines,
 Forth from thy hovel door, thou, Ethiopia, com'st to me,
 As, under doughty Sherman, I march toward the sea.)

3

*Me, master, years a hundred, since from my parents sunder'd,
 A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught;
 Then hither me, across the sea, the cruel slaver brought.*

4

No further does she say, but lingering all the day, 70
 Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
 And curtseys to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

5

What is it, fateful woman—so hlear, hardly human?
 Why wag your head, with turban bound—yellow, red and green?
 Are the things so strange and marvelous, you see or have seen?

1870.

THE BASE OF ALL METAPHYSICS

And now, gentlemen,
A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,
As base, and finale too, for all metaphysics.

(So, to the students, the old professor,
At the close of his crowded course.)

Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,
Kant having studied and stated—Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,
Stated the lore of Plato—and Socrates, greater than Plato,
And greater than Socrates sought and stated—Christ divine having studied long,
I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems, 10
See the philosophies all—Christian churches and tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see—and underneath Christ the divine I see,
The dear love of man for his comrade—the attraction of friend to friend,
Of the well-married husband and wife—of children and parents,
Of city for city, and land for land.

1870.

O STAR OF FRANCE!

1870-71.

1

O Star of France!
The brightness of thy hope and strength and fame,
Like some proud ship that led the fleet so long,
Beseems to-day a wreck, driven by the gale—a mastless hulk;
And 'mid its teeming, madden'd, half-drown'd crowds,
Nor helm nor helmsman.

2

Dim, smitten star!
Orb not of France alone—pale symbol of my soul, its dearest hopes,
The struggle and the daring—rage divine for liberty,
Of aspirations toward the far ideal—enthusiast's dreams of brotherhood, 10
Of terror to the tyrant and the priest.

3

Star crucified! by traitors sold!
Star panting o'er a land of death—heroic land!
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not now rebuke thee;
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quell'd them all,
And left thee sacred.

In that amid thy many faults, thou ever aimedst highly,
In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself, however great the price,
In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugg'd sleep, 20
In that alone, among thy sisters, thou, Giantess, didst rend the ones that shamed thee.
In that thou couldst not, wouldst not, wear the usual chains,
This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands and feet,
The spear thrust in thy side.

4

O star! O ship of France, beat back and baffled long!
Bear up, O smitten orb! O ship, continue on!

Sure, as the ship of all, the Earth itself,
Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty,
Onward, beneath the sun, following its course,
So thee, O ship of France!

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispell'd,
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world,
(In gladness, answering thence, as face afar to face, reflecting ours, Columbia,)
Again thy star, O France—fair, lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal.

First published in "As a Strong Bird," 1872.

A CAROL CLOSING SIXTY-NINE

A carol closing sixty-nine—a *résumé*—a repetition,
My lines in joy and hope continuing on the same,
Of ye, O God, Life, Nature, Freedom, Poetry;
Of you, my Land—your rivers, prairies, States—you, mottled Flag I love,
Your aggregate retain'd entire—O north, south, east and west, your items all;
Of me myself—the jocund heart yet beating in my breast,
The body wreck'd, old, poor and paralyzed—the strange inertia falling pall-like
 round me,
The burning fires down in my sluggish blood not yet extinct,
The undiminish'd faith—the groups of loving friends.

1888.

GOOD-BYE MY FANCY!

Good-bye my Fancy!
Farewell dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-bye my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye my Fancy.

10

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs, (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—so now finally,
Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

1891.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD
(1825-1903)

THE WITCH'S WHELP

Along the shore the slimy brine-pits yawn,
Covered with thick green scum; the bil-
lows rise,
And fill them to the brim with clouded
foam,
And then subside, and leave the scum
again.
The ribbed sand is full of hollow gulfs,
Where monsters from the waters come
and lie.
Great serpents bask at noon along the
rocks,
To me no terror; coil on coil they roll ⁸
Back to their holes before my flying feet.
The Dragon of the Sea, my mother's god,
Enormous Setebos, comes here to sleep;
Him I molest not; when he flaps his wing
A whirlwind rises, when he swims the
deep
It threatens to engulf the trembling isle.
Sometimes when winds do blow, and
clouds are dark,
I seek the blasted wood whose barkless
trunks
Are bleached with summer suns; the
creaking trees
Stoop down to me, and swing me right
and left
Through crashing limbs, but not a jot
care I,
The thunder breaks above, and in their
lair ²⁰
The panthers roar; from out the stormy
clouds
Whose hearts are fire sharp lightnings
rain around
And split the oaks; not faster lizards run
Before the snake up the slant trunks than
I,
Not faster down, sliding with hands and
feet.
I stamp upon the ground, and adders
rouse,
Sharp-eyed, with poisonous fangs; be-
neath the leaves
They couch, or under rocks, and roots of
trees

Felled by the winds; through briery
undergrowth
They slide with hissing tongues, beneath
my feet ³⁰
To writhe, or in my fingers squeezed to
death.
There is a wild and solitary pine,
Deep in the meadows; all the island birds
From far and near fly there, and learn
new songs.
Something imprisoned in its wrinkled
bark
Wails for its freedom; when the bigger
light
Burns in mid-heaven, and dew elsewhere
is dried,
There it still falls; the quivering leaves
are tongues
And load the air with syllables of woe.
One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something
shrieked, ⁴¹
And falling cones did pelt me sharp as
hail:
I picked the seeds that grew between their
plates,
And strung them round my neck with sea-
mew eggs.
Hard by are swamps and marshes,
reedy fens
Knee deep in water; monsters wade
therein
Thick-set with plated scales; sometimes
in troops
They crawl on slippery banks; sometimes
they lash
The sluggish waves among themselves at
war.
Often I heave great rocks from off the
crag, ⁵⁰
Deep in their drowsy eyes, at which they
howl
And chase me inland; then I mount their
humps
And prick them back again, unwieldy, slow.
At night the wolves are howling round
the place,
And bats sail there athwart the silver
light,

Flapping their wings; by day in hollow
trees
They hide, and slink into the gloom of
dens.

We live, my mother Sycorax and I,
In caves with bloated toads and crested
snakes.

She can make charms, and philters, and
brew storms, 60
And call the great Sea Dragon from his
deeps.

Nothing of this know I, nor care to know.
Give me the milk of goats in gourds or
shells,

The flesh of birds and fish, berries and
fruit,

Nor want I more, save all day long to
lie,

And hear, as now, the voices of the sea.

TO A CELEBRATED SINGER

Oft have I dreamed of music such as
thine,

The wedded melody of lute and voice,
Immortal strains that made my soul re-
joice,

And woke its inner harmonies divine.

And where Sicilia smooths the ruffled
seas,

And Enna hollows all its purple vales,
Thrice have I heard the noble nightin-
gales,

All night entranced beneath the bloomy
trees.

But music, nightingales, and all that
Thought

Conceives of song are naught 10

To thy rich voice, which echoes in my
brain,

And fills my longing heart with a melo-
dious pain!

A thousand lamps were lit, I saw them
not,

Nor saw the thousands round me like
a sea;

All things, all thoughts, all passions were
forgot—

I only thought of thee!

Meanwhile the music rose sublime and
strong,

But sunk beneath thy voice, which rose
alone,

Above its crumbled fragments to thy
throne,

Above the clouds of Song. 20

Henceforth let Music seal her lips, and be
The silent ministrant of Poesy.

For not the delicate reed that Pan did play
To partial Midas, at the match of old,
Nor yet Apollo's lyre with chords of
gold,

That more than won the crown he lost
that day,

Nor even the Orphean lute, that half set
free

(O, why not all!) the lost Eurydice,

Were fit to join with thee;

Much less our instruments of meaner
sound, 30

That track thee slowly o'er enchanted
ground,

Unfit to lift the train thy music leaves,
Or glean around its sheaves.

I strive to disentangle in my mind

Thy many-knotted threads of softest
song,

Whose memory haunts me like a voiceless
wind

Whose silence does it wrong.

No singly tone thereof, no perfect sound,
Lingers, but dim remembrance of the
whole,

A sound which was a Soul, 40

The Soul of Sound diffused, an atmos-
phere around:

So soft, so sweet, so mellow, rich, and
deep,

So like a heavenly soul's ambrosial
breath,

It would not wake, but only deepen
Sleep

Into diviner Death!

Softer and sweeter than the jealous flute,
Whose soft, sweet voice grew harsh be-
fore its own,

It stole in mockery its every tone,

And left it lone and mute.

It flowed like liquid pearl through golden
cells, 50

It jangled like a string of golden bells,
It trembled like a wind in golden strings.

It dropped and rolled away in golden
rings:

Then it divided and became a shout,

That Echo chased about,

However wild and fleet,

Until it trod upon its heels with flying
feet.

At last it sank and sank from deep to
deep,

Below the thinnest word,

And sank till naught was heard 60

But charmed Silence sighing in its sleep!

Powerless and mute beneath thy mighty
spell,
My heart was lost within itself and thee,
As when a pearl is melted in its shell,
And sunken in the sea.
I sank and sank beneath thy song, but still
I thirsted after more the more I sank,
A flower that drooped with all the dew
it drank,
But still upheld its cup for Heaven to fill.
My inmost soul was drunk with melody,⁷⁰
Which thou didst pour around,
To crown the feast of sound,
And lift in light to all, but chief to me,
Whose spirit, uncontrolled,
Drained all the fiery wine, and clutched
its cup of gold!

"HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND BRED?"

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.
Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.
None may answer, none may know,
Winds and flowers come and go,¹⁰
And the selfsame canon bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

"THE YELLOW MOON LOOKS SLANTLY DOWN"

The yellow Moon looks slantly down,
Through seaward mists, upon the town;
And ghost-like there the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.
I see a crowd in every street
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade and
light,
And seem a portion of the Night.
The ships have lain for ages fled
Along the waters, dark and dead;¹⁰
The dying waters wash no more
The long, black line of spectral shore.
There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet Moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems.
Within some dead old World of Dreams.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.¹⁰

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

You may drink to your leman in gold,
In a great golden goblet of wine;
She's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold:
But this little lady of mine,
I will not profane her in wine.
I go where the garden so still is,
(The moon raining through)
To pluck the white bowls of the lilies,
And drink her in dew!¹⁰

The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day.
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

The gray old Earth goes on
At its ancient pace,
Lifting its thunder-voice
In the choir of space;
And the years as they go
Are singing slow,
Solemn dirges, full of wo.

Tyrants sit upon their thrones,
And will not hear the people's moans,¹⁰
Nor hear their clanking chains:
Or if they do they add thereto,
And mock, not ease their pains.

But little liberty remains,
There is but little room for thee,
In this wide world, O Liberty!
But where thy foot has once been set
Thou wilt remain, though oft unseen:

And grow like thought, and move like
wind,

Upon the troubled sea of Mind,
No longer now serene. 20

Thy life and strength thou dost retain,
Despite the cell, the rack, the pain,
And all the battles won in vain;

And even now thou see'st the hour
That lays in dust the thrones of Power:
When man shall once again be free,
And Earth renewed, and young like thee,
O Liberty! O Liberty!

THE DIVAN

(Persia.)

A little maid of Astrakan,
An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
She holds a cup of mine;
'T is full of wine, and on her cheeks
Are stains and smears of wine.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
The rich bazaars where rubies shine; 10
For mines are in that little hand,
And on those little cheeks of thine.

The sky is thick upon the sea,
The sea is sown with rain,
And in the passing gusts we hear
The clanging of the crane.

The cranes are flying to the south,
We cut the northern foam:
The dreary land they leave behind
Must be our future home.

Its barren shores are long and dark, 10
And gray its autumn sky;
But better these than this gray sea,
If but to land—and die!

"POEMS OF THE ORIENT" 1

We read your little book of Orient lays,
And half believe old superstitions true;
No Saxon like ourselves, an Arab, you,
Stolen in your babyhood by Saxon fays.
That you in fervid songs recall the blaze

¹ Addressed to Bayard Taylor, whose volume, "Poems of the Orient," was published by Ticknor and Fields in the Autumn of 1853. A quarter of a century later, just after the death of his friend, Stoddard wrote "Reminiscences of Bayard Taylor," for *The Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1879.

Of eastern suns, behold the deep-blue
skies,

Lie under rustling palms, breathe winds
of spice,

And dream of veiled sultanas, is no praise.
All this is native to you as the air; 9

You but regain the birthright lost of yore:
The marvel is it now becomes your own.
We wind the turban round our Frankish
hair,

Spring on our steeds that paw the desert's
floor,

And take the sandy solitude alone.

IMOGEN

Unknown to her the maids supplied
Her wants, and gliding noiseless round
Passed out again, while Leon's hound
Stole in and slumbered at her side:
Then Cloten came, a silly ape,
And wooed her in his boorish way,
Barring the door against escape;
But the hound woke, and stood at bay,
Defiant at the lady's feet,
And made the ruffian retreat. 10
*Then for a little moment's space
A smile did flit across the face
Of Lady Imogen.*

Without the morning dried the dew
From shaven lawns and pastures green:
Meantime the court dames and the queen
Did pace the shaded avenues:
And Cymbeline amid his train
Rode down the winding palace walks,
Behind the hounds that snuffed the plain,
And in the track of wheeling hawks; 21
And soon in greenwood shaws anear
They blew their horns, and chased the deer.
*But she nor saw nor heard it there,
But sat, a statue of despair,
The mournful Imogen.*

She shook her ringlets round her head,
And clasped her hands, and thought,
and thought,
As every faithful lady ought,
Whose lord is far away—or dead. 30
She pressed in books his faded flowers,
That never seemed so sweet before;
Upon his picture gazed for hours,
And read his letters o'er and o'er,
Dreaming about the loving Past,
Until her tears were flowing fast.
*With aches of heart, and aches of
brain,
Bewildered in the realms of pain,
The wretched Imogen!*

She tried to rouse herself again, 40
 Began a broider quaint and rich,
 But pricked her fingers every stitch,
 And left in every bud a stain.
 She took her distaff, tried to spih,
 But tangled up the golden thread:
 She touched her lute, but could not win
 A happy sound, her skill had fled.
 The letters in her books were blurred,
 She could not understand a word.
Bewildered still, and still in tears, 50
The dupe of hopes, the prey of fears,
The weeping Imogen!

Her curtains opened in the breeze
 And showed the slowly-setting sun,
 Through vines that up the sash did
 run,
 And hovering butterflies and bees.
 A silver fountain gushed below,
 Where swans superbly swam the spray:
 And pages hurried to and fro,
 And trim gallants with ladies gay, 60
 And many a hooded monk and friar
 Went barefoot by in coarse attire.
But like a picture, or a dream,
The outward world did only seem,
To thoughtful Imogen.

When curfews rang, and day was dim,
 She glided to her chapel desk,
 Unclassed her missal arabesque,
 And sang the solemn vesper hymn:
 Before the crucifix knelt down, 70
 And told her beads, and strove to pray;
 But Heaven was deaf, and seemed to
 frown,
 And push her idle words away:
 And when she touched the holy urn
 The icy water seemed to burn!
No faith had she in saints above,
She only wanted human love,
The pining Imogen.

The pale moon walked the waste o'er-
 head,
 And filled the room with sickly light; 80
 Then she arose in piteous plight,
 Disrobed herself, and crept to bed.
 The wind without was loud and deep,
 The rattling casements made her start:
 At last she slept, but in her sleep
 She pressed her fingers o'er her heart,
 And moaned, and once she gave a scream,
 To break the clutches of a dream.
Even in her sleep she could not sleep,
For ugly visions made her weep, 90
The troubled Imogen.

(Persia.)

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.
 I stopped my camel at the city gate;
 Why did I stop? I left my heart behind.

I heard the sighing of thy garden palms,
 I saw the roses burning up with love,
 I saw thee not: thou wert no longer there.

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.
 A moon has passed since that unhappy
 day;
 It seems an age: the days are long as
 years.

I send thee gifts by every caravan, 10
 I send thee flasks of attar, spices, pearls,
 I write thee loving songs on golden scrolls.

I meet the caravans when they return.
 "What news?" I ask. The drivers shake
 their heads.
 We parted in the streets of Ispahan.

Day and night my thoughts incline
 To the blandishments of wine:
 Jars were made to drain, I think,
 Wine, I know, was made to drink.

When I die, (the day be far!)
 Should the potters make a jar
 Out of this poor clay of mine,
 Let the jar be filled with wine!

I am a white falcon, hurrah!
 My home is the mountains so high;
 But away o'er the lands and the waters,
 Wherever I please, I can fly.

I wander from city to city,
 I dart from the wave to the cloud,
 And when I am dead I shall slumber
 With my own white wings for a shroud

Break thou my heart, ah, break it,
 If such thy pleasure be;
 Thy will is mine, what say I?
 'T is more than mine to me.

And if my life offend thee,
 My passion and my pain,
 Take thou my life, ah, take it,
 But spare me thy disdain!

(Keaa.)

Millions of flowers are blowing in the
fields.
On the blue river's brink the peony
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute
is heard,
And hoarse black crows caw to the east-
ern wind.

Under the plane-tree in the shaded grove,
Screened from the light and heat, the
idler sits,
Brooding above his chess-board all day
long,
Nor marks, so deep his dreams, how fast
the sun
Descends at evening to its western house.

When autumn comes men close their
doors and read,¹⁰
Or at the window loll to catch the breeze
Freighted with fragrance from the cin-
namon.

The snow is falling on the balustrade
Like dying petals, and the icicle
Hangs like a gem; all crowd around the
fire:
Rich men now drink their wine with
merry hearts,
And sing old songs, nor heed the blast
without.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

I

The night is dark, and the winter winds
Go stabbing about with their icy spears;
The sharp hail rattles against the panes,
And melts on my cheek like tears.

'T is a terrible night to be out of doors,
But some of us must be, early and late;
We needn't ask who, for don't we know
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman her
flowers,
Her dresses, her jewels, or what she
demands;¹⁰
The work of the world must be done by
man,
Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,
I think of the chambers warm and
bright,
The nests where these delicate birds of
ours
Are folding their wings to-night.

Through the luminous windows, above
and below,
I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:
Some sew, some sing, others dress for
the ball,
While others, fair students, read.²⁰

There's the little lady who bears my name,
She sits at my table now, pouring her
tea;
Does she think of me as I hurry home,
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream
In a thoughtless, dreamy, nonchalant
way;
Her hands are white as the virgin rose
That she wore on her wedding day.

My clumsy fingers are stained with ink,
The badge of the Ledger, the mark of
Trade;³⁰
But the money I give her is clean enough,
In spite of the way it is made.

I wear out my life in the counting-room
Over day-book and cash-book, Bought
and Sold;
My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,
My skin is as sallow as gold.

How does she keep the roses of youth
Still fresh in her cheek? My roses are
flown.
It lies in a nutshell—why do I ask?
A woman's life is her own.⁴⁰

She gives me a kiss when we part for
the day,
Then goes to her music, blithe as a bird;
She reads it at sight, and the language,
too,
Though I know never a word.

She sews a little, makes collars and
sleeves,
Or embroiders me slippers (always too
small,)
Nets silken purses (for me to fill,)
Often does nothing at all

But dream in her chamber, holding a
flower,
Or reading my letters—she 'd better
read me. 50
Even now, while I am freezing with cold,
She is cosily sipping her tea.

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud
At the sight of a roaring fire—once more;
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,
For the nightly kiss at the door.

I 'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,
To warm up my blood and soothe my
mind;
Then a little music, for even I
Like music—when I have dined. 60

I 'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,
And feel her behind me patting my
head;
Or drawing the little one on my knee,
Chat till the hour for bed.

II

Will he never come? I have watched for
him
Till the misty panes are roughened with
sleet;
I can see no more: shall I never hear
The welcome sound of his feet?

I think of him in the lonesome night,
Tramping along with a weary tread, 70
And wish he were here by the cheery fire,
Or I were there in his stead.

I sit by the grate, and hark for his step,
And stare in the fire with a troubled
mind;
The glow of the coals is bright in my
face,
But my shadow is dark behind.

I think of woman, and think of man,
The tie that binds and the wrongs that
part,
And long to utter in burning words
What I feel to-night in my heart. 80

No weak complaint of the man I love,
No praise of myself, or my sisterhood;
But—something that women understand—
By men never understood.

Their natures jar in a thousand things;
Little matter, alas, who is right or
wrong,
She goes to the wall. "She is weak,"
they say—
It is that which makes them strong.

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?
He has, as he should, a sturdier
frame, 90
And he labors early and late for me,
But I—I could do the same.

My hands are willing, my brain is clear,
The world is wide, and the workers
few;
But the work of the world belongs to
man,
There is nothing for woman to do!

Yes, she has the holy duties of home.
A husband to love, and children to bear,
The softer virtues, the social arts,—
In short, a life without care! 100

So our masters say. But what do they
know
Of our lives and feelings when they are
away?
Our household duties, our petty tasks,
The nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'T is enough for
them
That their homes are pleasant; they
seek their ease:
One takes a wife to flatter his pride,
Another to keep his keys.

They say they love us; perhaps they do,
In a masculine way, as they love their
wine: 110
But the soul of woman needs something
more,
Or it suffers at times like mine.

Not that Arthur is ever unkind
In word or deed, for he loves me well;
But I fear he thinks me as weak as the
rest—
(And I may be, who can tell?)

I should die if he changed, or loved me
less,
For I live at best but a restless life;
Yet he may, for they say the kindest men
Grow tired of a sickly wife. 120

O, love me, Arthur, my lord, my life,
If not for my love, and my womanly
fears,
At least for your child. But I hear his
step—
He must not find me in tears.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Horatian Ode

Not as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his Country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State, 10
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
A wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits—what is to come! 20

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
Had in our chambers crept,
And murdered while we slept!

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
The roof-tree fallen, all
That could affright, appall!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands, 30
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laurelled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done in vain,
Must yet be done again: 40

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high, and rolled so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drained the nation's life,
(Yet for each drop that ran
There sprang an armed man!)

Not then; but when, by measures meet,
By victory, and by defeat, 50
By courage, patience, skill,
The people's fixed "*We will!*"

Had pierced, had crushed Rebellion dead,
Without a hand, without a head,
At last, when all was well,
He fell, O how he fell!

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escape.
The wife, the widow's scream—
It is a hideous Dream! 60

A dream? What means this pageant,
then?
These multitudes of solemn men,
Who speak not when they meet,
But throng the silent street?

The flags half-mast that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory?
(The stars no brightness shed,
But bloody looks the red!)

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles? 70
(No house too poor to show
The nation's badge of woe.)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,
The bells that toll of death and doom,
The rolling of the drums,
The dreadful car that comes?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
Thy country's Father slain
Be thee, thou worse than Cain! 80

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
And good hath followed—may it now!
(God lets bad instruments
Produce the best events.)

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours, 90
Impatient, headstrong, wild,
The Man to guide the Child.

And this *he* was, who most unfit
 (So hard the sense of God to hit,)
 Did seem to fill his place,
 With such a homely face.

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
 (That somehow blundered out the truth,)
 Untried, untrained to bear
 The more than kingly care. 100

Ay! And his genius put to scorn
 The proudest in the purple born,
 Whose wisdom never grew
 To what, untaught, he knew.

The People, of whom he was one.
 No gentleman, like Washington,
 (Whose bones, methinks, make
 room,
 To have him in their tomb!)

A laboring man, with horny hands, 109
 Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
 Who shrank from nothing new,
 But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
 Their curious epitome;
 To share yet rise above
 Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind (it seemed so then),
 His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
 Plain were his words, and poor,
 But now they will endure! 120

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
 But prudent, cautious, pliant, still;
 Who since his work was good
 Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
 And, lacking prescience, went without:
 Often appeared to halt,
 And was, of course, at fault;

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
 And, loving both sides, angered both: 130
 Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
 But, watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould,
 Nor like our stately sires of old:
 Perhaps he was not great,
 But he preserved the State!

O honest face, which all men knew!
 O tender heart, but known to few!
 O wonder of the age,
 Cut off by tragic rage! 140

Peace! Let the long procession come,
 For hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
 The trumpet's wail afar,
 And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
 While cannon boom and bells toll slow.
 And go, thou sacred car,
 Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
 Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait 150
 To honor all they can
 The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
 As greatest kings might die to gain.
 The just, the wise, the brave,
 Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
 Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
 Salute him once again,
 Your late commander—slain! 160

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
 But leave your muskets on the wall;
 Your country needs you now
 Beside the forge—the plough.

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand,
 If Mercy may not stay her hand,
 Nor would we have it so,
She must direct the blow.)

And you, amid the master-race,
 Who seem so strangely out of place, 170
 Know ye who cometh? He
 Who hath declared ye free.

Bow while the body passes—nay,
 Fall on your knees, and weep, and pray!
 Weep, weep—I would ye might—
 Your poor black faces white!

And, children, you must come in bands,
 With garlands in your little hands,
 Of blue and white and red,
 To strew before the dead. 180

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
 The Fallen to his last repose.
 Beneath no mighty dome,
 But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
 The quiet spot that suits him best,
 There shall his grave be made,
 And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb, 190
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
On that Paternal Soul.

VATES PATRIÆ

(November 3, 1794¹)

There came a Woman in the night,
When winds were whist, and moonlight
smiled,
Where in his mother's arms, who slept,
There lay a new-born child.

She gazed at him with loving looks,
And while her hand upon his head
She laid, in blessing and in power,
In slow, deep words she said:

"This child is mine. Of all my sons
Are none like what the lad shall be; 10
Though these are wise, and those are
strong,
And all are dear to me.

Beyond their arts of peace and war
The gift that unto him belongs,
To see my face, to read my thoughts,
To learn my silent songs.

The elder sisters of my race
Shall taunt no more that I am dumb;
Hereafter I shall sing through him, 20
In ages yet to come."

She stooped, and kissed his baby mouth,
Whence came a breath of melody,
As from the closed leaves of a rose
The murmur of a bee.

Thus did she consecrate the child,
His more than mother from that hour,
Albeit at first he knew her not,
Nor guessed his sleeping power.

But not the less she hovered near,
And touched his spirit unawares; 30
Burned in the red of morning skies,
And breathed in evening airs.

Unfelt in his, her guiding hand
Withdrew him from the halls of men,
To where her secret bowers were built,
In wood, and grove, and glen.

¹The birth-date of William Cullen Bryant.

Sometimes he caught a transient glimpse
Of her broad robe, that swept before,
Deep in the heart of ancient woods,
Or by the sounding shore. 40

One prosperous day he chanced to see
(Be sure 't was in a lonely place)
Her glance of pride, that sought his own,
At last her noble face.

Not as it fronts her children now,
With clouded brows, and looks of ire,
And eyes that would be blind with tears
But for their quenchless fire!

But happy, gracious, beautiful,
And more imperial than a queen; 50
A Woman of majestic mould,
And most maternal mien.

And he was happy. For in her
("For he," she said, "shall read my
mind,")
He saw the glory of the earth,
The hope of human kind.

Thenceforth, wherever he might walk,
Through forest aisles, or by the sea;
Where floats the flowerlike butterfly,
And hums the drowsy bee; 60

By rock-ribbed hills, and pensive vales
That stretch in light and shade between,
And by the soft-complaining brooks
That make the meadows green:

He felt her presence everywhere,
To-day was glad, to-morrow grave;
And what she gave to him in thought,
To us in song he gave:

In stately songs, in solemn hymns,
(Few are so clear, and none so high,) 70
That mirrored her, in calm and storm,
As mountain lakes the sky.

And evermore one shape appeared,
To comfort now, and now command,
A bearded Man, with many scars,
Who bore a battle-brand.

And she was filled with serious joy,
To know her poet followed him;
Not losing heart, nor bating hope,
When others' faith was dim. 80

And as the years went slowly by,
And she grew stronger and more wise,
Stretching her hands o'er broader lands,
And grander destinies;

And he, our poet, poured his hymns,
Serene, prophetic, sad, as each
Became a part of her renown,
And of his native speech;

She wove, by turns, a wreath for him,
 The business of her idle hours; 90
 And here were sprigs of mountain pine,
 And there were prairie flowers.

And now, even in her sorest need,
 Pale, bleeding, faint in every limb,
 She still remembers what he is,
 And comes to honor him.

For hers, not ours, the songs we bring,
 The flowers, the music and the light;
 And 't is her hand that lays the wreath
 On his gray head to-night! 100

1864?

THE COUNTRY LIFE

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the
 plough,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street—
 Its ways were never my ways. 10
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town,
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,
 Thy slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing:
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it; 20
 Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it:
 No flowers, or only such as rise
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles?
 The window-vines that clamber yet,
 Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
 And in the woods the Indian Pipe? 30

Happy the man who tills his field,
 Content with rustic labor;
 Earth does to him her fulness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor.
 Well days, sound nights, O can there be
 A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
 For both the best, the strongest,
 That with the earliest race began,
 And hast outlived the longest. 40
 Their cities perished long ago,
 Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall,
 If so, no lamentations,
 For Mother Earth will shelter all,
 And feed the unborn nations;
 Yes, and the swords that menace now
 Will then be beaten to the plough.

A CATCH

Once the head is gray,
 And the heart is dead,
 There 's no more to do,
 Make the man a bed
 Six foot under ground,
 There he 'll slumber sound.

Golden was my hair,
 And my heart did beat
 To the viol's voice
 Like the dancers' feet. 10
 Not colder now his blood
 Who died before the flood.

Fair, and fond, and false,
 Mother, wife, and maid,
 Never lived a man
 They have not betrayed.
 None shall 'scape my mirth
 But old Mother Earth.

Safely housed with her,
 With no company 20
 But my brother Worm,
 Who will feed on me,
 I shall slumber sound,
 Deep down under ground.

THE KING IS COLD

Rake the embers, blow the coals,
 Kindle at once a roaring fire.
 Here 's some paper. 'T is nothing, Sire.
 Light it. (They 've saved a thousand
 souls!)

Run for fagots, you scurvy knaves,
 There are plenty out in the public
 square,
 You know they fry the heretics there:
 (But God remembers their nameless
 graves!)

Fly, fly, or the King may die!
 Ugh! his royal feet are like snow, 10
 And the cold is mounting up to his heart,
 (But that was frozen long ago!)
 Rascals, varlets, do as you 're told—
 The King is cold.

His bed of state is a grand affair,
 With sheets of satin and pillows of
 down,
 And close beside it stands the crown;
 But that won't keep him from dying
 there.
 His hands are wrinkled, his hair is gray,
 And his ancient blood is sluggish and
 thin; 20
 When he was young it was hot with sin,
 But that is over this many a day.
 Under these sheets of satin and lace
 He slept in the arms of his concubines;
 Now they rouse with the Prince instead,
 Drinking the maddest, merriest wines.
 It 's pleasant to hear such catches trolled,
 Now the King is cold.

What shall I do with his Majesty now?
 For, thanks to my potion, the man is
 dead. 30
 Suppose I bolster him up in bed,
 And fix the crown again on his brow?
 That would be merry! But then the
 Prince
 Would tumble it down, I know, in a
 trice:
 It would puzzle the Devil to name a
 vice
 That would make his excellent Highness
 wince.
 But hark, he 's coming, I know his step:
 He 's stealing to see if his wishes are
 true.
 Ah, Sire, may your father's end be yours.
 (With just such a son to murder you!)
 Peace to the dead! Let the bells be
 tolled, 40
 The King is cold!

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING

I met a little maid one day,
 All in the bright May weather;
 She danced, and brushed the dew away
 As lightly as a feather.
 She had a ballad in her hand
 That she had just been reading,
 But was too young to understand
 That ditty of a distant land,
 "The flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow grass, 10
 To where a brook was flowing,
 Across the brook like wind did pass,
 Wherever flowers were growing
 Like some bewildered child she flew,
 Whom fairies were misleading:
 "Whose butterfly," I said, "are you?
 And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
 "The flower of love lies bleeding."

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
 And found the tiger-lily, 20
 The blue flag by the water's edge,
 The dancing daffodilly,
 King-cups and pansies, every flower
 Except the one I'm needing;
 Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
 And opens at a later hour,
 This flower of love lies bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
 "For you can do without it.
 There 's no such flower." She shook her
 head. 30
 "But I have read about it!"
 I talked to her of bee and bird,
 But she was all unheeding:
 Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
 She harped on that unhappy word,
 "The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
 "I would no longer mind it;
 You 'll find it some day, never fear,
 For all of us must find it. 40
 I found it many a year ago,
 With one of gentle breeding;
 You and the little lad you know,
 I see why you are weeping so—
 Your flower of love lies bleeding!"

"WHAT HARMONIOUS IS WITH THEE"

What harmonious is with thee,
 O Universe! is so with me,
 Nothing too early, or too late,
 That is at thy appointed date.
 Everything is fruit to me,
 Which thy seasons, Nature, bring:
 All things from thee, and all in thee,
 To thee returneth everything.
 "Dear city of Cecropia,"
 The poet said its streets who trod: 10
 Wilt thou not say—be wise and say—
 "Dear city of the living God!"

**"THOUGH THOU SHOULDST
LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS"**

Though thou shouldst live a thousand
years,

Whatever fate gives,

Or what refuses,

Let this support thee in thy fears,

Let this console thee in thy tears,

Man loses but the life he lives,

And only lives the life he loses.

Longest and shortest are but one:

The present is the same to all;

The past is done with and forgot; ¹⁰

The future is not yet begun;

Nothing from either can befall,

For none can lose what he has not.

All things from all Eternity

Come round and round the whirling
spheres;

It makes no difference if we see

The same things for a hundred years,
Or for a million. They are here.

Who longest lives, who shortest dies,
Loses the same sweet earth and skies,
For they remain—we disappear. ²¹

**"TO BEAR WHAT IS, TO BE
RESIGNED"**

To bear what is, to be resigned,

The mark is of a noble mind.

Stir not thy hand, or foot, or heart,

Be not disturbed, for Destiny

Is more attached, O man, to thee

Than to thyself thou art!

If patience had but been thy guest,

Thy destined portion would have come,

And like a lover on thy breast

Have flung itself, and kissed thee dumb!

"JOAQUIN" MILLER

(1841-1913)

WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA¹

VIII

Years after, shelter'd from the sun
Beneath a Sacramento bay,
A black Muchacho by me lay
Along the long grass crisp and dun,
His brown mule browsing by his side,
And told with all a Peon's pride
How he once fought; how long and well,
Broad breast to breast, red hand to hand,
Against a foe for his fair land,
And how the fierce invader fell; 10
And, artless, told me how he died:

How walked he from the prison-wall
Dress'd like some prince for a parade,
And made no note of man or maid,
But gazed out calmly over all.
He look'd far off, half paused, and then
Above the mottled sea of men
He kiss'd his thin hand to the sun;
Then smiled so proudly none had known
But he was stepping to a throne, 20
Yet took no note of any one.

A nude brown beggar Peon child,
Encouraged as the captive smiled,
Look'd up, half scared, half pitying;
He stopp'd, he caught it from the sands,
Put bright coins in its two brown hands,
Then strode on like another king.

Two deep, a musket's length, they stood
A-front, in sandals, nude, and dun
As death and darkness wove in one, 30
Their thick lips thirsting for his blood.
He took each black hand one by one,

¹ I wrote this poem for John Brown. You can see John Brown of Harper's Ferry in his bearing, for Walker was not of imposing presence; also in his tenderness to the colored child on his way to death. But when about to publish I saw a cruel account of Gen. Walker and his grave at Truxilo, Honduras, in a London newspaper. It stated among other mean things that a board stood at the head of his grave with this inscription:

"Here lies buried W. W.,

Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

I by good fortune had ready for my new book an account of a ride through a Central American forest. Putting this and the John Brown poem together in haste and anger, and working them over, I called the new poem "With Walker in Nicaragua." (*Author's Note.*)

And, smiling with a patient grace,
Forgave them all and took his place.

He bared his broad brow to the sun,
Gave one long, last look to the sky,
The white wing'd clouds that hurried by,
The olive hills in orange hue;
A last list to the cockatoo
That hung by beak from mango-bough 40
Hard by, and hung and sung as though
He never was to sing again,
Hung all red-crown'd and robed in green,
With belts of gold and blue between.

A bow, a touch of heart, a pall
Of purple smoke, a crash, a thud,
A warrior's raiment rolled in blood,
A face in dust and—that was all.

Success had made him more than king;
Defeat made him the vilest thing 50
In name, contempt or hate can bring;
So much the leaded dice of war
Do make or mar of character.

Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were red—
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied.
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame:
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same 60
To him, and so shall to the end.

I lay this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad, sweet memories
Recall'd here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

He lies low in the levell'd sand,
Unshelter'd from the tropic sun, 70
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land,
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
 Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
 And bent like some great bow unstrung,
 And quiver'd like a willow wand; ⁸⁰
 Perch'd on its fruits that crooked hang,
 Beneath a broad banana's leaf.
 A bird in rainbow splendor sang
 A low, sad song of temper'd grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone
 But at his side a cactus green
 Upheld its lances long and keen;
 It stood in sacred sands alone,
 Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
 One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,
 A drop of blood, so bright, so red, ⁹¹
 Yet redolent as roses' tears.

In my left hand I held a shell,
 All rosy lipp'd and pearly red;
 I laid it by his lowly bed,
 For he did love so passing well
 The grand songs of the solemn sea.
 O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
 When storms blow loud and birds be still,
 The wildest sea-song known to thee! ¹⁰⁰

I said some things with folded hands,
 Soft whisper'd in the dim sea-sound,
 And eyes held humbly to the ground,
 And frail knees sunken in the sands.
 He had done more than this for me,
 And yet I could not well do more:
 I turn'd me down the olive shore,
 And set a sad face to the sea.

London, 1871.

THE LAST TASCHASTAS¹

III

From cold east shore to warm west sea
 The red men followed the red sun,
 And faint and failing fast as he,
 They knew too well their race was run.

¹Tc'hastas; a name given to King John by the French, a corruption of chaste; for he was a pure, just man and a great warrior. He was king of the Rouge (Red) River Indians of Oregon, and his story is glorious with great deeds in defense of his people. When finally overpowered he and his son Moses were put on a ship at Port Oxford and sent to Fort Alcatraz in the Golden Gate. In mid ocean, these two Indians, in irons, rose up, and, after a bloody fight, took the ship. But one had lost a leg, the other an arm, and so they finally had to let loose the crew and soldiers, tumble into the hold and surrender themselves again; for

This ancient tribe, press'd to the wave,
 There fain had slept a patient slave,
 And died out as red embers die
 From flames that once leapt hot and high;
 But, roused to anger, a sudden flood,
 A hot and hungry cry for blood; ¹⁰
 Half drowsy shook a feeble hand,
 Then sank back in a tame repose,
 And left him to his fate and foes,
 A stately wreck upon the strand.

His eye was like the lightning's wing,
 His voice was like a rushing flood;
 And when a captive bound he stood
 His presence look'd the perfect king.

'T was held at first that he should die:
 I never knew the reason why ²⁰
 A milder council did prevail,
 Save that we shrank from blood, and save
 That brave men do respect the brave.
 Down sea sometimes there was a sail,
 And far at sea, they said, an isle,
 And he was sentenced to exile;
 In open boat upon the sea
 To go the instant on the main,
 And never under penalty
 Of death to touch the shore again. ³⁰
 A troop of bearded buckskinn'd men
 Bore him hard-hurried to the wave,
 Placed him swift in the boat; and then
 Swift pushing to the bristling sea,
 His daughter rush'd down suddenly,
 Threw him his bow, leapt from the shore
 Into the boat beside the brave,
 And sat her down and seized the oar,
 And never questioned, made replies,
 Or moved her lips, or raised her eyes. ⁴⁰

His breast was like a gate of brass,
 His brow was like a gather'd storm;
 There is no chisell'd stone that has
 So stately and complete a form
 In sinew, arm, and every part,
 In all the galleries of art.

the ship was driving helpless in a storm toward the rocks. The king died a prisoner, but his son escaped and never again surrendered. . . . A daughter of the late Senator Nesmith sends me a picture taken in 1896 of the king's devoted daughter, Princess Mary, who followed his fortunes in all his battles. . . . I remember her as an old woman full forty years ago, tall as a soldier, and most terrible in council. I have tried to picture her and her people (in Parts I and II) as I once saw them in a mid-night camp before the breaking out of the war; also their actions and utterances so like some of the old Israelite councils and prophecies. (Author's Note.)

Gray, bronzed, and naked to the waist,
He stood half halting in the prow,
With quiver bare and idle bow.
The warm sea fondled with the shore, 50
And laid his white face to the sands.
His daughter sat with her sad face
Bent on the wave, with her two hands
Held tightly to the dripping oar;
And as she sat, her dimpled knee
Bent lithe as wand or willow tree,
So round and full, so rich and free,
That no one would have ever known
That it had either joint or bone.

Her eyes were black, her face was 60
brown,
Her breasts were bare, and there fell
down
Such wealth of hair, it almost hid
The two, in its rich jetty fold—
Which I had sometimes fain forbid,
They were so richer, fuller far
Than any polished bronzes are,
And richer hued than any gold.
On her brown arms and her brown 70
hands
Were bars of gold and golden bands,
Rough hammer'd from the virgin ore,
So heavy, they could hold no more.

I wonder now, I wonder'd then,
That men who fear'd not gods nor men
Laid no rude hands at all on her,—
I think she had a dagger slid
Down in her silver'd wampun belt;
It might have been, instead of hilt,
A flashing diamond hurry-hid
That I beheld—I could not know 80
For certain, we did hasten so;
And I know now less sure than then:
Deeds strangle memories of deeds,
Red blossoms wither, choked with weeds,
And years drown memories of men.
Some things have happened since—and
then
This happen'd years and years ago.

"Go, go!" the captain cried, and smote
With sword and boot the swaying boat,
Until it quiver'd as at sea
And brought the old chief to his knee. 90
He turn'd his face, and turning rose
With hand raised fiercely to his foes:
"Yes, I will go, last of my race,
Push'd by you robbers ruthlessly
Into the hollows of the sea.
From this my last, last resting-place.

Traditions of my fathers say
A feeble few reach'd for this land,
And we reach'd them a welcome hand
Of old, upon another shore; 100
Now they are strong, we weak as they,
And they have driven us before
Their faces, from that sea to this:
Then marvel not if we have sped
Sometime an arrow as we fled,
So keener than a serpent's kiss."

He turn'd a time unto the sun
That lay half hidden in the sea,
As in his hollows rock'd asleep,
All trembled and breathed heavily; 110
Then arch'd his arm, as you have done,
For sharp masts piercing through the
deep.
No shore or kind ship met his eye,
Or isle, or sail, or anything,
Save white sea gulls on dipping wing,
And mobile sea and molten sky.

"Farewell!—push seaward, child!" he
cried,
And quick the paddle-strokes replied.
Like lightning from the panther-skin,
That bound his loins round about, 120
He snatched a poison'd arrow out,
That like a snake lay hid within,
And twang'd his bow. The captain fell
Prone on his face, and such a yell
Of triumph from that savage rose
As man may never hear again.
He stood as standing on the main,
The topmast main, in proud repose,
And shook his clench'd fist at his foes,
And call'd, and cursed them every one. 130
He heeded not the shouts and shot
That follow'd him, but grand and grim
Stood up against the level sun;
And, standing so, seem'd in his ire
So grander than some ship on fire.

And when the sun had left the sea,
That laves Abrup, and Blanco laves,
And left the land to death and me,
The only thing that I could see
Was, ever as the light boat lay 140
High lifted on the white-back'd waves,
A head as gray and toss'd as they.

We raised the dead, and from his
hands
Pick'd out some shells, clutched as he
lay
And two by two bore him away,
And wiped his lips of blood and sands.

We bent and scooped a shallow home,
 And laid him warm-wet in his blood,
 Just as the lifted tide a-flood
 Came charging in with mouth a-foam: ¹⁵⁰
 And as we turn'd, the sensate thing
 Reached up, lick'd out its foamy tongue,
 Lick'd out its tongue and tasted blood:
 The white lips to the red earth clung
 An instant, and then loosening
 All hold just like a living thing,
 Drew back sad-voiced and shuddering,
 All stained with blood, a striped flood.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

*Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and
 be free,
 To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
 With the speed of the wind on a steed with his
 name
 To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.
 Room! room to be free where the white border'd
 sea
 Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
 Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
 Pouring on like the tide of a storm driven main,
 And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
 Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come or you
 go.
 My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
 From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
 That has reached to a stranger the welcome of
 home,
 I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.*

London, 1871.

Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I do
 love him so!
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache,
 boy, whoa.
 No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his
 eyes,
 But he's blind, badger blind, and it
 happen'd this wise:

"We lay in the grass and the sunburnt
 clover
 That spread on the ground like a great
 brown cover
 Northward and southward, and west and
 away
 To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
 One broad and unbroken level of brown.
 We were waiting the curtains of night to
 come down ¹⁰
 To cover us trio and conceal our flight
 With my brown bride, won from an Indian
 town
 That lay in the rear the full ride of a
 night.

"We lounged in the grass—her eyes
 were in mine,
 And her hand on my knee, and her hair
 was as wine
 In its wealth and its flood, pouring on
 and all over
 Her bosom wine red, and press'd never
 by one.
 Her touch was as warm as the tinge of
 the clover
 Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of
 the sun.
 Her words they were low as the lute
 throated dove, ²⁰
 And as laden with love as the heart when
 it beats
 In its hot, eager answer to earliest love,
 Or the bee hurried home by its burthen
 of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the broad
 plain levels,
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown
 bride;
 'Forty full miles if a foot to ride!
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Comanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun
 go down
 Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old
 Revels ³⁰
 As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on his
 back,
 Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerk'd
 at his steed
 And he sprang to his feet, and to me, to
 my bride
 While his eyes were like flame, his face
 like a shroud,
 His form like a king, and his beard like
 a cloud,
 And his voice loud and shrill, as both
 trumpet and reed—
 'Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to
 steed,
 And speed you if ever for life you would
 speed.
 Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives
 you must ride!
 For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire.
 And the feet of wild horses hard flying
 before ⁴⁰
 I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore.
 While the buffalo come like a surge of
 the sea,
 Driven far by the flame, driving fast on
 us three
 As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in
 his ire.'

"We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle
and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched
them over again,
And again drew the girth; and sprung we
to horse,
With head to the Brazos, with a sound
in the air,
Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in
the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching up
to the sky;
A red wall of flame and a black rolling
sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweep-
ing free
And afar from the desert blown hollow
and hoarse.

"Not a word, not a wail from a lip was
let fall,
We broke not a whisper, we breathed
not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was
death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand
for all.

Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . .
a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos
in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of
delight.
I stood in my stirrup and look'd to my
right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my
shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his
head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked
breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and
bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed
fire.
He rode neck to neck with a buffalo bull,
That made the earth shake where he came
in his course,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy
mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with
desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings
hoarse.
His keen, crooked horns, through the
storm of his mane.
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;

And I looked but this once, for the fire
licked through,
And Revels was gone, as we rode two and
two.

"I look'd to my left then—and nose,
neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my
thighs,
And up through the black blowing veil of
her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous
eyes,
With a longing and love yet a look of
despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke
fold her,
And flames leaping far for her glorious
hair.
Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged, fell,
and was gone
As I reach'd through the flame and I bore
her still on.
On! into the Brazos, she, Pache, and I—
Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love him.
That's why.¹

Oxford Magazine? 1871?

ENGLAND

Thou, mother of brave men, of nations!
Thou,
The white-brow'd Queen of bold white-
bearded Sea!
Thou wert of old ever the same as now,
So strong, so weak, so tame, so fierce, so
bound, so free,
A contradiction and a mystery;
Serene, yet passionate, in ways thine
own.
Thy brave ships wind and weave earth's
destiny.
The zones of earth, aye, thou hast set and
sown
All seas in bed of blossom'd sail, as some
great garden blown.

1871?

¹ ". . . I then told Browning I had an order
—it was my first—for a poem from the *Oxford
Magazine*, and would like to borrow the measure
and spirit of his 'Good News' for a prairie fire
on the plains, driving Buffalo and all other life
before it into a river. 'Why not borrow from
Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your
gold mines, while I am but a poor scribe.' And
this was my first of inner London." (*Author's
Note.*)

FROM A SONG OF THE SOUTH¹

PART II, X. DAWN

'T was morn, and yet it was not morn;
'T was morn in heaven, not on earth:
A star was singing of a birth,—
Just saying that a day was born.

The marsh hard by that bound the
lake,—
The great stork sea-lake, Pontchartrain,
Shut off from sultry Cuban main,—
Drew up its legs, as half awake:

Drew long, thin legs, stork-legs that
steep
In slime where alligators creep,—¹⁰
Drew long, green legs that stir the grass,
As when the lost, lorn night winds pass.

Then from the marsh came croakings
low;
Then louder croaked some sea-marsh
beast;
Then, far away against the east,
God's rose of morn began to grow.

From out the marsh against that east,
A ghostly moss-swept cypress stood;
With ragged arms, above the wood
It rose, a God-forsaken beast.²⁰

It seemed so frightened where it rose!
The moss-hung thing, it seemed to wave
The worn-out garments of a grave,—
To wave and wave its old grave-clothes.

Close by, a cow rose up and lowed
From out a palm-thatched milking-shed;
A black boy on the river road
Fled sudden, as the night had fled:

A nude black boy,—a bit of night
That had been broken off and lost³⁰
From flying night, the time it crossed
The soundless river in its flight:

A bit of darkness, following
The sable night on sable wing,—
A bit of darkness, dumb with fear,
Because that nameless tomb was near.

¹The "Song of the South," as published in the "Complete Poems" of 1904, is the fifth revision of a poem on the Mississippi River, originally written in 1876. It is a narrative in 1346 lines in two parts, from which Part II, x, is selected as an independent lyric.

Then holy bells came pealing out;
Then steamboats blew, then horses
neighed;
Then smoke from hamlets round about
Crept out, as if no more afraid.⁴⁰

Then shrill cocks here, and shrill cocks
there,
Stretched glossy necks and filled the air;—
How many cocks it takes to make
A country morning well awake!

Then many boughs, with many birds,—
Young boughs in green, old boughs in
gray;
These birds had very much to say,
In their soft, sweet, familiar words.

And all seemed sudden glad; the gloom
Forgot the church, forgot the tomb;⁵⁰
And yet, like monks with cross and bead,
The myrtles leaned to read and read.

And oh, the fragrance of the sod!
And oh, the perfume of the air!
The sweetness, sweetness everywhere,
That rose like incense up to God!

I like a cow's breath in sweet spring;
I like the breath of babes new-born;
A maid's breath is a pleasant thing,—
But oh, the breath of sudden morn!⁶⁰

Of sudden morn, when every pore
Of Mother Earth is pulsing fast
With life, and life seems spilling o'er
With love, with love too sweet to last:

Of sudden morn beneath the sun,
By God's great river wrapped in gray,
That for a space forgets to run,
And hides his face, as if to pray.

1876.

QUESTION?

In the days when my mother, the Earth,
was young,
And you all were not, nor the likeness of
you,
She walk'd in her maidenly prime among
The moonlit stars in the boundless blue.

Then the great sun lifted his shining
shield,
And he flash'd his sword as the soldiers
do,
And he moved like a king full over the
field,
And he look'd, and he loved her brave
and true.

And looking afar from the ultimate rim,
As he lay at rest in a reach of light, ¹⁰
He beheld her walking alone at night,
When the buttercup stars in their beauty
swim.

So he rose up flush'd in his love, and
he ran,
And he reach'd his arms, and around her
waist
He wound them strong like a love-struck
man,
And he kiss'd and embraced her, brave
and chaste.

So he nursed his love like a babe at
its birth,
And he warmed in his love as the long
years ran,
Then embraced her again, and sweet
mother Earth
Was a mother indeed, and her child was
man. ²⁰

The sun is the sire, the mother is earth!
What more do you know? What more
do I need?
The one he begot, and the one gave birth,
And I love them both, and let laugh at
your creed.

And who shall say I am all unwise
In my great, warm faith? Time answers
us not:
The quick fool questions; but who re-
plies?
The wise man hesitates, hushed in thought.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

What great yoked brutes with briskets
low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turn'd so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seem'd to plead, and make replies,
The while they bow'd their necks and
drew
The creaking load; and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound. ¹⁰

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time held herds at bay,

And even now they crush'd the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepp'd and stately trod,
As if 't were something still to be
Kings even in captivity.

WESTWARD HO!

What strength! what strife! what rude
unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies
met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-check'd army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud sounding like a hurricane. ¹⁰

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your
heirs
Know not your tombs: The great plough-
shares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs ²⁰
While through the green ways wander-
ing
Beside her love, slow gathering
White starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly level'd tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester, ³⁰
Has gathered you from wood and
plain,
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed
on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside ⁴⁰

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.

A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As eager, fond as you can think.
A mighty chief is at her feet; 10
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From out far beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in
air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, brown
hand;
She looks him fairly in the face;
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with calmness and command, 20
"There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude;
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both.

" Stand either side!
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you
low
Across the waters wild and wide. 30
See! leaning so this morn I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.

"See, dipping, dripping in the stream!
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!

"Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have both heart and
hand." 40

Two tawny men, tall, brown and thewed
Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
Shot up like flame.

She stood between
Like fixed, impassive fortitude.

Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox-tails in his hair;
But one with face of proud delight
Entwined a wing of snowy white.

She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign and each impatient brave 51
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

Oh, then uprose the love that slept!
Oh, then her heart beat loud and strong!
Oh, then the proud love pent up long
Broke forth in wail upon the air!
And leaning there she sobbed and wept,
With dark face mantled in her hair. 60

She sudden lifts her leaning brow.
He nears the shore, her love! and now
The foam flies spouting from the face
That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the kingly crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
And tears are streaming from her eyes:
"O splendid, kingly Idaho! 70
I kiss thy lifted crest of snow.

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
Come! Come! What thing has crossed
your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know. . . .
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why, there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and, hiding from my face, 80
Strikes underneath.

" He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me. . . .
Hist, softly! Let him come and see.

"Oh, come! my white-crowned hero,
come!
Oh, come! and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.
Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair: 90
The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save
My brave, brave king! He rises! see!
Hold fast, my hero! Strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and
strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—
O God he sinks! He sinks! Is gone! 100

"And did I dream and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake!
What, you! the red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from the race.
What! You have brought me berries red?
What! You have brought your bride a
wreath?
You sly red fox with wrinkled face— 109
That blade has blood between your teeth!

"Lie low! lie low! while I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the
shore . . .
Ha! ha! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines! . . . Two fox-tails
float
Far down, and I but mock thereat.

"But what is this? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All dripping from his streaming hair,
'T is he! My hero brave and fair!
His face is lifting to my face, 120
And who shall now dispute the race?

"The gray hawks pass, O love! and
doves
O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves.
My hands shall heal your wounded breasts,
And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

BY THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Here room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere,
The dignity of death is here,
The large, lone vastness of the deep.
Here toil has pitched his camp to rest,
The west is banked against the west.

Above yon gleaming skies of gold
One lone imperial peak is seen;
While gathered at his feet in green 10
Ten thousand foresters are told.
And all so still! so still the air
That duty drops the web of care.

Beneath the sunset's golden sheaves
The awful deep walks with the deep,
Where silent sea doves slip and sweep,
And commerce keeps her loom and
weaves.
The dead red men refuse to rest;
Their ghosts illumine my lurid West.

AT OUR GOLDEN GATE

At our gate he groaneth, groaneth,
Chafes as chained, and chafes all day;
As leashed greyhound moaneth, moaneth,
When the master keeps away.
Men have seen him steal in lowly,
Lick the island's feet and face,
Lift a cold wet nose up slowly,
Then turn empty to his place:
Empty, idle, hungered, waiting 10
For some hero, dauntless-souled,
Glory-loving, pleasure-hating,
Minted in God's ancient mold.

What ship yonder stealing, stealing,
Pirate-like, as if ashamed?
Black men, brown men, red, revealing—
Not one white man to be named!
What flag yonder, proud, defiant,
Topmast, saucy, and sea blown?
Tall ships lordly and reliant— 20
All flags yonder save our own!
Surged atop yon half-world water
Once a tuneful tall ship ran;
Ran the storm king, too, and caught her,
Caught and laughed as laughs a man:

Laughed and held her, and so holden,
Holden high, foam-crest and free
As famed harper, hoar and olden,
Held his great harp on his knee.
Then his fingers wildly flinging
Through chords, ropes—such symphony
As if some wild Wagner singing— 31
Some wild Wagner of the sea!
Sang he of such poor cowed weaklings,
Cowed, weak landmen such as we.
While ten thousand storied sea kings
Foam-white, storm-blown, sat the sea,

Oh, for England's old sea thunder!
Oh, for England's bold sea men,
When we banged her over, under 40
And she banged us back again!
Better old time strife and stresses,
Cloud top't towers, walls, distrust;
Better wars than lazinesses,
Better loot than wine and lust!

Give us seas? Why, we have oceans!
 Give us manhood, sea men, men!
 Give us deeds, loves, hates, emotions!
 Else give back these seas again.

COLUMBUS¹

Behind him lay the great Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores;
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we
 pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak." 10
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say.
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day:
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might
 blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead." 20
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and
 say—"
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake
 the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leapt like a leaping sword: 31
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that
 night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

¹ Compare with Sidney Lanier's *Sonnets on Columbus* from the *Psalm of the West*, p. 458 ff.

SONGS FROM SAPPHO AND
PHAON

SONG FIRST

"In the beginning God—"

When God's spirit moved upon
 The water's face, and vapors curled
 Like incense o'er deep-cradled dawn
 That dared not yet the mobile world,—

When deep-cradled dawn uprose,
 Ere the baby stars were born,
 When the end of all repose
 Came with that first wondrous morn,—

In the morning of the world
 When light leapt,—a giant born: 10
 O that morning of the world,
 That vast, first, tumultuous morn!

SONG SECOND

"And God said, 'Let there be light.'"

Rise up! How brief this little day!
 We can but kindle some dim light
 Here in the darkened, wooded way
 Before the gathering of night.
 Come, let us kindle it. The dawn
 Shall find us tenting further on.
 Come, let us kindle ere we go—
 We know not where; but this we know.
 Night cometh on, and man needs light.
 Come! camp-fire embers, ere we grope 10
 Yon gray archway of night.

Life is so brief, so very brief,
 So rounded in, we scarce can see
 The fruitage grown about the leaf
 And foliage of a single tree
 In all God's garden; yet we know
 That goodly fruits must grow and grow
 Beyond our vision. We but stand
 In some deep hollow of God's hand,
 Hear some sweet bird its little day, 20
 See cloud and sun a season pass,
 And then, sweet friend, away!

Clouds pass, they come again; and we,
 Are we, then, less than these to God?
 Oh, for the stout faith of a tree
 That drops its small seeds to the sod,
 Safe in the hollow of God's hand,
 And knows that perish from the land
 It shall not! Yea, this much we know,
 That each, as best it can, shall grow 30
 As God has fashioned, fair or plain,
 To do its best, or cloud or sun
 Or in His still, small rain.

Oh, good to see is faith in God!
But better far is faith in good:
The one seems but a sign, a nod,
The one seems God's own flesh and blood.
How many names of God are sung!
But god is good in every tongue.
And this the light, the holy light 40
That leads through night and night and
night;
Thro' nights named Death, that lie be-
tween
The days named Life, the ladder round,
Unto the Infinite Unseen.

SONG THIRD

"And God saw the light that it was good."

I heard a tale long, long ago,
Where I had gone apart to pray
By Shasta's pyramid of snow,
That touches me unto this day.
I know the fashion is to say
An Arab tale, an Orient lay;
But when the grocer rings my gold
On counter, flung from greasy hold,
He cares not from Arcadian vale
It comes, or savage mountain chine;— 10
But this the Shastan tale:

Once in the olden, golden days,
When men and beasts companioned, when
All went in peace about their ways
Nor God had hid His face from men
Because man slew his brother beast
To make his most unholy feast,
A gray coyote, monkish cowed,
Upraised his face and wailed and howled
The while he made his patient round; 20
For lo! the red men all lay dead,
Stark, frozen on the ground.

The very dogs had fled the storm,
A mother with her long, meshed hair
Bound tight about her baby's form,
Lay frozen, all her body bare.
Her last shred held her babe in place;
Her last breath warmed her baby's face.
Then, as the good monk brushed the snow
Aside from mother loving so, 30
He heard God from the mount above
Speak through the clouds and loving say:
"Yea, all is dead but Love."

Now take up Love and cherish her,
And seek the white man with all speed,
And keep Love warm within thy fur;
For oh, he needeth love indeed.

Take all and give him freely, all
Of love you find, or great or small;
For he is very poor in this, 40
So poor he scarce knows what love is."
The gray monk raised Love in his paws,
And sped, a ghostly streak of gray,
To where the white man was.

But man uprose, enraged to see
A gaunt wolf track his new-hewn town.
He called his dogs, and angrily
He brought his flashing rifle down.
Then God said: "On his hearthstone lay
The seed of Love, and come away; 50
The seed of Love, 't is needed so,
And pray that it may grow and grow."
And so the gray monk crept at night
And laid Love down, as God had said,
A faint and feeble light.

So faint indeed, the cold heartstone
It seemed would chill starved Love to
death;
And so the monk gave all his own
And crouched and fanned it with his
breath
Until a red cock crowed for day. 60
Then God said: "Rise up, come away."
The beast obeyed, but yet looked back
All morn along his lonely track;
For he had left his all in all,
His own Love, for that famished Love
Seemed so exceeding small.

And God said: "Look not back again."
But ever, where a campfire burned,
And he beheld strong, burly men
At meat, he sat him down and turned 70
His face to wail and wail and mourn
The Love laid on that cold hearthstone.
Then God was angered, and God said:
"Be thou a beggar then; thy head
Hath been a fool, but thy swift feet,
Because they bore sweet Love, shall be
The fleetest of all fleet."

And ever still about the camp,
By chine or plain, in heat or hail,
A homeless, hungry, hounded tramp, 80
The gaunt coyote keeps his wail.
And ever as he wails he turns
His head, looks back and yearns and
yearns
For lost Love, laid that wintry day
To warm a hearthstone far away.
Poor loveless, homeless beast, I keep
Your lost Love warm for you, and, too,
A canon cool and deep.

SONG FOURTH

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

Says Plato, "Once in Greece the Gods
Plucked grapes, pressed wine, and revelled
deep

And drowsed below their poppy-pods,
And lay full length the hills asleep.
Then, waking, one said, 'Overmuch
We toil; come, let us rise and touch
Red clay, and shape it into man,
That he may build as we shall plan!
And so they shaped man all complete,
Self-procreative, satisfied; 10
Two heads, four hands, four feet.

"And then the Gods slept, heedless,
long;

But waking suddenly one day,
They heard their valley ring with song
And saw man revelling as they.
Enraged, they drew their swords and said,
'Bow down, bend down!'—but man replied
Defiant, fearless everywhere
His four fists shaking in the air.
The Gods descending, cleft in twain 20
Each man; then wiped their swords on
grapes;
And let confusion reign.

"And such confusion! each half ran,
Ran here, ran there; or weep or laugh
Or what he would, each helpless man
Ran hunting for his other half.
And from that day, thenceforth the grapes
Bore blood and flame, and restless shapes
Of hewn-down, helpless halves of men,
Ran searching ever; crazed as when 30
First hewn in twain, they grasped, let go,
Then grasped again; but rarely found
That lost half once loved so."

Now, right or wrong, or false or true,
'T is Plato's tale of bitter sweet;
But I know well, and well know you
The quest keeps on at fever heat.
Let Love, then, wisely sit and wait!
The world is round; sit by the gate,
Like blind Belisarius: being blind, 40
Love should not search; Love shall not
find

By searching. Brass is so like gold,
How shall this blind Love know new brass
From pure, soft gold of old?

ADIOS

And here, sweet friend, I go my way
Alone, as I have lived, alone
A little way, a brief half day,
And then, the restful, white milestone.
I know not surely where or when,
But surely know we meet again,
As surely know we love anew
In grander life the good and true;
Shall breathe together there as here
Some clearer, sweeter atmosphere, 10
Shall walk high, wider ways above
Our petty selves, shall learn to lead
Man up and up in thought and deed. . . .
Dear soul, sweet friend, I love you, love
The love that led you patient through
This wilderness of words in quest
Of strange wild flowers from my West;
But here, dear heart, Adieu.

I

Yon great chained sea-ship chafes to be
Once more unleashed without the gate 20
On proud Balboa's boundless sea,
And I chafe with her, for I hate
The rust of rest, the dull repose.
The fawning breath of changeable foes,
Whose blame through all my bitter days
I have endured; spare me their praise!
I go, full-hearted, grateful, glad
Of strength from dear good mother earth;
And yet I am full sad.

II

Could I but teach man to believe— 30
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider-webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low;
Could I but sing one song and slay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And, satisfied, from off the scene.
But ah, this disbelief, this doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good,—
The damned spot will not out. 40

III

Grew once a rose within my room
Of perfect hue, of perfect health;
Of such perfection and perfume,
It filled my poor house with its wealth.
Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride,
Deep in the loam, a worm, a slug; 50
The while my rose-tree died.

IV

Yea, ye did hurt me. Joy in this.
 Receive great joy at last to know,
 Since pain is all your world of bliss,
 That ye did, hounding, hurt me so!
 But mute as bayed stag on his steeps,
 Who keeps his haunts, and, bleeding keeps
 His breast turned, watching where they
 come,
 Kept I, defiant, and as dumb.
 But comfort ye; your work was done 60
 With devil's cunning, like the mole
 That lets the life-sap run.

V

And my revenge? My vengeance is
 That I have made one rugged spot
 The fairer; that I fashioned this
 While envy, hate, and falsehood shot
 Rank poison; that I leave to those
 Who shot, for arrows, each a rose;
 Aye, labyrinths of rose and wold, 70
 Acacias garmented in gold,
 Bright fountains, where birds come to
 drink;
 Such clouds of cunning, pretty birds,
 And tame as you can think.

VI

Come here when I am far away,
 Fond lovers of this lovely land,
 And sit quite still and do not say,
 Turn right or left, or lift a hand,
 But sit beneath my kindly trees
 And gaze far out yon sea of seas:—
 These trees, these very stones, could tell
 How long I loved them, and how well— 81
 And maybe I shall come and sit
 Beside you; sit so silently
 You will not reck of it.

VII

The old desire of far, new lands,
 The thirst to learn, to still front storms,
 To bend my knees, to lift my hands
 To God in all his thousand forms—
 These lure and lead as pleasantly
 As old songs sung anew at sea. 90
 But, storied lands or stormy deeps,
 I will my ashes to my steeps—
 I will my steeps, green cross, red rose,
 To those who love the beautiful—
 Come, learn to be of those.

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VIII

The sun has draped his couch in red;
 Night takes the warm world in his arms
 And turns to their espousal bed
 To breathe the perfume of her charms:
 The great sea calls, and I descend 100
 As to the call of some strong friend.
 I go, not hating any man
 But loving earth as any can
 A lover suckled at her breast
 Of beauty from his babyhood,
 And roam to truly rest.

IX

God is not far; man is not far
 From Heaven's porch, where pæans roll.
 Man shall yet speak from star to star
 In silent language of the soul; 110
 Yon star-strewn skies be but a town,
 With angels passing up and down.
 "I leave my peace with you." Lo! these
 His seven wounds, the Pleiades
 Pierce Heaven's porch. But, resting there,
 The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
 Her silver rocking chair.

RICHARD HOVEY

(1864-1900)

COMRADES

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,
For the parting is with dawn.
Oh, the clink of cups together,
With the daylight coming on!
Greet the morn
With a double horn,
When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
For the battle is with dawn.
Oh, the clash of shields together,
With the triumph coming on!
Greet the foe
And lay him low,
When strong men fight together.

Comrades, watch the tides to-night,
For the sailing is with dawn.
Oh, to face the spray together,
With the tempest coming on!
Greet the Sea
With a shout of glee,
When strong men roam together.

Comrades, give a cheer to-night,
For the dying is with dawn.
Oh, to meet the stars together,
With the silence coming on!
Greet the end
As a friend a friend,
When strong men die together.

From Ode read at 60th convention of Psi
Upsilon fraternity, May 18, 1893.

THE WANDER LOVERS

Down the world with Marna!
That 's the life for me!
Wandering with the wandering wind,
Vagabond and unconfined!
Roving with the roving rain
Its unboundaried domain!
Kith and kin of wander-kind,
Children of the sea!

Petrels of the sea-drift!
Swallows of the lea!

Arabs of the whole wide girth
Of the wind-encircled earth!
In all climes we pitch our tents,
Cronies of the elements,
With the secret lords of birth
Intimate and free.

All the seaboard knows us
From Fundy to the Keys;
Every bend and every creek
Of abundant Chesapeake;
Ardise hills and Newport coves
And the far-off orange groves,
Where Floridian oceans break,
Tropic tiger seas.

Down the world with Marna,
Tarrying there and here!
Just as much at home in Spain
As in Tangier or Touraine!
Shakespeare's Avon knows us well,
And the crags of Neufchatel;
And the ancient Nile is fain
Of our coming near.

Down the world with Marna,
Daughter of the air!
Marna of the subtle grace,
And the vision in her face!
Moving in the measures trod
By the angels before God!
With her sky-blue eyes amaze
And her sea-blue hair!

Marna with the trees' life
In her veins a-stir!
Marna of the aspen heart
Where the sudden quivers start!
Quick-responsive, subtle, wild!
Artless as an artless child,
Spite of all her reach of art!
Oh, to roam with her!

Marna with the wind's will,
Daughter of the sea!
Marna of the quick disdain,
Starting at the dream of stain!
At a smile with love aglow,
At a frown a statued woe,
Standing pinnacled in pain
Till a kiss sets free!

Down the world with Marna,
Daughter of the fire!
Marna of the deathless hope,
Still alert to win new scope 60
Where the wings of life may spread
For the flight unhazarded!
Dreaming of the speech to cope
With the heart's desire!

Marna of the far quest
After the divine!
Striving ever for some goal
Past the blunder-god's control!
Dreaming of potential years
When no day shall dawn in fears! 70
That 's the Marna of my soul,
Wander-bride of mine!

1893.

SPRING

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four
walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk
is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that
glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a
doom drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods. 11
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden
thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country
roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me
away.
The sap is in the boles to-day,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and
goads."

When I got to the woods, I found out 20
What the Spring was about,
With her gypsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch songs in
her mouth.

For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as
a lover's eye
As she went by;
The air
Made love to all it touched, as if its care 31
Were all to spare;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand
dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket
find voice in a bird. 40
The goldenwing—hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air!
I thrill to his cry in the leafage there;
I respond to the new life mounting under
the bark.
I shall not be long
To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and
swallow,
On the old trail. 50

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new!
There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled—
Not the first that grew—
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled, 60
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu,
more thoughtless and certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst on the won-
der, than here, than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year—
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the red-bud
bough
Where the blossoms are whispering "I
and thou,"— 70
"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her
lad with a dawn on her brow,
And the world is just made—now!

Spring in the heart!
 With her pinks and pearls and yellows!
 Spring, fellows,
 And we too feel the little green leaves
 a-start
 Across the bare-twigg'd winter of the
 mart.
 The campus is reborn in us to-day;
 The old grip stirs our hearts with new-
 old joy; 80
 Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
 The eternal boy.
 For we have not come here for long
 debate
 Nor taking counsel for our household
 order,
 Howe'er we make a feint of serious
 things,—
 For all the world as in affairs of state
 A word goes out for war along the border
 To further or defeat the loves of kings.
 We put our house to rights from year to
 year,
 But that is not the call that brings us
 here; 90
 We have come here to be glad.

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
 For a life that knows no fear!
 Turn night-time into daytime
 With the sunlight of good cheer!
 For it 's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together
 With a stein on the table and a good
 song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
 And the birds are on the wing, 100
 And our hearts are patting juba
 To the banjo of the spring,
 Then there 's no wonder whether
 The boys will get together,
 With a stein on the table and a cheer for
 everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty
 When the spring is in the air,
 And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
 And we've life and love to spare;
 And it 's birds of a feather 110
 When we all get together,
 With a stein on the table and a heart
 without a care.

For we know the world is glorious
 And the goal a golden thing,
 And that God is not censorious
 When his children have their fling;

And life slips its tether
 When the boys get together,
 With a stein on the table in the fellowship
 of spring.

A road runs east and a road runs west 120
 From the table where we sing;
 And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
 And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
 And the eastward road leads into the
 West
 Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing
 gleam;
 And the westward road leads into the
 East,
 Where the spirit from striving is released,
 Where the soul like a child in God's arms
 lies
 And forgets the lure of the butterflies.
 And west is east, if you follow the trail
 to the end; 130
 And east is west, if you follow the trail
 to the end;
 And the East and the West in the spring
 of the world shall blend
 As a man and a woman that plight
 Their troth in the warm spring night.
 And the spring for the East is the sap
 in the heart of a tree;
 And the spring for the West is the will
 in the wings of a bird;
 But the spring for the East and the West
 alike shall be
 An urge in their bones and an ache in
 their spirit, a word
 That shall knit them in one for Time's
 foison, once they have heard.

And do I not hear 140
 The first low stirring of that greater
 spring
 Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic
 year?
 The wafture of scant violets presaging
 The roses and the tasselled corn to be;
 A yearning in the roots of grass and
 tree;
 A swallow in the eaves;
 The hint of coming leaves;
 The signals of the summer coming up
 from Arcadie!

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots
 Of all men's souls to-day 150
 A secret quiver shoots.
 An underground compulsion of new birth
 Lays hold upon the dark core of our
 being.

And unborn blossoms urge their uncom-
prehended way
Toward the outer day.
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
The darkness in us is aware
Of something potent burning through the
earth,
Of something vital in the procreant air.

Is it a spring, indeed? 160
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
Only to sleep again?
What warrant have we that we give not
heed
To the caprices of an idle brain
That in its slumber deems
The world of slumber real as it seems?
No,—
Spring's not to be mistaken.
When her first far flute notes blow
Across the snow, 170
Bird, beast, and blossom know
That she is there.
The very bats awaken
That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves
All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,
And feel no alteration of the air,
For all year long those vasty caverns
keep,
Winter and summer, even temperature;
And yet when April whistles on the hill,
Somehow, far in those subterranean
naves, 180
They know, they hear her, they obey her
will,
And wake and circle through the vaulted
aisles
To find her in the open where she smiles.
So we are somehow sure,
By this dumb turmoil in the soul of
man,
Of an impending something. When the
stress
Climbs to fruition, we can only guess
What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;
But from one impulse, like a northering
sun,
The innumerable outburst is begun, 190
And in that common sunligh^t all men
know
A common ecstasy
And feel themselves at one.
The comradeship of joy and mystery
Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,
And we shall find our new day intimate
Beyond the guess of any long ago.
Doubting or elate,
With agony or triumph on our brows,

We shall not fail to be 200
Better comrades than before;
For no new sense puts forth in us but we
Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.

And three great spirits with the spirit of
man
Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,
And one is shackled, and the third, un-
bound,
Halts yet a little with a broken chain
Of antique workmanship, not wholly
loosed,
That dangles and impedes his forthright
way. 209
Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The wonder-worker, Science, with his
wand,
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art with wide imaginative wings
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his
lord
Into the strange heart of that alien world
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his
own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous 220
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and
his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent
in sunder,
And the soul of man go free
Forth with those three
Into the lands of wonder;
Like some undaunted youth
Afield in quest of truth,
Rejoicing in the road he journeys on 230
As much as in the hope of journey done.
And the road runs east, and the road runs
west,
That his vagrant feet explore;
And he knows no haste and he knows no
rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent
year
When he sees the purple buds appear:
For he knows, though the great black
frost may blight
The hope of May in a single night, 240
That the spring, though it shrink back
under the bark,
But bides its time somewhere in the dark—

Though it come not now to its blossoming,
 By the thrill in his heart he knows the
 spring;
 And the promise it makes perchance too
 soon,
 It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
 For the ages fret not over a day,
 And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

Read at the 63d convention of Psi Upsilon
 fraternity, May 7, 1896.

AT THE END OF DAY

There is no escape by the river,
 There is no flight left by the fen;
 We are compassed about by the shiver
 Of the night of their marching men.
 Give a cheer!
 For our hearts shall not give way.
 Here 's to a dark to-morrow,
 And here 's to a brave to-day!

The tale of their hosts is countless,
 And the tale of ours a score; ¹⁰
 But the palm is naught to the dauntless,
 And the cause is more and more.
 Give a cheer!
 We may die, but not give way.
 Here 's to a silent morrow,
 And here 's to a stout to-day!

God has said: "Ye shall fail and perish;
 But the thrill ye have felt to-night
 I shall keep in my heart and cherish
 When the worlds have passed in night."
 Give a cheer! ²¹
 For the soul shall not give way.
 Here 's to the greater to-morrow
 That is born of a great to-day!

Now shame on the craven truckler
 And the puling things that mope!
 We've a rapture for our buckler
 That outwears the wings of hope.
 Give a cheer!
 For our joy shall not give way. ³⁰
 Here 's in the teeth of to-morrow
 To the glory of to-day!

LOVE IN THE WINDS

When I am standing on the mountain
 crest,
 Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
 My love of you leaps foaming in my
 breast.
 Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their
 foray;

My heart bounds with the horses of the
 sea,
 And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
 Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large
 glee
 That rides our Fate and welcomes gods to
 fight.
 Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you,
 Glad that our love is fellow to rough ¹⁰
 weather,—
 No fretful, orchid hothoused from the
 dew,
 But hale and hardy as the highland
 heather,
 Rejoicing in the wind that stings and
 thrills,
 Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.
 • *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1898.

THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

Bugles!
 And the Great Nation thrills and leaps
 to arms!
 Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
 Without misgiving and without debate,
 Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
 The people blossoms armies and puts
 forth
 The splendid summer of its noiseless
 might;
 For the old sap of fight
 Mounts up in South and North,
 The thrill ¹⁰
 That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
 And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-
 Six!
 Pine and palmetto mix
 With the sequoia of the giant West
 Their ready banners, and the hosts of
 war,
 Near and far,
 Sudden as dawn,
 Innumerable as forests, hear the call
 Of the bugles,
 The battle-birds! ²⁰
 For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
 Who first of all
 Have put their knapsacks on—
 They are the valiant vanguard of the
 rest!—
 Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
 Hand on sword,
 For the word
 That bids them bid the nations know us
 sons of Fate.

Bugles!
 And in my heart a cry, 30
 —Like a dim echo far and mournfully
 Blown back to answer them from yester-
 day!
 A soldier's burial!
 November hillsides and the falling leaves
 Where the Potomac broadens to the tide—
 The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
 (As of a solemn ritual
 Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
 Widowed but still a bride)—
 The long hills sloping to the wave, 40
 And the lone bugler standing by the
 grave!

Taps!
 The lonely call over the lonely wood-
 lands—
 Rising like the soaring of wings,
 Like the flight of an eagle—
 Taps!
 They sound forever in my heart.
 From farther still,
 The echoes—still the echoes!
 The bugles of the dead 50
 Blowing from spectral ranks an answer-
 ing cry!
 The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
 Beating reveille in the camps of dream,
 As from far meadows comes,
 Over the pathless hill,
 The irremeable stream.
 I hear the tread
 Of the great armies of the Past go by;
 I hear,
 Across the wide sea wash of years be- 60
 tween,
 Concord and Valley Forge shout back
 from the unseen,
 And Vicksburg give a cheer.

Our cheer goes back to them, the valiant
 dead!
 Laurels and roses on their graves to-day,
 Lilies and laurels over them we lay,
 And violets o'er each unforgotten head.
 Their honor still with the returning May
 Puts on its springtime in our memories,
 Nor till the last American with them lies
 Shall the young year forget to strew their 70
 bed.

Peace to their ashes, sleep and honored
 rest!
 But we—awake!
 Ours to remember them with deeds like
 theirs!
 From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,

The drums will not be still for any sake;
 And as an eagle rears his crest,
 Defiant, from some tall pine of the north,
 And spreads his wings to fly,
 The banners of America go forth 80
 Against the clarion sky.
 Veteran and volunteer,
 They who were comrades of that shadow
 host,
 And the young brood whose veins renew
 the fires
 That burned in their great sires,
 Alike we hear
 The summons sounding clear
 From coast to coast,—
 The cry of the bugles,
 The battle-birds!

As some great hero men have dreamed
 might be, 90
 Sigurd or Herakles or Launcelot,
 Too strong to reckon up the gain or
 pain,
 With equal and indifferent disdain
 Keeping or keeping not
 What he may win,
 Gives to the world his victory
 And to the weak the labors he might
 spare,
 My knightly country, the world's paladin,
 Throw[s] out its pennon to the air
 To make a people free! 100
 Rejoice, O Cuba! thy worst foe
 Is overthrown.
 The money dragon,
 The Old Serpent,
 The jailer's strong defence, laid low,
 Cast down,
 Pierced to the bone,
 Makes off to nurse his wound,
 Dragging his scaly length along the
 ground.
 Ha, ha! he is sick, 110
 He hath no stomach for the battle.
 With dull reptilian malice in his eyes,
 Spoiled of his prey, he lies,
 Blinking his glutton hatred from his
 lair.
 Plotting new outrage in his den,
 He waits to be strong again!
 —Let him beware!
 For we, who have smitten him once,
 Shall smite him again!
 A passing wound for the nonce, 120
 But a death blow then!
 Now with a warning stroke,
 That he coil not across our way
 When the wronged cry under the yoke
 And we may not stay;

But then in the hour of Doom
To his irrevocable tomb
Forever hurled,
That the world may again have room
For the sons of the world. 130

Rejoice again, O Cuba!
Rejoice, Gomez!
Rejoice, spirit of Maceo!
The voice of the Lord in the drums,
The cry of Jehovah in the bugles;
—Let my people go free!
Behold, I will burst their chain!
For my Deliverer comes,
He whom I have chosen to be 140
My Messenger on the Sea,
My Rod for the scourge of Spain!
I have endured her too long;
I have smitten and she has not ceased
from wrong,—
I have forborne
And she has held me in scorn.
Now therefore for her misdeeds
Wherewith Time bleeds,
I who smote her by the hand of Drake
And wrenched from her the Sea,—
I who raised up Bolivar to shake 150
Her captive continent free,—
I will smite her for the third time in my
wrath
And naught shall remain,
But a black char of memory in man's
path,
Of the power of Spain.
We have heard the voice of the Lord;
Manila knows our answer, and Madrid
Shall hear it in our cannon at her gate,
Unless to save some remnant of her
fate,
Ere that assault be bid, 160
She yield her conquered sword.

Let her not put her trust
In the nations that cry out
Against us, in them that flout
The battle of the just.
They have made themselves drunk with
wind;
They have uttered a foolish cry
In the ears of the Lord on high;
But they shall not save her with words
—Nay, nor with swords— 170
From the doom of the sin she has sinned.
For the writ of the Powers does not
run
Where the flag of the Union floats.
Fair and equal every one
We greet with loyal throats;

But we own no suzerain.
Thewed with freedom,
Mailed in destiny—
We shall maintain 180
Against the world our right,
Their peer in majesty, their peer in might.
Who now are they whose God is gain?
Let Rothschild-ridden Europe hold her
peace!
Her jest is proved a lie.
They and not we refrain
From all things high
At the money-changers' cry;
They and not we have sold 189
Their flags for gold;
They and not we yield honor to increase.

Honor to England, that she does us right
At last, and, after many a valiant fight,
Forgets her ancient grudge
But ye, O nations, be the Lord our judge
And yours the shame forever! How
shall ye
In the unforgetting face of History
Look without blush hereafter? Ye who
gave
To the Great Robber all your words of
cheer,
And to the Champion of the Right a
sneer—
What answer will ye have 200
When affronted time demands
The shame and fame of nations at your
hands?

Thou too, O France!
Thou, the beloved!—
Paul Jones and Lafayette in Paradise
Lift not their sad, ashamed, bewildered
eyes,
But pass in silence with averted glance.
Twinned with us in the hearts of all the
free,
O fair and dear, what have we done to
thee?
What have we done to thee, beloved and
fair, 210
That thou shouldst greet us with an alien
stare,
And take to thy embrace
Her whose flag never flew but where it
left the trace
Of murder and of rapine on the air?

Not only to lay low
The decrepit foe
—Proud, cruel, treacherous, but still brave,
With one foot in the grave—

But once for all
To warn the world that, though we do not
brawl, 220

Our sword is ready to protect
The weak against the brutal strong,
Our guns are ready to exact
Justice of them that do us wrong.

Ay, we "remember the Maine,"
The mighty ship
And the men thereon!
There is no court for nations that can
mete

The just reward for murder upon Spain;
No Arbiter can put the black cap on; 230
No sovereign nation, shorn of sovereign-
ship,

Be brought, a felon, to the judgment seat
—Except by war!

Cease then this silly prate,
That to do justice on the evil-doer
Is vengeful and unworthy of the State.
Remember the Maine—

That all the world as well as Spain
May know that God has given us the
sword

To punish crime and vindicate his word.
Ye pompous prattlers, cease 241
Your idle platitudes of peace
When there is no peace!

Back to your world of books, and leave
the world of men

To them that have the habit of the real,
Nor longer with a mask of fair ideal
Hide your indifference to the facts of
pain!

Not against war,
But against wrong,
League we in mighty bonds from sea to
sea! 250

Peace, when the world is free!
Peace, when there is no thong,
Fetter nor bar!

No scourges for men's backs,
No thumbscrews and no racks—
For body or soul!
No unjust law!

No tyrannous control
Of brawn or maw!
But, though the day be far, 260
Till then, war!

Blow, bugles!
Over the rumbling drum and marching
feet
Sound your high, sweet defiance to the
air!
Great is war—great and fair!

The terrors of his face are grand and
sweet,

And to the wise the calm of God is there.
God clothes himself in darkness as in
light,

—The God of love, but still the God of
might.

Nor love they least 270
Who strike with right good will
To vanquish ill
And fight God's battle upward from the
beast.

By strife as well as loving—strife,
The Law of Life,—
In brute and man the climbing has been
done

And shall be done hereafter. Since man
was,

No upward-climbing cause
Without the sword has ever yet been won.

Bugles! 280

The imperious bugles!

Still their call

Soars like an exaltation to the sky.

They call on men to fall,

To die,—

Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the Nation's
heart!

A call to sacrifice!

A call to victory!

Hark, in the Empyrean

The battle-birds!

The bugles! 290

Scribner's Magazine, Sept., 1898.

Read at Walden Post, G. A. R., May 30, 1898.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end.

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then 31
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
 What was it but despair and shame?
 Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
 Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
 Disaster on disaster come,
 The slave's emancipated feet
 Had never marched behind the drum. ²⁰

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
 To mightier issues than we planned,
 Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
 My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
 Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
 I only know it shall be high,
 I only know it shall be great.

July, 1898.

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
 Shut out the wrangle of the clashing
 day,
 The scrape of petty jars that fret and
 fray,
 The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for
 a bone;
 When thou and I sit down at last alone,
 And through the dusk of rooms divinely
 gray
 Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
 As tone melts meeting in accordant
 tone,—
 Oh, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,
 Look from a tower, too high for sound
 of strife ¹⁰
 Or any violation of the town,
 Where the great vacant winds of God go
 by,
 And over the huge misshapen city of life
 Love pours his silence and his moonlight
 down.

The Atlantic Monthly, Aug., 1898.

FROM "TALIESIN: A MASQUE"

Voices of Unseen Spirits

Here falls no light of sun nor stars;
 No stir nor striving here intrudes;
 No moan nor merry-making mars
 The quiet of these solitudes.

Submerged in sleep, the passive soul
 Is one with all the things that seem;
 Night blurs in one confused whole
 Alike the dreamer and the dream.

O dwellers in the busy town!
 For dreams you smile, for dreams you ¹⁰
 weep.
 Come out, and lay your burdens down!
 Come out; there is no God but Sleep.

Sleep, and renounce the vital day;
 For evil is the child of life.
 Let be the will to live, and pray
 To find forgetfulness of strife.

Beneath the thicket of these leaves
 No light discriminates each from each.
 No Self that wrongs, no Self that grieves,
 Hath longer deed nor creed nor speech.

Sleep on the mighty Mother's breast! ²¹
 Sleep, and no more be separate!
 Then, one with Nature's ageless rest,
 There shall be no more sin to hate.

Poet Lore, 1899.

FAITH AND FATE

To horse, my dear, and out into the
 night!
 Stirrup and saddle and away, away!
 Into the darkness, in the affright,
 Into the unknown on our trackless way!
 Past bridge and town missiled with flying
 feet,
 Into the wilderness our riding thrills;
 The gallop echoes through the startled
 street,
 And shrieks like laughter in the demoned
 hills;
 Things come to meet us with fantastic
 frown,
 And hurry past with maniac despair; ¹⁰
 Death from the stars looks ominously
 down—
 Ho, ho, the dauntless riding that we
 dare!
 East, to the dawn, or west or south or
 north!
 Loose rein upon the neck of Fate—and
 forth!

The Bookman, April, 1900.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

(1869-1910)

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

At last the bird that sang so long
In twilight circles, hushed his song:
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night! Some hearts were
bowed,
But some amid the waiting crowd
Because of too much youth
Felt not the mystic rith;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone 10
With dirge and candle flame
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,
Though on the awful tree aloof,
Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I), 20

I said, "These youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,
The spear, the garment torn,
The flaggel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummary?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned.
Throned in its hundred candles burned 30
The jeweled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,
Flowered out a living dimness; bright
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet
With lemon-flowers; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.
The light was little yet; his will 50
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend! Master!" I cried falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of thee.
Oh, by the light divine
My mother shares with thine, 60

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!"
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the first meadow bound
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1898.

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION¹

I

Before the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens
made
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with
awe
And set here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,

¹ After seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts.
(Author's Note.)

This bright March morn I stand,
 And hear the distant spring come up the
 land;
 Knowing that what I hear is not unheard
 Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
 For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
 For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.¹⁰
 The land they died to save from death
 and shame
 Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's
 great name,
 And by her pangs these resolute ghosts
 are stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of peo-
 ple go
 Heedless; the trees upon the Common
 show
 No hint of green; but to my listening
 heart
 The still earth doth impart
 Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
 And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
 That love at last has might upon the
 skies.²⁰
 The ice is runneled on the little pond;
 A telltale patter drips from off the trees;
 The air is touched with southland spi-
 ceries,
 As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
 Of pendant mosses where the live-oaks
 grow
 Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
 Or had its will among the fruits and vines
 Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
 Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout
 in glee,³⁰
 Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
 Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild
 goose
 Go honking northward over Tennessee;
 West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
 And on to where the Pictured Rocks are
 hung,
 And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
 Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
 With restless violent hands and casual
 tongue
 Moulding her mighty fates,
 The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal
 sheen;⁴⁰
 And like a larger sea, the vital green
 Of springing wheat shall vastly be out-
 flung
 Over Dakota and the prairie states.

By desert people immemorial
 On Arizonan mesas shall be done
 Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;
 Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
 More splendid, when the white Sierras
 call
 Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
 And dance before the unveiled ark of the
 year,⁵⁰
 Sounding their windy cedars as for
 shawms,
 Unrolling rivers clear
 For flutter of broad phylacteries;
 While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
 That watch old sluggish glaciers down-
 ward creep
 To fling their icebergs thundering from
 the steep,
 And Mariposa through the purple calms
 Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
 Where East and West are met,—
 A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set⁶⁰
 To say that East and West are twain,
 With different loss and gain:
 The Lord hath sundered them; let them
 be sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come
 Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—
 Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
 The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
 Must I be humble, then,
 Now when my heart hath need of pride?
 Wild love falls on me from these sculp-
 tured men;⁷⁰
 By loving much the land for which they
 died
 I would be justified.
 My spirit was away on pinions wide
 To soothe in praise of her its passionate
 mood
 And ease it of its ache of gratitude.
 Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
 On me and the companions of my day.
 I would remember now
 My country's goodliness, make sweet her
 name.
 Alas! what shade art thou⁸⁰
 Of sorrow or of blame
 Lifest the lyric leafage from her brow,
 And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we
 wage
 Are noble, and our battles still are won
 By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.

We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
 The proud republic hath not stooped to
 cheat⁸⁸
 And scramble in the market-place of war;
 Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
 Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
 This delicate and proud New England
 soul
 Who leads despised men, with just-un-
 shackled feet,
 Up the large ways where death and glory
 meet,
 To show all peoples that our shame is
 done,
 That once more we are clean and spirit-
 whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning
 sand
 All night he lay, speaking some simple
 word
 From hour to hour to the slow minds that
 heard,⁹⁹
 Holding each poor life gently in his hand
 And breathing on the base rejected clay
 Till each dark face shone mystical and
 grand
 Against the breaking day;
 And lo, the shard the potter cast-away
 Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine
 Fulfilled of the divine
 Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-
 finger stirred.
 Then upward, where the shadowy bastion
 loomed
 Huge on the mountain in the wet sea
 light,
 Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage
 bloomed,¹¹⁰
 Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its
 deadly seed,—
 They swept, and died like freemen on the
 height,
 Like freemen, and like men of noble
 breed;
 And when the battle fell away at night
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were
 thrust
 Obscurely in a common grave with him
 The fair-haired keeper of their love and
 trust.
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
 In nature's busy old democracy
 To flush the mountain laurel when she
 blows¹²⁰
 Sweet by the southern sea,
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs in
 the rose:—

The untaught hearts with the high heart
 that knew
 This mountain fortress for no earthly
 hold
 Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
 Of spiritual wrong,
 Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong.
 Expugnable but by a nation's rue
 And bowing down before that equal shrine
 By all men held divine,¹³⁰
 Whereof his band and he were the most
 holy sign.

VII

O bitter, bitter shade!
 Wilt thou not put the scorn
 And instant tragic question from thine
 eye?
 Do thy dark brows yet crave
 That swift and angry stave—
 Unmeet for this desirous morn—
 That I have striven, striven to evade?
 Gazing on him, must I not deem they err
 Whose careless lips in street and shop aver
 As common tidings, deed to make his
 cheek¹⁴¹
 Flush from the bronze, and his dead
 throat to speak?
 Surely some elder singer would arise,
 Whose harp hath leave to threaten and
 to mourn
 Above this people when they go astray.
 Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?
 Has Whittier put his yearning wrath
 away?
 I will not and I dare not yet believe!
 Though furtively the sunlight seems to
 grieve,
 And the spring-laden breeze¹⁵⁰
 Out of the gladdening west is sinister
 With sounds of nameless battle overseas;
 Though when we turn and question in
 suspense
 If these things be indeed after these ways,
 And what things are to follow after these,
 Our fluent men of place and consequence
 Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow
 phrase,
 Or for the end-all of deep arguments
 Intone their dull commercial liturgies—
 I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
 I will not hear the thin satiric praise¹⁶¹
 And muffled laughter of our enemies,
 Bidding us never sheathe our valiant
 sword
 Till we have changed our birthright for
 a gourd
 Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's
 hut;

Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp
the jailer's keys.

VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and
their ruth? ¹⁷¹

Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of
truth,

And be a swift familiar of the sun
Where aye before God's face his trumpets
run?

Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set
apart?—

Some gross-billed wader where the swamps
are fat? ¹⁸⁰

Some gorgon in the sun? Some prowler
with the bat?

IX

Ah no!

We have not fallen so.

We are our fathers' sons: let those who
lead us know!

'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us,
for we die!"

Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word.
Proud state with proud impassioned state
conferred, ¹⁹⁰

And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood
and young

Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and
been stung

With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights
come on,

But that the heart of youth is generous,—
We charge you, ye who lead us. ²⁰⁰
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of
stain!

Turn not their new-world victories to
gain!

One least leaf plucked for chaffer from
the bays

Of their dear praise,

One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of
noon,

Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite. ²¹⁰

Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.

The cup of trembling shall be drained
quite,

Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made
white

Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;
Then on your guiltier head ²²⁰

Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right

And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,
Take heed!

Blindness we may forgive, but baseness
we will smite.

The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1900.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue, ¹⁰
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove ²⁰
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.

Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags
grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace, 30
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear, 41
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed: 50
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou are not of us!" 60
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said,
"Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes
through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet, 70
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the 80
end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men 90
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do? 1

Scribner's Magazine, Dec., 1900.

THE MENAGERIE 2

Thank God my brain is not inclined to cut
Such capers every day! I'm just about
Mellow, but then—There goes the tent-
flap shut.
Rain's in the wind. I thought so: every
snout
Was twitching when the keeper turned
me out.

That screaming parrot makes my blood
run cold.
Gabriel's trump! the big bull elephant
Squeals "Rain!" to the parched herd.
The monkeys scold, 8
And jabber that it's rain water they want.
(It makes me sick to see a monkey pant.)

I'll foot it home, to try and make believe
I'm sober. After this I stick to beer,
And drop the circus when the sane folks
leave.

A man's a fool to look at things too near:
They look back, and begin to cut up queer.

¹ This metaphor of the ship of society, continually recurrent in poetry, is elaborated in great detail, with the striking omission of the folk in the hold, by Edward Rowland Sill, in a letter of February 25, 1862. See the "Life and Work" of Sill by W. B. Parker, pp. 47, 48—not published until 1915.

² This theme, which frequently appears in sober literature, is discussed in a strikingly parallel passage by Mark Twain in one of his hours of smiling seriousness. See his "Life," by Albert Bigelow Paine, pp. 1357-1363.

Beasts do, at any rate; especially
 Wild devils caged. They have the coolest
 way
 Of being something else than what you
 see;
 You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay,
 A nylghau looking bored and distingué,—

And think you've seen a donkey and a
 bird.²¹
 Not on your life! Just glance back, if
 you dare.
 The zebra chews, the nylghau has n't
 stirred;
 But something 's happened, Heaven knows
 what or where
 To freeze your scalp and pompadour your
 hair.

I'm not precisely an æolian lute
 Hung in the wandering winds of senti-
 ment,
 But drown me if the ugliest, meanest
 brute
 Grunting and fretting in that sultry tent
 Did n't just floor me with embarrassment!

'T was like a thunder-clap from out the
 clear,—³¹
 One minute they were circus beasts, some
 grand,
 Some ugly, some amusing, and some
 queer:
 Rival attractions to the hobo band,
 The flying jenny, and the peanut stand.

Next minute they were old hearth-mates
 of mine!
 Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare!
 Patient, satiric, devilish, divine;
 A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,
 Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim des-
 pair.⁴⁰

Within my blood my ancient kindred
 spoke,—
 Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard
 afar
 Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,
 Or through fern forests roared the ple-
 siosaur
 Locked with the giant-bat in ghastly war.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,
 I saw great Nature working out her plan;
 Through all her shapes from mastodon to
 mite
 Forever groping, testing, passing on⁴⁹
 To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Till in the fulness of accomplished time.
 Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business
 bent,
 Tracks her through frozen and through
 torrid clime,
 And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent.
 The stages of her huge experiment;

Blabbing aloud her shy and reticent hours;
 Dragging to light her blinking, slothful
 moods;
 Publishing fretful seasons when her
 powers
 Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,
 Or when her mordant laughter shook the
 woods.⁶⁰

Here, round about me, were her vagrant
 births;
 Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she
 essayed;
 Her qualms, her fiery prides, her crazy
 mirths;
 The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
 Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was
 afraid,

On that long road she went to seek man-
 kind;
 Here were the darkling coverts that she
 beat
 To find the Hider she was sent to find;
 Here the distracted footprints of her feet
 Whereby her soul's Desire she came to
 greet.⁷⁰

But why should they, her botch-work,
 turn about
 And stare disdain at me, her finished job?
 Why was the place one vast suspended
 shout
 Of laughter? Why did all the daylight
 throb
 With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken
 sob?

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
 The beasts were walking loose, and I was
 bagged!
 I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
 Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
 A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury!⁸¹
 The Judgment-day will be a picnic to't.
 Their satire was more dreadful than their
 fury,
 And worst of all was just a kind of brute
 Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,
Seem to omit one small consideration,
To wit, that tumblebugs and angleworms
Have souls: there's soul in everything that
squirms. 90

And souls are restless, plagued, impatient
things,
All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought
of wings;
Spreading through every inch of earth's
old mire,
Mystical hanker after something higher.

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.
I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats
and jokes. 100

And at the core of every life that crawls
Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates—
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in
the galls
Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous
hates,
Lighting the love of eagles for their
mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and
stirred
From the beginning a mysterious wish,
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:
The name of Man was uttered, and they
heard. 110

Upward along the æons of old war
They sought him: wing and shank-bone,
claw and bill
Were fashioned and rejected; wide and
far
They roamed the twilight jungles of their
will;
But still they sought him, and desired him
still.

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect
Man,
The radiant and the loving, yet to be!
I hardly wonder, when they came to scan
The upshot of their strenuosity,
They gazed with mixed emotions upon
me. 120

Well, my advice to you is Face the crea-
tures,
Or spot them sideways with your weather
eye,
Just to keep tab on their expansive fea-
tures;
It isn't pleasant when you're stepping
high
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.
If nature made you graceful, don't get
gay
Back-to before the hippopotamus;
If meek and godly, find some place to
play
Besides right where three mad hyenas
fuss:
You may hear language that we won't
discuss. 130

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed
hat,
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime
girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE¹

This, then, is she,
My mother as she looked at seventeen,
When she first met my father. Young
incredibly,
Younger than spring, without the faintest
trace
Of disappointment, weariness, or tean
Upon the childlike earnestness and grace
Of the waiting face
These close-wound ropes of pearl
(Or common beads made precious by their
use)
Seem heavy for so slight a throat to
wear; 10
But the low bodice leaves the shoulders
bare
And half the glad swell of the breast,
for news
That now the woman stirs within the girl.

¹ A tribute to Moody's father appears in lines 62-64 of this poem. "But the mother doubtless had the larger share in the guidance and discipline of the growing boy, and the profound impression she left upon his mind and heart is recorded not only in 'The Daguerreotype,' . . . and in the veiled but illuminating reference in 'Faded Pictures', but even more fully in that love and reverence for woman which became fundamental to his whole philosophy of life." (John M. Manly in the introduction to "Poems and Plays of Wm. Vaughn Moody.")

And yet,
 Even so, the loops and globes
 Of beaten gold
 And jet
 Hung, in the stately way of old,
 From the ears' drooping lobes 19
 On festivals and Lord's-day of the week,
 Show all too matron-sober for the
 cheek,—
 Which, now I look again, is perfect child,
 Or no—or no—'tis girlhood's very self,
 Moulded by some deep, mischief-ridden
 elf
 So meek, so maiden mild,
 But startling the close gazer with the
 sense
 Of passions forest-shy and forest-wild,
 And delicate delirious merriments.

As a moth beats sidewise
 And up and over, and tries 30
 To skirt the irresistible lure
 Of the flame that has him sure,
 My spirit, that is none too strong to-day,
 Flutters and makes delay,—
 Pausing to wonder on the perfect lips,
 Lifting to muse upon the low-drawn hair
 And each hid radiance there,
 But powerless to stem the tide-race bright,
 The vehement peace which drifts it toward
 the light
 Where soon—ah, now, with cries 40
 Of grief and giving-up unto its gain
 It shrinks no longer nor denies,
 But dips
 Hurriedly home to the exquisite heart of
 pain,—
 And all is well, for I have seen them
 plain,
 The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes!
 Across the blinding gush of these good
 tears
 They shine as in the sweet and heavy
 years
 When by her bed and chair
 We children gathered jealously to share 50
 The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and
 thyme,
 Where the sore-stricken body made a
 clime
 Gentler than May and pleasanter than
 rhyme,
 Holier and more mystical than prayer.

God, how thy ways are strange!
 That this should be, even this,
 The patient head
 Which suffered years ago the dreary
 change!

That these so dewy lips should be the
 same
 As those I stooped to kiss 60
 And heard my harrowing half-spoken
 name,
 A little ere the one who bowed above her,
 Our father and her very constant lover,
 Rose stoical, and we knew that she was
 dead.
 Then I, who could not understand or
 share
 His antique nobleness,
 Being unapt to bear
 The insults which time flings us for our
 proof,
 Fled from the horrible roof
 Into the alien sunshine merciless, 70
 The shrill satiric fields ghastly with day,
 Raging to front God in his pride of sway
 And hurl across the lifted swords of fate
 That ringed Him where He sat
 My puny gage of scorn and desolate hate
 Which somehow should undo Him, after
 all!
 That this girl face, expectant, virginal,
 Which gazes out at me
 Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth
 (Save for the eyes, with other presage
 stored) 80
 To pledge me troth,
 And in the kingdom where the heart is
 lord
 Take sail on the terrible gladness of the
 deep
 Whose winds the grey Norns keep,—
 That this should be indeed
 The flesh which caught my soul, a flying
 seed,
 Out of the to and fro
 Of scattering hands where the seedsman
 Mage,
 Stooping from star to star and age to age
 Sings as he sows!
 That underneath this breast 90
 Nine moons I fed
 Deep of divine unrest,
 While over and over in the dark she said,
 "Blessèd! but not as happier children
 blessed"—
 That this should be
 Even she. . . .
 God, how with time and change
 Thou makest thy footsteps strange!
 Ah, now I know
 They play upon me, and it is not so. 100
 Why, 'tis a girl I never saw before,
 A little thing to flatter and make weep,
 To tease until her heart is sore,
 Then kiss and clear the score;

A gypsy run-the-fields,
 A little liberal daughter of the earth,
 Good for what hour of truancy and mirth
 The careless season yields
 Hither-side the flood of the year and
 yonder of the neap;
 Then thank you, thanks again, and twenty
 light good-byes.— 110

O shrined above the skies,
 Frown not, clear brow,
 Darken not, holy eyes!
 Thou knowest well I know that it is
 thou!

Only to save me from such memories
 As would unman me quite,
 Here in this web of strangeness caught
 And prey to troubled thought
 Do I devise
 These foolish shifts and slight; 120
 Only to shield me from the afflicting sense
 Of some waste influence
 Which from this morning face and lus-
 trous hair

Breathes on me sudden ruin and despair.
 In any other guise,
 With any but this girlish depth of gaze,
 Your coming had not so unsealed and
 poured

The dusty amphoras where I had stored
 The drippings of the winepress of my
 days.

I think these eyes foresee, 130
 Now in their unawakened virgin time,
 Their mother's pride in me,
 And dream even now, unconsciously,
 Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung
 lea

You pictured I should climb.
 Broken premonitions come,
 Shapes, gestures visionary,
 Not as once to maiden Mary
 The manifest angel with fresh lilies came
 Intelligibly calling her by name; 140
 But vanishingly, dumb,
 Thwarted and bright and wild,
 As heralding a sin-defiled,
 Earth-encumbered, blood-begotten, pas-
 sionate man-child,

Who yet should be a trump of mighty
 call

Blown in the gates of evil kings
 To make them fall;
 Who yet should be a sword of flame be-
 fore

The soul's inviolate door
 To beat away the clang of hellish wings;
 Who yet should be a lyre 151
 Of high unquenchable desire
 In the day of little things.—

Look, where the amphoras,
 The yield of many days,
 Trod by my hot soul from the pulp of
 self

And set upon the shelf
 In sullen pride
 The Vineyard-master's tasting to abide—
 O mother mine! 160
 Are these the bringings-in, the doings
 fine,

Of him you used to praise?
 Emptied and overthrown
 The jars lie strown.
 These, for their flavor duly nursed,
 Drip from the stopples vinegar accursed;
 These, I thought honied to the very seal,
 Dry, dry,—a little acid meal,
 A pinch of mouldy dust,

Sole leavings of the amber-mantling must;
 These, rude to look upon, 171
 But flasking up the liquor dearest won,
 Through sacred hours and hard,
 With watching and with wrestlings and
 with grief,
 Even of these, of these in chief,
 The stale breath sickens, reeking from
 the shard.

Nothing is left. Ay, how much less than
 naught!

What shall be said or thought
 Of the slack hours and waste imaginings,
 The cynic rending of the wings, 180
 Known to that froward, that unreckoning
 heart

Whereof this brewage was the precious
 part,
 Treasured and set away with furtive
 boast?

O dear and cruel ghost,
 Be merciful, be just!
 See, I was yours and I am in the dust.
 Then look not so, as if all things were
 well!

Take your eyes from me, leave me to my
 shame,
 Or else, if gaze they must,
 Steel them with judgment, darken them
 with blame; 190

But by the ways of light ineffable
 You bade me go and I have faltered from,
 By the low waters moaning out of hell
 Whereto my feet have come,
 Lay not on me these intolerable
 Looks of rejoicing love, of pride, of hap-
 py trust!

Nothing dismayed?
 By all I say and all I hint not made
 Afraid?

O then, stay by me! Let ²⁰⁰
 These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep
 me yet
 Brave eyes and true!
 See how the shrivelled heart, that long
 has lain
 Dead to delight and pain,
 Stirs, and begins again
 To utter pleasant life, as if it knew
 The wintry days were through;
 As if in its awakening boughs it heard
 The quick, sweet-spoken bird.
 Strong eyes and brave, ²¹⁰
 Inexorable to save!

THE DEATH OF EVE

I

At dawn they came to the stream Hid-
 dekel,
 Old Eve and her red first-born, who was
 now
 Greyer than she, and bowed with more
 than years.
 Then Cain beneath his level palm looked
 hard
 Across the desert, and turned with out-
 spread hand
 As one who says, "Thou seest; we are
 fooled."
 But Eve, with clutching fingers on his
 arm,
 And pointing eastward where the risen
 sun
 Made a low mist of light, said, "It is
 there!"

II

For, many, many months, in the great ¹⁰
 tent
 Of Enoch, Eve had pined, and dared not
 tell
 Her longing: not to Irad, Enoch's son,
 Masterful like his father, who had held
 Harsh rule, and named the tent-place with
 his name;
 Not to mild Seth, given her in Abel's
 stead;
 Not unto angry Lamech, nor his wives,
 Usurpers of her honor in the house;
 Not to young Jubal, songs-man of the
 tribe,
 Who touched his harp at twilight by her
 door;
 And not to bed-rid Adam, most of all ²⁰
 Not unto Adam. Yet at last, the spring

Being at end, and evening with warm
 stars
 Falling upon them by the camel kraal,
 Weary with long desire she spoke to
 Seth,
 Touching her meaning faintly and far off
 To try him. With still scrutiny awhile
 He looked at her; then, lifting doubtful
 hands
 Of prayer, he led her homeward to the
 tent,
 With tremulous speech of small and week-
 day things. ²⁹
 Next, as she lay by Adam before dawn,
 His big and wasted hand groping for
 hers
 Suddenly made her half-awakened heart
 Break back and back across the shadowy
 years
 To Eden, and God calling in the dew,
 And all that song of Paradise foredone
 Which Jubal made in secret, fearing her
 The storied mother; but in secret, too,
 Herself had listened, while the maids at
 toil
 Or by the well at evening sang of her
 Untruthful things, which, when she once
 had heard, ⁴⁰
 Seemed truthful. Now, bowed upon
 Adam's breast,
 In the deep hush that comes before the
 dawn,
 She whispered hints and fragments of her
 will;
 And when the shaggy forehead made no
 sign,
 And the blind face searched still as quietly
 In the tent-roof for what, these many
 months,
 It seemed to seek for there, she held him
 close
 And poured her whole wild meaning in
 his ear.
 But as a man upon his death-bed dreams
 That he should know a matter, and knows
 it not, ⁵⁰
 Nor who they are who fain would have
 him know,
 He turned to hers his dim, disastrous
 eyes,
 Wherein the knowledge of her and the
 long love
 Glimmered through veil on veil of va-
 cancy.
 That evening little Jubal, coming home
 Singing behind his flock, saw ancient Eve
 Crouched by the ruined altar in the glade,
 The accursed place, sown deep each early
 spring

With stones and salt—the Valley of the
Blood;
And that same night Eve fled under the
stars⁶⁰
Eastward to Nod, the land of violence,
To Cain, and the strong city he had built
Against all men who hunted for his soul.

III

She gave her message darkly in the gates,
And waited trembling. At day-fall he
came.
She knew him not beneath his whitened
hair;
But when at length she knew him, and was
known,
The whitened hair, the bent and listening
frame,
The savage misery of the sidelong eyes,
Fell on her heart with strangling. So it
was⁷⁰
That now for many days she held her
peace,
Abiding with him till he seemed again
The babe she bare first in the wilderness,
Her maiden fruits to Adam, the new joy
The desert bloomed with, which the desert
stars
Whispered concerning. Yet she held her
peace,
Until he seemed a young man in the house,
A gold frontlet of pride and a green ce-
dar;
Then, leading him apart, Eve told her
wish,
Not faltering now nor uttering it far off,
But as a sovereign mother to her son⁸¹
Speaks simple destiny. He looked at her
Dimly, as if he saw her not; then stooped,
Sharpening his brows upon her. With a
cry
She laid fierce, shaken hands about his
breast,
Drew down his neck, and harshly from
his brow
Pushing the head-band and the matted
locks,
Baring the livid flesh with violence,
She kissed him on the Sign. Cain bowed
his head
Upon her shoulder, saying, "I will go!"⁹⁰

IV

Now they had come to the stream Hid-
dekel,
And passed beyond the stream. There,
full in face,

Where the low morning made a mist of
light,
The Garden and its gates lay like a flower
Afloat on the still waters of the dawn.
The clicking leap of bright-mailed grass-
hoppers,
The dropping of sage-beetles from their
perch
On the gnawed cactus, even the pulsing
drum
Of blood-beats in their ears, merged sud-
denly
Into ethereal hush. Then Cain made halt,
Held her, and muttered, "'T is enough.
Thou sawest!"¹⁰¹
His Angel stood and threatened in the
sun!"
And Eve said, "Yea, and though the day
were set
With sworded angels, thou would'st wait
for me
Yonder, before the gates; which, look you,
child,
Lie open to me as the gates to him,
Thy father, when he entered in his rage,
Calling thee from the dark, where of old
days
I kept thee folded, hidden, till he called."
So grey Cain by the unguarded portal sat,
His arms crossed o'er his forehead, and
his face¹¹¹
Hid in his meagre knees; but ancient Eve
Passed on into the vales of Paradise.

V

Tranced in lonely radiance stood the Tree,
As Eve put back the glimmering ferns
and vines
And crept into the place. Awhile she
stooped,
And as a wild thing by the drinking-pool
Peers ere it drinks, she peered. Then,
laughing low,
Her frame of grief and body of her years
She lifted proudly to its virgin height,¹²⁰
Flung her lean arms into the pouring day,
And circling with slow paces round the
Tree,
She sang her stifled meaning out to God.

EVE'S SONG

*Behold, against thy will, against thy word,
Against the wrath and warning of thy
sword,
Eve has been Eve, O Lord!
A pitcher filled, she comes back from the
brook,*

*A wain she comes, laden with mellow
ears;
She is a roll inscribed, a prophet's book
Writ strong with characters. 130
Behold, Eve willed it so; look, if it be so,
look!*

*Early at dawn, while yet thy watchers
slept,
Lightly her untamed spirit over-leapt
The walls where she was kept.
As a young comely leopardess she stood:
Her lustrous fell, her sullen grace, her
fleetness,
They gave her foretaste, in thy tangled
wood,
Of many a savage sweetness,
Good to fore-gloat upon; being tasted,
sweet and good.*

*O swayer in the sunlit tops of trees, 140
O comer up with cloud out of the seas,
O laughter at thine ease
Over thine everlasting dream of mirth,
O lord of savage pleasures, savage pains,
Knew'st Thou not Eve, who broughtest
her to birth?
Searcher of breast and reins,
Thou should'st have searched thy Woman,
the seedpod of thine earth!*

*Herself hath searched her softly through
and through;
Singing she lifts her full soul up to view;
Lord, do Thou praise it, too! 151
Look, as she turns it, how it dartles
free
Its gathered meanings: woman, mother,
wife,
Spirit that was and is and waits to be,
Worm of the dust of life,
Child, sister—ghostly rays! What lights
are these, Lord, see!*

*Look where Eve lifts her storied soul on
high,
And turns it as a ball, she knows not
why,
Save that she could not die
Till she had shown Thee all the secret
sphere— 160
The bright rays and the dim, and these
that run
Bright-darkling, making Thee to doubt
and fear,—
Oh, love them every one!
Eve pardons Thee not one, not one, Lord;
dost Thou hear?*

*Lovely to Eve was Adam's praising
breath;
His face averted bitter was as death;
Abel, her son, and Seth
Lifted her heart to heaven, praising
her;
Cain with a little frown darkened the
stars;
And when the strings of Jubal's harp
would stir, 170
Like honey in cool jars
The words he praised her with, like rain
his praises were.*

*Still, still with prayer and ecstasy she
strove
To be the woman they did well approve,
That, narrowed to their love,
She might have done with bitterness and
blame;
But still along the yonder edge of prayer
A spirit in a fiery whirlwind came—
Eve's spirit, wild and fair—
Crying with Eve's own voice the number
of her name. 180*

*Yea, turning in the whirlwind and the
fire,
Eve saw her own proud being all entire
Made perfect by desire;
And from the rounded gladness of that
sphere
Came bridal songs and harpings and fresh
laughter;
"Glory unto the faithful!" sounded clear,
And then, a little after,
"Whoso denyeth aught, let him depart
from here!"*

*Now, therefore, Eve, with mystic years
o'er-scored,
Danceth and doeth pleasure to Thee,
Lord, 190
According to the word
That Thou hast spoken to her by her
dream.
Singing a song she dimly understands,
She lifts her soul to let the splendor
stream.
Lord, take away thy hands!
Let this beam pierce thy heart, and this
most piercing beam!*

*Far off, rebelliously, yet for thy sake,
She gathered them, O Thou who lovest
to break
A thousand souls, and shake 199
Their dust along the wind, but sleeplessly*

*Searchest the Bride fulfilled in limb and
feature,
Ready and boon to be fulfilled of Thee,
Thine ample, tameless creature,—
Against thy will and word, behold, Lord,
this is She!*

VI

From carven plinth and thousand-galleried
green
Cedars, and all close boughs that over-
tower,
The shadows lengthened eastward from
the gates,
And still Cain hid his forehead in his
knees,
Nor dared to look abroad lest he might
find
More watchers in the portals; for he
heard
What seemed the rush of wings; from
while to while
A pallor grew and faded in his brain,
As if a great light passed him near at
hand.
But when above the darkening desert
swales

The moon came, shedding white, unlikely
day,
Cain rose, and with his back against the
stones,
As a keen fighter at the desperate odds,
Glared round him. Cool and silent lay
the night,
Empty of any foe. Then, as a man
Who has a thing to do, and makes his
fear
An icy wind to freeze his purpose firm,
He stole in through the pillars of the gate,
Down aisles of shadow windowed with
the moon,
By meads with the still stars communi-
cant,
Past heaven-bosoming pool and poolèd
stream,
Until he saw, through tangled fern and
vine,
The Tree, where God had made its hab-
itation:
And crouched above the shape that had
been Eve,
With savage, listening frame and sidelong
eyes,
Cain waited for the coming of the dawn.

PART II
CRITICAL COMMENTS

FOREWORD TO CRITICAL COMMENTS

The following critical comments afford as a whole a brief history of American poetry. The single studies prepared by Frank M. Webster and George W. Sherburn, and the six units written by Howard M. Jones, are indicated respectively by the initials W, S, and J. The remainder by the editor, are undesignated.

The book lists have been reduced to low terms. Most of the volumes included should be on the shelves of the average college or normal school library, or should be available for reserve use in university courses. It has not been considered necessary, or even advisable, to multiply references to works which treat of various authors. Unless the passages are of unusual interest they are not mentioned in the short lists. The more important of the general works are as follows:

BOOKS ON THE WHOLE PERIOD

History and Criticism—

History of American Poetry, J. L. Onderdonck.
American Literature, C. F. Richardson, 2 vols.
Poets of America, E. C. Stedman.
History of American Literature, W. P. Trent.
Cambridge History of American Literature, W. P. Trent and Others,
2 vols. (In preparation.)
Literary History of America, Barrett Wendell.
America in Literature, G. E. Woodberry.
Southern Writers, W. M. Baskerville.
Literature of the South, M. J. Moses.
American Lands and Letters, Donald G. Mitchell.

Collections—

Cyclopedia of American Literature, E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, 2 vols.
Poets and Poetry of America, R. W. Griswold.
Poems of American History, B. E. Stevenson.
Library of American Literature, E. C. Stedman and E. M. Hutchinson,
11 vols.
Library of Southern Literature, C. W. Kent, 15 vols.
Poems of American Patriotism, Chosen by Brander Matthews.

BOOKS ON THE COLONIAL PERIOD

History and Criticism—

American Verse, 1625-1807, W. B. Otis.

The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period, S. W. Patterson.

History of American Literature, 1607-1765, M. C. Tyler, 2 vols.

Literary History of the American Revolution, M. C. Tyler, 2 vols.

Special Collection—

Early American Writers, W. B. Cairns.

BOOKS ON THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

History and Criticism—

American Prose Masters, W. C. Brownell.

The Poetry and Poets of America, Churton Collins.

Contemporaries, T. W. Higginson.

My Literary Friends and Acquaintances, W. D. Howells.

My Literary Passions, W. D. Howells.

The New England Poets, W. C. Lawton.

A Fable for Critics, J. R. Lowell.

Criticisms in Complete Works of E. A. Poe.

Old Friends, William Winter.

History of American Literature since 1870, F. L. Pattee.

American Poets and Their Theology, A. H. Strong.

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672)

Anne Bradstreet was born in England in 1612. Her father, Thomas Dudley, during her childhood, was steward of the estate of the Puritan Earl of Lincoln, in whose library it seems likely that she made her acquaintance with the works of Spenser and Du Bartas, and with North's Plutarch. She was married to Simon Bradstreet in 1628, and in 1630 came with her husband and her father to Massachusetts. Both men became eminent in colonial affairs. After many changes of home, the Bradstreets settled, in 1644, at Andover, where she lived until her death in 1672. She was the mother of eight children, among whose descendants are the Channings, the two Richard H. Danas, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Eliot Norton. In 1650 there was printed in London a collection of her poems, which were attributed by her agent, the Rev. John Woodbridge, to "The Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung Up in America," and in less flowery language were ascribed to "a gentlewoman in those parts."

I. Texts.

The Works of Anne Bradstreet, in Prose and Verse, edited by John Harvard Ellis. Charlestown, 1867. This contains a valuable memoir.

The Works of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, together with her prose remains, and with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. The Club of Odd Volumes, 1897.

II. Biography.

Anne Bradstreet and her Time, by Helen Campbell. Boston, 1891.

An Account of Anne Bradstreet, the Puritan Poetess, by Luther Caldwell. Boston, 1898.

In writing of Anne Bradstreet, one is tempted either by an excess of literary patriotism to defend her as "the mother of poetry" in America, or by an excess of critical zeal to laugh at her as an example of the abysmal depths to which poetry sank when the Puritan fathers and mothers were using it as a pious exercise for penitent souls. But one cannot read long in the complete works of Mrs. Bradstreet without feeling that though she does not rise to heights which justify the position of motherhood in the poetic arts, neither does she sink so low that one can brush her aside in the brief history of American poetry. There is a quality in Anne Bradstreet to be patriotically proud of. It is something to have in social or literary history a woman of spirit who, in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, tramples under foot the customs of her times and breaks into speech which, however halting it may be, is a sane utterance of a frank personality. If she gives nothing else in her work, Mrs. Bradstreet at least discloses herself as a devout but trembling Christian in the hands of the awful God of the Puritans; as an obedient, loving, even passionate wife; as a watchful and affectionate mother.

To her contemporaries, however, Anne Bradstreet was known and admired as the author of "a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions, ages of man, seasons of the year; together with an exact epitome of the four monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; also, a dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles; with divers other pleasant and serious poems." These were the ponderous efforts which she compiled largely before she was thirty, in the scant leisure she could obtain when her duties to her God, her husband, her family, and her home had been completed, and which were carried to London by her brother-in-law and published, in 1650, as the work of "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America." The larger works in this volume, the rhymed pentameters on the "fours" and the "exact epitome," based on Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," were the fruits of her love for the so-called metaphysical learning and writing of her own time and of her passion—it could scarcely have been less—for history. For the casual reader, this and much other material of the same general type in the 17th and other centuries possesses little interest. He is quite willing that the "Four Monarchies" gather dust with DuBartas's "Divine Week," Drayton's "The Barron's War," and Donne's "Anatomy of the World."

To the "divers other pleasant and serious poems" he can turn with a different feeling. These afford contact with a real person. In the numerous epitaphs and panegyrics are presented a record of Anne Bradstreet's

hero worship. In the poem to Queen Elizabeth, she sings of the glories of the queen's accomplishments and the liberty which must come to women as a result of her great work; in the lines to Sir Philip Sidney, she joins in the large chorus of poets who do honor to the virtues of this ideal nobleman; in several poems she pays her highest literary respects to the French poet, DuBartas, whom she knew through the English translation of Joshua Sylvester; in the dedication to her father, she shows the good Governor Dudley a reverence and respect which is a bit more than filial; and in the brief epitaph to her mother, she shows respect and reverence also, but in a less degree, as was due the weaker vessel. Finally, in the poem called "Contemplations," there appears a reverence and a worship of a different kind—a communion with the visible forms of nature, which suggests, in tone at least, "Thanatopsis." In the thirty-three seven-line stanzas which make up this poem, Mrs. Bradstreet reached a height which no other American poet attained for a century. One admits the lack of sustained elevation throughout the poem, and one may question the rhyme, the meter, and the taste of some of the passages, but in many of the stanzas one cannot fail to recognize the hand and spirit of a real poet.

The list of poets who are said to have influenced Mrs. Bradstreet in her writing is long enough to comprise a good-sized 17th century colonial library. But the chief influence is always reputed to be DuBartas. She herself admits an admiration which is enthusiastic but hopeless. One who has read sections of "The Divine Week," however, and followed his reading with the poems of Anne Bradstreet, cannot feel that she has seriously tried to pay him the flattery of imitation. Her verses jog along in fairly regular meter and with a sound common sense. Her Pegasus is an ambling pad. DuBartas, however, flies in large, if not majestic swoops on an unshod poetical Bucephalus, who has fed not on the pleasant grass of a New England common, but on a sort of sugared hay, sweet, but heady. Of most of the faults of the poetry of her time, Mrs. Bradstreet was guilty. Yet a certain innate sanity kept her from unrestrained indulgence in the pious puns and saintly conceits which rejoiced her Puritan brethren. We could wish that instead of this negative restraint she had made a more conscious effort toward the poetic self-expression of "Contemplations," but we must not forget that as a poet she was the product of her religion and her times.

When all is said, however, it still remains apparent that the chief value of Anne Bradstreet to American literature is social rather than poetical. It would have been gratifying, of course, had she given more of her attention to the history of her own time than to the vicissitudes of the Persian monarchy; had she told of her struggles with the elements in New England, rather than of the fanciful contests of Air, Fire, Earth, and Water; had she but pictured something of the physical facts of her hard existence in a new and uncouth environment, instead of presenting in allegory the Four Ages of Man. But there is in her poems something just as valuable for an appreciation of the forefathers of our country as a description of corn plantation, Indian wars, church building, and domestic economy. She recorded the inner life not of a self-conscious divine, like Cotton Mather, nor a staid but susceptible elder, like Samuel Sewall, but of a poet,

a housewife, a mother of the days when our country was young—and the record gives us a new vision, a new understanding, of our history.

W.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ELEGIES, SONGS AND EPIGRAMS

It has become a fashion of American literary history to speak of Colonial verse as consisting of the poems by Anne Bradstreet and doggerel by other people; to expound the point by a brief and sweeping cleverness of phrase, and to reinforce it by quotations from the lowest abysses of the Bay Psalm book and the Wigglesworthian passage on the damnation of infants to "the easiest room in hell." Even Tyler,¹ whose comments are really fair and finely critical, falls into the old temptation in accounting for what he calls "this unrestrained proclivity toward the 'lust of versification.'" "Perhaps, indeed, all this was their solitary condescension to human frailty. The earthly element, the passion, the carnal taint, the vanity, the weariness, or whatever else it be that, in other men, works itself off in a pleasure journey, in a flirtation, in going to the play, or in a convivial bout, did in these venerable men exhaust itself in the sly dissipation of writing verses."

As a matter of fact, the inclination to write verse was indulged in by a large number of English-born, educated men, and though their work was never inspired, much of it was creditable, and all of it was evidence of an appetite for ingenuity in thought and for nicety in expression which were late Elizabethan characteristics.

The passages selected for reprinting in this volume were chosen to illustrate the workings of various types of mind during the middle quarters of the 17th century. The first is taken from the third book of "The New English Canaan," by Thomas Morton, a gentleman of Clifford's Inn, a graceless but amusing adventurer, an incorrigible anti-Puritan, who came to America in 1622 and died here in 1646, after a wild experience motivated by every sort of whimsical and outrageous misdemeanor, and interrupted by a series of deportations, arrests, imprisonments, and persecutions. It is in effect, therefore, a song of wanton and impudent defiance, first published as early as 1637.

The next group appeared in 1647 in Nathaniel Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Agawam." In temper and purpose, Ward and his Cobbler were in extremest contrast to Morton and his Canaan. Ward was an ultra-conservative churchman, greatly disturbed by the encroachments of liberal toleration. He was, however, no less vigorous than Morton, writing with equal exuberance, often emulating the Euphuists in his prose intricacies, and often resorting to brief verse outbursts as to a literary safety-valve. Each in his way was marked by a striking superabundance of spirits.

Nathaniel Ward also appears in the third group, the trio of verses in praise of Mrs. Bradstreet, which appeared in the Ellis edition of her collected works. Elegy was a fashion of the day, as all the remaining selections indicate. The next three are from "New England's Memorial,"

¹ See "History of American Literature, Colonial Period." M. C. Tyler, Vol. I, pp. 267-8.

compiled by Nathaniel Morton (who, for the peace of his soul, should not be confused with the ribald Thomas of the same name), and they are included here as curious but only partially representative relics of that bygone time.

Last of the set, is the lament for the hero of the ill-starred "Bacon's Rebellion," a composition written about 1676, in which ingenuity is replaced by deep feeling that at points gives rise to real eloquence. This lay unread among the so-called "Burwell Papers" for many generations until printed in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, Series 2, Vol. 1, and reprinted with corrections in the Proceedings of the Mass. Hist. Soc. of 1866-1867.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631-1705)

The author of "The Day of Doom" was born in England in 1631. He was brought to America in 1638, was sent to Harvard, and received his A.B. in 1657. He had originally planned to become a physician, but changed toward the end of his college course, and during the years just following, while he was a tutor, he prepared for the ministry. From 1656 till his death he was nominally pastor of the church in Malden, just outside of Boston, although during seventeen years of ill health, interspersed between 1663 and 1686, the duties were performed by younger men. From 1686 to 1705 he was in active service both as minister and doctor. "The Day of Doom" was published in 1662, and "Meat out of the Eater, or Meditations concerning . . . Affliction," in 1669. A third poem, "God's Controversy with New England," written in the year of a great drought, 1662, was not published until 1871.

I. Texts.

The day of doom; or a poetical description of the great and last judgment: with other poems. With a memoir by J. W. Dean. Edited by W. H. Burr. New York, 1867.

Other editions appeared in 1662, 1673 (two others before 1700), 1701, 1711, 1715, 1751, 1811, 1828.

God's Controversy with New England. Pub. Mass. Hist. Soc., May, 1871, pp. 83-98.

Meat out of the eater: or meditations concerning the necessity, end and usefulness of afflictions, etc. Fourth edition. Boston, 1689.

II. Biography.

Memoir of, by J. W. Dean. Second edition. Albany, 1871.

M. W.*—earliest poet among Harvard graduates. S. A. Greene. Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc., Jan., 1895.

In Biographical Sketches of graduates of Harvard University. Cambridge, 1873, I, pp. 259-286.

"The Day of Doom," the work on which the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth's fame is most securely founded, gave the title to a little duodecimo of 1662, in which it was the chief work. The full title reads, "The Day of

Doom / or, a / Description / Of the Great and Last / Judgment. / with a short. discourse / about / Eternity. Eccles. 12.14 / For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." It was printed, probably, in Cambridge. In the edition of 1773, "The Day of Doom" itself occupies sixty-seven pages of eight-lined ballad stanzas. Then comes a little meditation in heroic couplets, 115 lines. Then the "Discourse on Eternity," then a "Postscript to the Reader," and finally "A Song of Emptiness to fill up the Empty Pages following Vanity of Vanities." In all these successive addenda, the type grows progressively smaller, until the reader, whose eyes dim under the accumulating task, deciphers with difficulty the last line of the last page,

Delight thyself in that which worthless is.

"The Day of Doom" is composed of 224 stanzas. After an invocation to Christ, rather than to the Muses, whom the poet abominates, the day of doom is announced, the hosts appear before Christ enthroned, the sheep are placed on His right, and the doctrine of Election expounded, and the goats on His left appear in successive groups for trial. Each plead in turn—hypocrites, civil honest men, those who died in youth, those who were misled by the example of the elect, those who could not interpret the Scriptures aright, those who, while living, feared martyrdom more than hell torment, those who saw no good in attempting to deserve a salvation which no good works could assure, and, finally, those who died in infancy. All are answered and controverted from the throne, and all are swept off to a common damnation, save the infants, for whom a relenting Providence reserves "the easiest room in hell."

Three-fourths of this is undiluted theology in jingling rhyme. From the beginning of the trial to the concluding wholesale verdict (stanzas xxi-cciv), there is not a tableau of any sort, and not a figure of speech which had not been made familiar by constant pulpit iteration. With the opening and closing stanzas, about twenty at each end, there is some dramatic quality in action and staging, though not enough to account for the popularity of the verses for the next hundred years. This popular liking of the thing was quite unliterary, but depended on a combination of two salient features: "The Day of Doom" expressed the deepest convictions of a consecrated people, and it appealed to the ballad appetite of a folk who were otherwise starved for any nourishment of that sort. They repeated the stanzas as they might have repeated "Chevy Chase" or "Johnny Armstrong"; they believed them with an intensity of devotion which had already impelled them to brave the wrath of the church and the terrors of an unknown sea. So it became the "best seller" of its century, was memorized together with the catechism, and became "the solace," as Lowell says with a twinkle, "of every fireside, the flicker of the pine-knots by which it was coned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion."

With comments on this work, the poetic doom of Michael Wigglesworth is usually pronounced, with attempts at supercilious epigram; or, if any further attention is conceded him, appeal is made on the one side to "The Bay Psalm Book," or on the other to his "Meat Out of the Eater," for

evidence that the Puritan parson as a genus was incapable of writing poetry of any kind, or even passable verse. What could be expected of a mind which could evolve such stuff as this?

Make out for help in time
Lest by some subtile will,
Or hidden craft to thee unknown,
The Serpent thee beguile.
Temptations are like poyson,
Provide an Antidote:
'Tis easier mischief to prevent,
Than cure it when 'tis got.¹

Yet, in the never quoted lines immediately following "The Day of Doom"—a poem, without a title, on the vanity of human wishes—Michael Wigglesworth gives proofs of human kindness and of poetic power. In these earnest lines, Wigglesworth shows a mastery of fluent verse, a control of poetic imagery, and a gentle yearning for the souls' welfare of his parishioners, which is the utterance of the pastor rather than of the theologian. For a moment, God ceases to be angry, Christ stands pleading without the gate, and the good pastor utters a poem upon the neglected theme, "The Kingdom of God is within you":

Fear your great Maker with a child-like awe,
Believe his Grace, love and obey his Law.
This is the total work of man, and this
Will crown you here with Peace and there with Bliss.

This poem is much the best of all that Wigglesworth wrote, although, like all his others, it cannot be read and understood without thought of the New England generation for which it was written. Yet it proves beyond peradventure that "The Day of Doom" was a concession to popular taste in both form and content, and that the man who wrote it was capable of finer things. He was not a great poet, but he was in truth a man of poetic feeling who was hardened and repressed by the temper of his age.

R. LEWIS (Dates Unknown)

Of the author of the "Journey from Patapsco to Annapolis" almost nothing is certainly known. We may be fairly certain, however, that he was born about the beginning of the century, was educated at Eton, and, possibly, had some training at Oxford. He was a friend of Governor Benedict Leonard Calvert, and came to Annapolis, probably about 1727, perhaps through the Governor's inducements, to become there a teacher of Latin and Greek. Among his works, we may list the following:

Muscipula: The Mouse Trap, or the Battle of the Cambrians & the Mice; a poem by Edward Holdsworth, translated into English by R. Lewis. Annapolis, 1728. (Reprinted in the Maryland Historical Society Fund Publication, No. 36, in 1899.)

A Journey from Patapsco in Maryland to Annapolis, April 4, 1730

¹ Wigglesworth, "Light in Darkness," Song VIII, Stanza 7.

(Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1732, Vol. II, pp. 669-671. Reprinted in Eustace Budgell's *Bee* for April 7 to 14, 1733, Vol. I, pp. 393-404; again in Carey's *American Museum* for 1791, Vol. IX, Appendix I, pp. 9-16; and also in Edward D. Neill's "Terra Mariæ" (1867), pp. 239-252—see also p. 214. The text here reprinted is that of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.)

Carmen Seculare. (Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April and May, 1733, Vol. III, pp. 209-210 and 264.)

A Rhapsody. (Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1734, Vol. IV, p. 385. This poem is almost certainly by Lewis.)

For other poems possibly by Lewis, though probably not his, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, VII, 760; XI, 603; XII, 653-654, and XIII, 46.

There is an interesting preface on Lewis in the reprint of the "Muscipula," and brief but enthusiastic appreciations of the "Journey" in Budgell's *Bee* (I, 393), and in Neill's "Terra Mariæ," p. 214. Dr. Bernard C. Steiner has published in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Vol. III, pp. 191-227, 283-342, an article on Governor Benedict Leonard Calvert, which throws incidental light on Lewis and his environment. Aside from the brief discussion of the "Muscipula" in Otis's "American Verse, 1625-1807" (pp. 258-260), Lewis's work seems to be unmentioned by recent writers on American literature.

Such neglect, especially of the poem here reprinted, is unwarranted. The "Journey from Patapsco to Annapolis" is one of the best poems of its day in America. It is, of course, a frank and remarkably prompt imitation of Thomson's "Seasons." The "Seasons" came out during the years 1726-1730, and this poem, though published in 1732, bears the date of 1730 in its title. The one of the "Seasons" which the poem most resembles is "Summer" (1727), though "Spring" (1728), has possibly left a few traces of influence. In structure the poem follows the pattern of "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and especially of "Summer," in presenting the pleasures of a day and a night. It begins with a picture of dawn and ends with the reflections of late evening. It has a certain advantage over its models in that it follows an easy, natural narrative order, instead of mixing narrative with reflection, as Thomson and Milton do. In selection and arrangement, the episodes of the poem are consciously, though not abjectly, parallel to those used in "Summer."

In form, the poem sticks to the couplet, instead of attempting the more unusual and more difficult blank verse of Thomson. The couplet, however, is not used in Pope's fashion; it is frequently varied by triplets, by run-on lines, and by shifting the pause in the fashion popularized by "Paradise Lost." The diction is at times reminiscent of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and, among others, Thomson especially; and yet the phrases are usually the honest, sincere registering of Lewis's own sense-impressions. Much of the conventional Latinization, many of the epithets that are interpretative rather than sensuous, are due to Milton and Thomson. Such are the "ambient air," the "languid tides," the hawk that "predestinates his prey," and many other phrases. More notable, however, are

the details that, to use the romantic catchword, bring back the eye to the object. Lewis is one of the earliest American poets to be predominantly sensuous in his appeal: the "floating foliage" of the pines struck by the rising sun, the iridescence of the humming bird, the pattering noise of the hail (Thomson's hail was "sonorous"), the fragrance of the sassafras buds—these are but a few of the exquisite sensations that Lewis records for us with convincing and unpretentious honesty.

In such a poem, these pictures—or better, these "images," as they would have been called in Lewis's day—are of supreme importance. The notable thing about the images here is that they are consistently and typically local. The English critics who were surprised to find Bryant's nature passages so easily transferable to English scenery, would have found Lewis satisfactorily American. He carefully turns his back on the flowers and trees of Thomson's "Spring" (lines 530 and following), and substitutes the pacone, the crowfoot, the cinque-foil, the red-bud and the sassafras; he delights in the restful green of wheat. His praise of the mocking bird and of the humming bird is sufficient evidence of his desire to celebrate the beauties of Maryland. Indeed, it is likely that these two birds, as well as many other bits of American nature, make their first appearance in poetry here. Lewis seeks not so much to report the look of these things as to express his keen enjoyment of them.

The poem is, then, aside from its thoroughly American details, significant in the history of American poetry. Before 1730, the Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, had sworn allegiance to the poetry of Alexander Pope; here arise, probably, the first signs of the Thomson influence—which was, of course, to be more permanent and valuable than the Pope tradition. The promptness with which the provinces were imitating the popular poets of the mother country is interesting. It augurs an attention to things poetic not always ascribed to our ancestors. In fact, the whole career of Lewis, brief though it may have been, suggests that there may have been much more poetry written in America in the 18th century than has been commonly supposed, and that the poetry written may have been much better than has been thought. It was mostly published in obscure nooks, or in England, and has not as yet been thoroughly reclaimed.

S.

THE ALMANACS OF NATHANIEL AMES

"The Essays, Humor and Poems of Nathaniel Ames, Father and Son, of Dedham, Massachusetts, from their Almanacks, 1726-1774. With notes and Comments, by Sam. Briggs. Cleveland, 1891."

The first half of the 18th century was relatively barren in poetry, even in America, where there had been little enough before. No volumes of verse seem to have been produced. Some work, such as that of Mr. Lewis, got into print through the columns of the English periodicals, and some through the American almanacs.

The almanac, "the most despised, most prolific, most indispensable of books . . . the very quack, clown, pack-horse, and pariah of modern

literature," had enjoyed a growing vogue from the beginnings of the Colonial period. After "The Freeman's Oath," the first piece of printing in this country was a Mr. Pierce's almanac, printed by Stephen Dayer in Cambridge in 1639. Boston entered the field in 1676, Philadelphia in 1686, New York in 1697. The first one appeared in Rhode Island in 1728, and in Virginia in 1731. "Poor Richard" made his début in 1732. Among the almanac editors who prospered through long careers, three are most famous, Robert B. Thomas, publisher of "The Old Farmer's Almanac," from 1793 to 1847;¹ Benjamin Franklin, founder in 1732 and author until 1748 of the "Poor Richard," who continued to prosper on his poverty until 1796, and earliest of the three, Nathaniel Ames, of Dedham, Mass., an author, editor, and publisher of his own series from 1726 to 1764, who was succeeded by a son of the same name until 1774.

In the almanacs of Nathaniel Ames,² father and son, the literary element—to use the term very charitably—was a striking feature. This included the conventional introduction of "interlined wit and humor," the less common employment of didactic essays on astronomy, theology, black-art, prosaic discussions on personal hygiene, and Addisonian pages for the ladies and for the gentlemen, and, finally, the use of a considerable amount of quoted and original verse. The verse appears from the first number in every issue, and bulks up to much more than the other two features combined. Among the English poets quoted are Pope, Dryden, Addison, Thomson, Milton, and Sir Richard Blackmore, but more often the verse is by Ames himself or one of his countrymen.

The most common method of weaving it into the almanacs, is by printing it as a series of inscriptions above the successive months. Sometimes the verses so introduced are appropriate to the changing seasons, but not infrequently they are simply twelve sections of one consecutive piece of poetical moralization upon life, and sometimes for the same year these two appeals are rudely combined. In several of the issues are forewords, such as those herein reprinted for 1738, which show a journalistic inclination to supply what the public wanted, by placating the grave with a serious address, and the gay with a frivolous one. From time to time, in addition to forewords and monthly captions, there are appended whole selections, which, for want of a better word, we must call poems. In the earlier years, these are more often related to the wars of the Lord, and in the later ones to fighting with the French and Indians; but in almost all cases they are pertinent, as almanac verse should be, to contemporary events or interests. Thus, in 1741, the period of "The Great Awakening," there is a challenge "To the Scoffers at Whitefield's Preaching," but in 1760 an outburst of triumph "On the Reduction of Quebec by Wolfe." The rhymed chronologies of 1745 and 1763 are fascinating records of the 18th century orthodox attitude toward history and the mountain-peaks of human achievement. The naïve near-sightedness of the times was humanly frank rather than humanly unusual, like the vanity of a débutante who will dally before the mirror, with Pike's Peak waiting outside the window.

¹ For information on Thomas and a great deal of interesting data about almanacs in general, see "The Old Farmer and his Almanac," by G. L. Kittredge, Boston, 1904.

² "The Almanacs of Nathaniel Ames, 1726-1774."

In form, the verses of Ames and his contributors are not without claims to attention. They are uneven, and run all the lower half of the gamut—for none are more than fair; but in this mediocrity they partake of the period in which they were written. Dryden, Addison, and Thomson served as models of convention to the 18th century mind. What the 20th century applauds in them are the qualities which make them egregious rather than conventional. The diction and prosody of Ames and his models, therefore, are the things against which Wordsworth protested in his essay of 1798, and they are the point of departure for the poets of the 19th century. Thus, they are still interesting to the student, not as immortal poetry, but as the kind of poetry that a certain generation was content to read and write, and as a monumental evidence of the fact that the desire for poetry will survive almost any vicissitudes.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791)

Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia, October 2, 1737. He was first matriculant in the College of Philadelphia, receiving his bachelor's degree in 1757, and his master's in 1760. He was admitted to the bar in 1761, visited England in 1766-1767, and from 1772 to 1776 was holder of offices under the Crown. He was, nevertheless, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. With the approach of the war, he became an effective spokesman for the colonies. His most famous contributions were "A Pretty Story—The Old Farm and the New Farm: A Political Allegory by Peter Grievous, Esq.," 1774, and "The Battle of the Kegs," a ballad of 1778. He wrote, also, graceful verse and prose on the life and manners of his time, and was distinguished as one of the most versatile men of his day. He was statesman, jurist, scientist, musician, poet, and painter. He died on May 9, 1791.

I. Texts.

The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, 3 vols. Philadelphia, 1792. The latter half of the third volume contains in separate paging, 1-204, his Poems on Several Subjects.

The Old Farm and the New Farm: A Political Allegory. With an introduction and historical notes by B. J. Lossing. New York, 1864.

II. Biography.

A Biographical Sketch of Francis Hopkinson, by C. R. Hildeburn, Philadelphia, 1878.

III. Criticism.

The Literary History of the American Revolution, by M. C. Tyler, Vol. I, Chap. VIII, pp. 163-171; Chap. XII, pp. 279-292; Chap. XXII, pp. 487-490, and Vol. II, Chap. XXX, pp. 130-157.

Francis Hopkinson, Man of Affairs and Letters, Mrs. A. R. Marble, *New Eng. Mag.*, Vol. XXVII, p. 289.

As a figure in the history of American literature, Francis Hopkinson must be estimated for his prose, for his verse, and for his genial and pervasive influence as a cultured gentleman. Two and one-half of the three volumes of his collected works are filled with prose essays, which are worth reading both as literature and as history. As polite literature, they include meditations, reveries, dreams, and innocuous light essays of the Addisonian type, discourses on education, both grave and gay, and popular commentaries on science and statecraft, a programme extending all the way from a "Speech of a post in the assembly room" to "Observations on the bill for amending the penal laws." Considered as history, they include a number of open letters to the newspapers, and certain prose satires, of which three, "A Pretty Story," of 1774; "A Prophecy," of 1776, and "The New Roof," of 1778, are as important and effective as any trio from one hand written during the Revolution.

As a poet, Hopkinson stands quite in contrast to Trumbull, Freneau, Dwight, and Barlow in not having succumbed to the prevailing fever for epic writing. The whole volume of his poetry bulks to slightly over 200 pages, and includes more than sixty titles. He attempted no sustained flights. The titles to his poems reveal their complete allegiance to the conventions of the 18th century. There are Miltonic imitations, songs, sentiments, hymns, a fable, and a piece of advice to a young lady. There are occasional poems, including birthday and wedding greetings, prologues and epilogues at the theatre, elegies, and rhymed epitaphs. There is an "Epigram on the death of a favorite lap dog" and "Verses written in a blank book which once belonged to Shenstone"—verses which betray Hopkinson's 18th century opinion that Shenstone wrote books which were not also blank.

These various poems of what may be called the stock varieties, possessed many of the excellences of their kind. Hopkinson was never pompous, his sense of humor restrained him from the use of long and empty locutions, he was almost always facile and graceful, and he was always in complete control of his emotions;

My gen'rous heart disdains
The slave of love to be,
I scorn his servile chains,
And boast my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And wasting with care,
Are not to my taste, be she ever so fair.

This attitude of mind is well adapted to the composition of satire in prose and verse. The "Political ballad written in 1777" is a ballad only in appearance. What Hopkinson achieved with admirable skill in these verses was the employment of narration in ballad metre to convey a satirical message. It was more nearly a fable than a ballad. It had, to be sure, none of the imaginative subtlety of Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci," but also none of the heroic simplicity of "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." Again, in 1778, Hopkinson composed "The New Roof," with equal effectiveness, in prose and in verse, writing it apparently as a prose allegory and then putting the point of it into a song. So, but

in less degree, "The Battle of the Kegs" depends for success upon its mock-heroic quality and the sop to Cerberus contained in its naughty allusion to Sir William Howe. As a ballad imitation, it is admirable in its rugged irregularities. It was not done in Hopkinson's style, though Hopkinson's smile gleams out from between the lines.

Thus, behind all his prose and verse, there appears always the charming and complex personality of this talented gentleman. He had accomplishments enough to qualify him as a full-fledged dilettante, but abilities sufficient to make him an astute and learned judge. His social graces brought him from Lord North political favors which his native strength enabled him to sacrifice for the Colonial cause. He had the qualities of heroism but none of its manners. There was a good deal of Franklin in him—his learning, his interest in science and literature, his humor, his complete and practical devotion to the things of the day. And there was a good deal in him, also, of Chesterfield, in his love of the refinements of life and in his mastery of the art of getting on.

The praise of his contemporaries is significant. John Adams wrote to his wife in August, 1776, the day after he had been at Peale's studio: "At this shop I met Mr. Francis Hopkinson, late a mandamus councillor of New Jersey, now a member of the Continental Congress, who . . . was liberally educated and is a painter and a poet. I have a curiosity to penetrate a little deeper into the bosom of this curious gentleman. . . . He is one of your pretty little curious, ingenious men. . . . I have not met with anything in natural history more amusing and entertaining than his personal appearance—yet he is genteel and well bred and is very social." And then the rugged New Englander concluded half wistfully, "I wish I had leisure and tranquillity of mind to amuse myself with those elegant and ingenious arts of painting, sculpture, statuary, architecture and music. But I have not." Yet Dr. Rush wrote of this "pretty little" man that the Revolution and the formation of the Union could not be fully understood "unless much is ascribed to the irresistible influence of the ridicule which he poured forth from time to time upon the enemies of those great political events."

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750-1831)

Trumbull was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, April 24, 1750. As a youthful prodigy he passed the Yale entrance examinations at the age of seven, read very extensively up to his actual admission six years later, and received his A.B. in 1767 and his A.M. in 1770, reading eagerly in the "polite literature" of the moderns and ancients. His chief writings included a series of Addisonian essays, entitled "The Meddler," in *The Boston Chronicle*, September, 1769-January, 1770, and "The Correspondent" in *The Connecticut Journal and New Haven Post-Boy*, February-July, 1770, and February-September, 1773; "The Progress of Dulness," Part I, August, 1772; Part II, January, 1773; Part III, July, 1773; "M'Fingal," Canto I, 1776. This was later divided into two with the completion of "M'Fingal, A Modern Epic Poem, in Four Cantos," in 1782. He shared also in the

composition of "The Anarchiad," in 1786-1787, with David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, and Lemuel Hopkins. In 1773 he was admitted to the bar, and during a long career served with increasing distinction. He died in 1831.

I. Texts.

The first complete edition, from which the selections in this volume are quoted, appeared presumably under his own supervision, with an introduction and notes, as *The Poetical Works of John Trumbull*. Hartford, 1820, 2 vols.

A useful piece of modern editing is *M'Fingal: an epic poem*. With introduction and notes, by B. J. Lossing. New York, 1860.

II. Criticism.

The best critical discussion of Trumbull is in *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, by M. C. Tyler, Vol. I, Chap. IX, pp. 188-221, and Chap. XX, pp. 427-450.

It is frequently said that infant prodigies die young or grow into mediocrity. John Trumbull, however, lived to old age and eminence. Only by forcing the issue can he be said to have at all fitted the formula. He did give great literary promise as a youth, and his literary career was completed as early as that of Keats; but only those who care to regard legal eminence as a literary catastrophe can take any comfort in the non-fulfilment of his precocity.

His poetry, written between 1770 and 1782, may conveniently be considered in two groups. The first is the modest array of fourteen short poems at the end of the second volume of his 1820 edition, and the second is made up of his two long satires, which, in bulk as well as importance, far overbalance all the rest. Of the first group, eleven were written between 1770 and 1774, when he was frankly eager, impressionable and imitative. Quite naturally, he translated from Virgil; most of the English poets since the Restoration had taken side excursions into this field. As a young and orthodox New Englander, he matched these classical tributes off with Biblical paraphrases, after the fashion of Watts. He did two fables, like Gay, and gave "Advice to Ladies of a Certain Age," like Lyttleton and every other true 18th century Englishman. With the echoes of Gray's "Elegy" in his ears, he wrote an elegy on his friend, St. John, and therewith indulged in the pleasurable melancholy of the "graveyard poets," who were later to influence the youthful Bryant. Apparently, he had no other ambition for himself or for his fellow poets in America than to

bid their lays with lofty Milton vie;
Or wake from nature's themes the moral song,
And shine with Pope, with Thompson and with Young.
This land her Swift and Addison shall view,
The former honors equalled by the new;
Here shall some Shakspeare charm the rising age,
And hold in magic chains the listening stage;
A second Watts shall string the heavenly lyre,
And other muses other bards inspire.

In these poems, Trumbull showed an unqualified literary conservatism. What was good enough for his fathers—the best of contemporary English literature—was good enough for him. The idea that a new country might evolve new ways of thinking and new forms of expression does not seem to have occurred to him. In “The Progress of Dulness,” however, written right in the midst of these other performances, he came down to facts as he had observed them in New Haven, and in “the keen spirit of critical observation,” which he later attributed to himself, he began his work as a satirist.

This production is on the interwoven themes of three New England types of young people, Tom, Dick, and Harry—although Harry was transformed to Harriet Simper, who, after a varied career as a coquette, was first jilted by Dick Hairbrain and then doomed to an inglorious marriage with Tom Brainless. The third part, reprinted in this volume, is devoted to the ill-fated heroine. The first and second are concerned with the two boys, who were for better or for worse enrolled at a typical American college. Tom, incapable of any other career, was sent there by his fond parents, tutored in preparation, and pushed through his entrance examinations by combined zeal of father and teacher. A few days were enough to weary him of a routine which

In the same round condemned each day
To study, read, recite and play.

A short programme of non-preparation, tardiness, and absence made him subject to “the college evil,” eye-trouble, the malady which even to-day

Still makes its cap’tal seat the head.
In all diseases ’tis expected
The weakest parts be most infected.

In spite of all, however, he survived to receive his degree at the end of

Four years at college dozed away,
In sleep and slothfulness and play.

Yet of the academic leopard’s spots, Tom was one of the smaller ones, for Trumbull showed, by means of Dick’s experience, that college was a place for something even worse than the harmless incompetent. Young Hairbrain was quite aware of the joys that a liberal education was to bring him, and on his arrival broke out in rapturous salutation to the halls

Where wealth and pride and riot wait,
And each choice spirit finds his mate.

Trumbull was so eager to drive home his strictures on the college, that occasionally he interrupted his story with direct comment. He agreed with Hopkinson and Freneau in deploring the domination of the classics, and, in his introduction, carried the war against most other subjects. Finally, with reference to what we now dignify by the title of extra-classroom activities, Dick’s “constant course was retrograde.”

His talents proved of highest price
At all the arts of cards and dice;
His genius turned with greatest skill
To whist, loo, cribbage, and quadrille.

With an indictment which rejected the collegian's studies as useless and his diversions as pernicious, Trumbull's criticism gave ample historical ground for New England's establishment of a day of prayer for colleges. There is an almost Grecian completeness in the punishment of Harriet's frivolity by committing her to a dilemma between two boys so inclined and so brought up; but Trumbull seems not to have overdrawn the picture. The facts are amply attested by the other critics who were interested in the education of 18th century young Americans.

This was genuine home-made satire. It was in an established English form made celebrated by Butler and Dryden, and it exemplified a general attitude toward life which prevailed in the British light-essayists from Addison on. It even smacked of the semi-republicanism which went to the length of adopting middle and lower class characters as literary themes (though this point should not be overstrained, since they have always been considered fair game for ridicule), and it furnished many a neatly turned epigram for the non-believer in college education. Its un-English quality lay in the fact that it was clearly located in New Haven, Connecticut, and not in any English university town. It was drawn from the life. This was a non-English or provincial quality, rather than in any sense an American one, for the poem was written by a young subject of George III, whose feeling was doubtless that the colleges, like literature, in America, could do no better than live up to the best English traditions. It was provincial like Trumbull's "Lines addressed to Messrs. Dwight and Barlow," which warned them against the dangers of publishing in "Yon proud Isle," and of thus invoking the malignance of the Grub-street reviewers, a protest written from the provinces in a tone and idiom long before made fashionable by Pope from a few miles up the Thames.

With the events of 1775, Trumbull went one step farther, for "M'Fingal" was clearly the work of a revolutionist. One advance hint of rebellion was oracularly announced in his "Elegy on the Times," written in late 1774, but it was then an infant concept swaddled in poetic circumlocutions. "Tyrant vengeance" and "bloody standards" appear on the plain where "spring dissolves in softening showers in vain." Independence is at last to come in a land where "The flowery garden breathes a glad perfume," but it is to be achieved not so much by force of arms as by the benignant exercise of poetic justice. "M'Fingal," written in the next year, is a different sort of rebelliousness. It is a well-meaning citizen who has gone into training camp and has stripped off poetic fat at the rate of two syllables of adjective to every line.

It is built around the dissensions that arose in a typical New England town between Whigs and Tories, led by M'Fingal, the Loyalist, and Honorius, the arch-rebel. The first two cantos (1,500 lines, originally published without division) are the day-long debate between the two, interrupted only by the noon adjournment for luncheon. Honorius made the now time-honored appeals to the Englishman's love of liberty, and M'Fingal retorted with addresses to his respect for law and authority. The speeches were very long but very vigorous, full of barbed personal and local allusion, and so turned that whether spoken with the skill and fervor of Honorius or the maladroitness of M'Fingal, they were all equally effective

in behalf of the Revolutionary cause. The debate was adjourned in general confusion *sine die*, and the poem was left thus unconcluded for six years.

After the defeat of Cornwallis in October, 1781, the work was carried on to completion by an account of what was said and done later in the same day and evening. The third canto quoted in this volume, more full of action than the others, tells how M'Fingal was first raised on the liberty pole, and then tarred, feathered and left sticking to its base. The fourth, after his escape, presents a melancholy assemblage in a Tory cellar, to whom M'Fingal prophesies, from the viewpoint of 1775, the events that every one knew in 1781. Yet even here, as he was advising submission to the inevitable, the enemy stormed the hiding-place, from which he vanished forever into the night. "The flight of M'Fingal," says the author's genial note, "forms the grand catastrophe of this immortal work. So sublime a *dénouement*, as the French critics term it, never appeared before in Epic Poetry, except that of the Hero turning Papist, in the *Henriade* of Voltaire."

As a whole, the work is an interesting combination of bookishness and popular journalism. Trumbull's mind was in some respects like Macaulay's—it was packed with literary lore and able to present this without overwhelming the reader. He referred to Homer, Aristophanes, Virgil, Ovid, Livy; to Shakespeare, Milton, Butler, Blackmore; to men as far apart as Berkeley and Rabelais; to the popular fiction of the day; but he never made a boast of his learning. Thus he wrote

Like ancient oak o'erturned he lay,
Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,
Or mountain sunk with all his pines
Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,
And more things else—but all men know 'em
If slightly versed in epic poem.

He appealed to popular prejudice (as all controversial literature does), and was thereby sure of a sympathetic hearing before he started. The real keenness of observation, already practised in his prose essays and in his "Progress of Dulness," was well tried for this more ambitious work, yet his methods of workmanship were not too subtle for the public taste. In every canto there was more or less of rough horse-play. He resorted to word elisions and multiple rhymes, from the worst, like "ruins—new ones," "trouble ye—jubilee," to such happy ones as "shallow way—Gallow-way," and "league rose—negroes." He had no conscience to prevent his making M'Fingal the weakest of counsels for an evil cause, for in the process he gave more weight to the occasional passages in which Honorious rose to genuine eloquence.

The work was immensely popular. The lack of copyright record makes the total number of editions speculative; almost certainly twenty-five or more appeared before 1800. Trumbull was peculiarly well adapted for the writing of Revolutionary satire, and the Revolution, in all likelihood, was responsible for reclaiming to this sort of literature a pen which not long after was wholly dedicated to the law.

POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION

In this group are included some forty representative selections which may fairly be regarded as a kind of verse obligato to the more substantial chorus of revolutionary literature. They extend from the first four (1755-1759), which supply evidence of a unified English population victorious over French and Indian foes, through the decade of discomfort and doubt (1766-1776), and the years of decision and conflict (1776-1781). They are, for the most part, of unknown authorship, or the work of men like John Dickinson (1752-1808), Jonathan Mitchell Sewall (1748-1808), Joseph Stansbury (1750-1809), and Jonathan Odell (1737-1818), whose verse writing was almost wholly inspired by the war and whose work would not otherwise have been included in this volume. Taken in conjunction with the revolutionary poems of Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), John Trumbull (1750-1831), and Philip Freneau (1752-1832)—see pages 35-42, 43-57, and 89-117—they have a just but modest claim to the kind of attention to which war literature is always entitled—the attention due to sugar-coated history. About one-third of the entire list, chiefly the work of Stansbury and Odell, indicates the typical development of increasingly clear and aggressive Tory conviction.

I. Texts.

Selections from *Early American Writers*, ed. W. B. Cairns; *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, ed. E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, 1st vol.; *American War Ballads and Lyrics*, ed. G. C. Eggleston; *Poets and Poetry of America*, ed. R. W. Griswold; *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, ed. Frank Moore; *Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, and *Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell*, ed. Winthrop Sargent; *Library of American Literature*, ed. E. C. Stedman and E. M. Hutchinson, 3d vol.; *Poems of American History*, ed. B. F. Stevenson.

II. Criticism.

The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period, S. W. Patterson; *American Verse, 1605-1807*, W. B. Otis; *Literary History of the American Revolution*, M. C. Tyler, 2 vols.

In the first four, the unqualified colonial loyalty is evident at a glance. Braddock and Wolfe were heroes and martyrs; the subjects of Britain were fighting the wars of the Lord. With the fifth, however, appears the first sign of unrest. "Sure never was Picture drawn more to the Life" appeared the year after the Stamp Act, a year in which the words "freedom," "liberty," and "tyranny" were beginning to loom large. It was characteristic that this song and the three of 1768 should all be set to a melody then popular in old England, and it was significant that in 1768 the second of these songs was an abusive Tory parody of the first, following it within a few weeks, and rejoining to its heroic vocabulary with "villains," "rascals," "Banditti," "brats," "bunters," and allusions

to the Devil and to Tyburn gallows. Still, by both factions, the extreme that was suggested was political insurrection which in the same breath protested against abuse and asserted its own loyalty to just British rule. As the break came nearer, the Tory attitude of Stansbury, and even of Odell, was notably conciliatory, and even the rebel song of May 31, 1775, which in the first stanza sounded the call to arms, petered out in a convivial anti-climax.

In 1776 comes the inevitable word "independence," and a farewell to all attempts to spare the King at the expense of Lord North. The Colonials became truculent, though the Loyalists continued to deprecate and deplore until the formation of an alliance with the French, and the revulsion of feeling caused by their own personal hardships transformed their sorrow into anger. Now Odell blazed out, his "Congratulation" of November, 1779, and "The American Times," of 1780, rivalling Freneau's "British Prison Ship" and "The Political Balance" in vitriolic bitterness. In the closing years of the War, the Colonial verse relapsed into complacency and Odell into sullen silence, while Stansbury pathetically tried to be happy as long as he might and prepared to play the rôle of graceful loser.

The ways in which the verses were put into circulation are various and interesting. As always with "occasional" poetry, the regular journals and periodicals were the most effective instruments of distribution. These included, among others, *The Virginia Gazette*, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, *The Pennsylvania Packet*, and *The Pennsylvania Journal*, *The Boston Gazette*, *The Freeman's Journal*, or *New Hampshire Gazette*, and, for the Tories, *Towne's Evening Post* and *Rivington's Royal Gazette*. The difficulties, after 1776, of getting loyalist material printed and distributed naturally made Rivington, who was safe behind the British lines, the chief agent. Many of these songs were originally delivered at social gatherings, winter dinners, and summer outings, or as prologues or epilogues to plays, or were circulated by means of handbill "broad-sides." One was included in a cantata, one was put out as a pasquinade—simply written out and conspicuously posted—and one, the most famous of all, was almost a folk poem or ballad in origin. For "Yankee Doodle," although attributed originally to Edward Bangs, a Harvard sophomore, undoubtedly had the ballad experience of being modified and varied, as all ballads have been by this process. This experience was, of course, in a lesser degree, common to all of the songs and jingles which were widely repeated or sung. "Yankee Doodle" was simply the pre-eminent example. Others from among this immediate group are "The Boston Tea Party," "The Fall of John Burgoyne," and "The Dance," all of which are in conventional ballad metre, with a half primitive ruggedness of form and content, and "Nathan Hale," more elaborate in form and more self-conscious in tone, a good eighteenth century treatment of ballad material which, if not actually "trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar," was at any rate quite appreciably dressed up.

In any discussion of the literary qualities of these verses of conflict and loyalty, the frequently adopted device of writing new words for old melodies may be regarded as next of kin to the balladry of "Yankee Doodle."

In the revolutionary days, as in every generation, there were a few popular favorites which it was impossible not to copy. The situation is well illustrated to-day by the general practice in connection with college and fraternity songs. A good new melody is invariably pirated before its third season, and old ones sometimes have as many as five or six sets of more or less inferior verse composed to them. The popular songs of the late 18th century furnished a fair stimulus to at least respectable song writing. Perhaps the most famous then and now were "Hearts of Oak," "Lords of the Main," and the "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," still familiar to the modern theatre-goer, as sung by Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal." These and their like were all well turned and graceful, with dashes of rather magniloquent heroism and turns of tender sentiment. They were not vulgar in tone or content, still less were they vulgar in the neat rotundity of their form. It was fortunate for the literary quality of revolutionary song that the standard types of the day were not doggerel nor modern concert hall drivel.

The four songs of 1766 and 1768 already alluded to were all close parodies of "Hearts of Oak" or of each other, as was also Stansbury's "When Good Queen Elizabeth Governed the Realm." Stansbury's "Lords of the Main" was after an English prototype, and the "Volunteer Boys," attributed to Henry Archer, is very evidently after the metre of "Here's to the Maiden." Sometimes a good melody was used without attempt to parody the original words or sentiment. The tune "Derry Down," in one of the prevailing anapestic measures, for which were written the "Satire on the Liberty Pole" of 1770, and the satirical "Epilogue" of 1778, could carry several other of the selections by the mere addition of the burden "Derry down, down, hey, derry down"; and the iambic "Maggie Lauder" could accompany not only "Cornwallis Burgoyned," but any other of the conventional ballad verse which was not otherwise engaged. Of the songs as a whole, from Wolfe's "How Stands the Glass Around" to those of Freneau and Hopkinson forty years later, it is fair to say that they were thoroughly English in form and sentiment. Manly strength, feminine grace, the cheering influence of the social glass, and a traditionally aristocratic point of view were implicit in them. By accident, they were dedicated to a struggle for and against a democratic principle, but these song writers, by common consent with the rest of the radical vintners of their day, poured their new political wines into old literary bottles.

Equal in importance with ballad and song in Revolutionary verse is the satire. The ballad was composed to record heroic deeds and episodes, like the songs, to stimulate heroic moods. Both of them were designed for vocal interpretation and were picturesque and concrete appeals to the emotions. In contrast, satire based on analysis and criticism was a calculated approach to the intellect. Most of it is quite cold-blooded; its sole emotional challenge is to righteous wrath. "Facit indignatio versum."

In its most guileless, yet sometimes most effective, form it may be simply amusing, derisive only by implication. In such guise it occurs in Stansbury's "Pasquinade," a rare instance of Tory satire directed at one of its own leaders, and, again, in the Tory "Fable" attributed to David Matthews, the single example here of the fable in verse to which Pope's generation

were peculiarly addicted. It cropped out here together with the companion type of primitive allegory, the essay fable which flourished in 18th century periodicals, from the *Spectator* to *The Citizen of the World* and beyond. In verse such as the present example it occurred somewhat infrequently in Colonial America, but in prose the fable was often used with effect by Franklin, Hopkinson, and others.

There is abundant other satire in the verse of the Revolution, for it is a natural weapon in the times that try men's souls. The writing of explicitly satirical poems on an extended scale was chiefly done for the Colonials by John Trumbull and Philip Freneau (see pp. 43-57, 89-117) and for the Loyalists by Jonathan Odell.

The most important of Odell's contributions were "The Congratulation" and "The American Times," of 1779 and 1780. At these stages in the war Odell had lost all hope for any but the most bitter solution, and, like Freneau, he had become filled with hatred as the result of his own indefensible hardships. These hot protests were written in the iambic pentameter of "The Dunciad." The jauntier four-foot measure of "Hudibras" and "The Hind and the Panther" was left to those who felt less deeply. The mock congratulation of the first poem plays around the twelve times repeated burden:

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajoled,

and the vocabulary of abuse is moderately sounded. In the second the depths are plumbed; "foul Sedition skulks" in the third line, the state is "one putrefying sore," and "all the lice of Egypt" follow Washington, who is "Patron of villainy, of villains chief." The recriminative language of war sounds strangely familiar when Odell, in the third part of "The Times," contends that the colonists were wanton trouble-makers, and that the war clouds would all have blown over if only the malcontents had not insisted upon fighting. And the mental processes behind war controversy are more frankly confessed than usual in the couplets:

But arm they would, ridiculously brave;
Good laughter, spare me: I would fain be grave:
So arm they did—the knave led on the fool!
Good anger, spare me: I would fain be cool.

With these two diatribes the bitterest of Loyalist asperity seemed to exhaust itself, and from this time on, in a somewhat lighter vein, Trumbull, Freneau and their sympathizers laughed best and laughed last.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752-1832)

Philip Freneau was born in New York City in 1752. He entered the sophomore class at Princeton, graduating in 1771. He taught for a while after college, but in 1775 gained sudden reputation as a political satirist. From late 1775 to 1778 he lived in Santa Cruz and Bermuda. In 1779 he made the voyage to the Azores and back. In 1780, when starting on another voyage, his vessel was captured, and he was held in British prison ships

from May 25 to July 12. 1781-1784 he was editor of *The Freeman's Journal*, contributing a great deal of prose and verse, all unsigned. 1784-1790 he was chiefly on the sea in Atlantic coast trade. Next for seven years he was a journalist with four successive papers—*The Charleston Daily Advertiser*, *The National Gazette* (Philadelphia), *The Jersey Chronicle*, *The Time Piece and Literary Companion* (New York). 1798-1803 he was in unsuccessful farming, and then 1803-1807 in his last period of sea voyaging. He lived until 1832.

Most of his poems appeared through the journals of his day, and many also under independent imprints. They were assembled in book form during his lifetime in editions of 1786, 1788, 1795, 1809, and 1815.

I. Texts.

The definitive edition of Freneau's poems, from which the selections in this volume are drawn, is *Poems of Philip Freneau*, edited, with an introduction, for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee, Princeton, 1902, 3 vols., 8vo. The other chief sources of information are:

A Bibliography, by Victor Hugo Paltsits. New York, 1903.

II. Biography.

Philip Freneau, a History of his Life and Times, by Mary S. Austin. New York, 1901.

The Political Activities of Philip Freneau, by Samuel E. Forman. Series XX, Nos. 9-10, Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore, 1902.

Philip Freneau, the Huguenot Patriot-Poet, etc., by E. F. DeLancey. *Proceedings of the Huguenot Soc. of Amer.*, Vol. II, No. 2, 1891.

Poems of Philip Freneau relating to the American Revolution, with Introductory Memoir and Notes, by E. A. Duyckinck, 1865.

The mistaken liking for neat formulæ to which many historians and critics of literature are addicted, has given currency to two phrases descriptive of Freneau which are suggestive, even though misleading. These are "Poet of the American Revolution," and "Father of American Poetry." Taken together, they carry the quite truthful implication that Freneau was a naturally endowed poet, who gave his strength to moulding public opinion during a great national crisis. If one yearns for a formula he may fairly adopt the equation that Freneau was to the Revolution what Whittier was to the Civil War. The two kinds of writing implied in these phrases, while interwoven into a long career, may be considered separately.

As "Poet of the Revolution," Freneau came into sudden prominence in 1775 with the publication of "The Political Litany" in June, "American Liberty" in July, "General Gage's Soliloquy" in August, "The Midnight Consultations" in September, and "To the Americans" and "General Gage's Confession" in October. In these four months the youth of twenty-three did nearly half of his most effective work as a writer of martial satires.

All but one of them were in the heroic couplet, conventionally done after the manner of Pope, with all the usual formalities and locutions, but with infectious fire and sincerity. The other chief productions were "America Independent" in 1778, "George the Third's Soliloquy" in 1779, "The British Prison Ship" in 1781, and "A Prophecy" and "The Political Balance" in 1782.

Taken as a group, these productions lend themselves to comparison and contrast with those of Freneau's leading opponent, Jonathan Odell (see pp. 69, 71, 77-83). At the start, Freneau's verses were more aggressive than those of the conciliatory royalist. By 1781 they were as acrid as Odell's, for though both had been subjected to hardship, Freneau had suffered the greater indignities in his prison ship experiences. In the last years of the war Odell's bitterness was confirmed, but Freneau adopted a tone of caustic levity which became natural with the confidence of success. With the end of the war, Odell's verse-writing waned. So did that of almost all the "poets of the Revolution"; but not with Freneau, for he was interested in the course of human events of which the war was merely one important chapter, and he continued to write on men and affairs for another thirty years.

As a journalist, he paid his respects to the Tories again and again. He never forgave Rivington, their publisher, for the part he had played. He analyzed public opinion, and what it demanded of the public press, and he anticipated Irving's "*Salmagundi*" gibes at the "logocracy" by many years. He sang once more the praises of liberty in the days of the French Revolution, and he protested at British domination of the seas as events were leading up to the War of 1812. Finally, he came to the defence of the American soldier, "lost in the abyss of want," and of the negro slave, "scourged by ruffian hands." To dub Freneau "Poet of the Revolution," therefore, limits by implication even the scope of his verses on men and events, and it wholly neglects his more important work. It would be equally unfair to estimate Whittier solely as "Poet of Anti-Slavery."

To use the other favorite epithet for Freneau, "Father of American Poetry," is to be equally unfair in claiming too much for him. He had too many important predecessors and contemporaries in America. Moreover, the fondest employers of the phrase have never stopped to trace his poetical posterity in America. They are usually content to rest their claims on one line in Campbell and another in Scott—a small and alien family. Yet the expression has its just significance in suggesting that Freneau was a poet of natural talents and original inclinations.

Freneau's poetical career was a long one, lasting from the delivery of his commencement poem on "The Rising Glory of America," in 1771, to the publication of the fifth collected edition of his poems, forty-four years later, in 1815; and it showed, as long careers are likely to, several clearly marked stages in his development. At the outset, he was bookish and consciously "literary" in his inclinations. He speculated on the artistic future of his country; aspired, like every other young verse-writer for the next fifty years, to be the great American poet, and showed an epic inclination even before Dwight began "The Conquest of Canaan," or Barlow "The Vision of Columbus." Freneau's eighteen "Pictures of

Columbus" are full of youthful poetic fire. His "Power of Fancy" is pleasantly Miltonic, and his lines "On Retirement" at once sincere and unconsciously imitative. There is enough in his work before 1775 to prove that his powers were far from being evoked by the War—that they were, on the contrary, distracted and diverted by it. Even during the struggle they were not wholly dedicated to it. The sailor, the south seas, and the sentimentalism of the age all came in for a little share of his attention, as recorded in poems like "Lines to a Coasting Captain," "The Beauties of Santa Cruz," and "On Amanda's Singing Bird." These all were the work of an impressionable young poet, who wrote as all young poets do—as his most talented contemporaries, Hopkinson and Trumbull did—in clear imitation of the best recent models, themselves of course English, for America afforded no models.

For a man of Freneau's temper, however, the fact of political emancipation begat a desire for corresponding intellectual freedom. The fact is perceptible in his work as a whole, but it is also explicitly recorded in his verses of 1786 on "Literary Importation." A nation that could boast a Washington, a Franklin, and a Rittenhouse, should not tolerate the importation of an English bishop for an American episcopacy, or of English bookworms for American colleges. It was not simply that Freneau wanted American-born men in positions of honor, but rather that he wanted American ideas propounded in American churches and classrooms. "If they give us their bishops, they'll give us their law."

Thus, and not by accident, in "The Wild Honeysuckle" and "To a Caty-did" he wrote simple verse on American themes quite as worth celebrating as the wild eglantine or the skylark, and in "The Indian Burying Ground" he found poetic stuff equal to any that Scott and Campbell were to find in the romantic past of Britain. At the present day there seems nothing remarkable in this, and there is assuredly nothing praiseworthy. Yet it is a fact of literary history that poetical conventions dominate all but the rarely independent, in the adoption of both subject matter and verse forms. Freneau, though widely read, was more independent in his maturer writing than many of the 19th century American poets, whose work was more literary than spontaneous.

For the last thirty years of his authorship Freneau was, therefore, if not all things to all men, at least two sorts of things to two sorts of men. He was enormously interested in the affairs of state and in the problems connected with them. He was, consequently, from time to time, writing poems on events and issues; and so turning his gifts as a versifier to journalistic account. Yet he was by no means overwhelmingly interested in contemporary problems, for all the while, too, his mind was looking far to the future, was occupied with the legends of the past, and was playing with themes of graceful and tender sentiment. So, in his various moods, he could write with almost equal effectiveness "The Political Balance," and "The Progress of Balloons," and "The Indian Burying Ground," and "On a Honey Bee."

There were both losses and gains in Freneau's long and productive career. In the later years his mastery of verse was firmer, his diction was more clear cut, his rhymes were more secure, and his rhythmic lapses

less frequent. Such a circumlocution as the following could have been written only in his youth:

That juice destructive to the pangs of care
Which Rome of old, nor Athens could prepare,
Which gains the day for many a modern chief
When cool reflection yields a faint relief,
That charm whose virtue warms the world beside,
Was by these tyrants to our use denied.

The short and ugly word in this case was—grog. Yet in genuine poetic power Freneau did not display a growth corresponding to his improvement in technique. Two or three of his most famous shorter poems were composed after he was forty years of age, but the great promise of his youth was by no means fulfilled. There was a certain buoyant readiness of fancy in his early work, and at times there were fine moments of poetic fervor which gave hope of a genius that never came to full development.

I see, I see
A thousand kingdoms rais'd, cities, and men
Num'rous as sand upon the ocean shore;
Th' Ohio then shall glide by many a town
Of note; and where the Mississippi stream
By forests shaded now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow and States not less in fame
Than Greece and Rome of old; we too shall boast
Our Alexanders, Pompeys, heroes, kings
That in the womb of time yet dormant lye
Waiting the joyful hour of life and light.

The college boy who wrote these lines fell upon evil days. The enmities he made in the period of controversy wreaked themselves on him in hostile and abusive criticism, and the dull drudgery of journalism blunted him. It is usually idle business to speculate on what a poet might have done under different and more auspicious circumstances, but it is almost impossible not to believe that the drafting of Freneau into popular service prevented him from larger achievement; that the measure in which he was Poet of the Revolution decreased his claim to the title of Father of American Poetry.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817)

Dwight, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, was born in Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. After showing a childish precocity, not uncommon in his day, and almost equal to that of John Trumbull, he was given his bachelor's degree at Yale in 1769. During the next eight years of teaching and study, two in a New Haven grammar school, and six in Yale College, he gave himself so rigorously to the asceticism of the old-time scholar, that he permanently injured his health and his eyesight. In 1777-1778 he was chaplain in the Continental army. From 1778 to 1783 he lived in Northampton, farming and preaching, as well as serving two terms in the state legislature. It was during his service as Congregational pastor at Greenfield, Conn., that he published his three long poems mentioned below. From 1795 to his death in 1817 he was president of Yale College.

He wrote voluminously on theological subjects, but his only other work of literary interest was his "Travels in New England and New York," 4 vols., posthumously published in 1823.

I. Texts.

There are no recent editions of Dwight. The originals are:

The Conquest of Canaan; A Poem in Eleven Books. Hartford, 1784.

The Triumph of Infidelity: A Poem. Printed in the World, 1788.
(No name given of place, author or publisher.)

Greenfield Hill; A Poem, in Seven Parts. New York, 1794.

Travels in New England and New York. 4 vols. London, 1823.

II. Biography.

Memoir prefixed to Dwight's "Theology," in 4 vols., by W. T. and S. E. Dwight.

The Life of Timothy Dwight, in Vol. XIV of Sparks's "Library of American Biography," by W. B. Sprague.

A Sketch in Vol. II of Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

III. Criticism.

Three Men of Letters, by M. C. Tyler, pp. 72-127.

Introduction to the Poems of Philip Freneau, edited for the Princeton Historical Association, F. L. Pattee, Vol. I, pp. c, ci.

Timothy Dwight wrote verse for about twenty years, although the dates of his chief publications fall close together between 1785 and 1794. He was an orthodox grandson of the last great champion of Calvinism, and so was naturally given to deep enthusiasms and lofty ambitions. When the war came on, he raised his voice in the chorus of patriotic song. Most of what he sung has been lost, but his one pæan, "Columbia," is among the best of American national lyrics. It was addressed to a nation in arms, who needed the comfort of an heroic appeal to the emotions. He left jocosity to Trumbull and Hopkinson, and diatribe to Freneau, while he sang with the prophetic zeal of the Puritan about the glories that were to be:

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

But "Columbia" was by no means Dwight's first fervid national utterance. Though he was doomed to wait eleven years for publication, this "young Connecticut parson, thrilled through and through," had already poured "his enthusiasm into an epic of the wars of Joshua, done in the heroics of Pope." Although the English poet, Cowper, wrote a long and kindly review on the eleven books of "The Conquest of Canaan," Pro-

fessor Pattee is only a shade too severe on the output of Revolutionary epics:¹ "There was no burst of song in America; instead, there followed one of the most pathetic spectacles in all literary history—a people with a vision that transported them into the clouds, yet powerless through environment and early education to transmute that vision into song. . . . We see them, however, struggling heroically with the burden. From 1774, when Dwight completed his 'Conquest of Canaan,' 'the first piece of this kind ever attempted in this country,' as he observed in his preface, until 180[7], which ends the period with Barlow's 'Columbiad'—the 'Polyolbion' of American poetry—the years are strewn thick with the wrecks of epics. . . . Charles Brockden Brown, when only sixteen, had started no less than three of these Homeric efforts; one on the discovery of America, and one each on the conquests of Mexico and Peru. It was our heroic era, but it yielded almost nothing of value. Mere exaltation availeth little unless it be grounded either upon genius or long-continued culture." "The Conquest of Canaan" was better, however, than "The Triumph of Infidelity," of which little good can be said. This was a prolonged attempt at scathing satire on the part of a man who had no native sense of humor. It is impossible that it can have amused anyone, though it doubtless gave grim satisfaction to other good folk who were no less devoted than he to old-fashioned orthodoxy.

Far the best of Dwight's longer poems was "Greenfield Hill," published the year before he accepted the presidency of Yale. This poem had many such distinguished forerunners as Ben Jonson's "Penshurst," John Denham's "Cooper's Hill," and Pope's "Windsor Forest," the plan being simply to look out from some hilltop and derive a series of narrative and descriptive verse from what the views suggested. If the plan was an established one, Dwight's original scheme for working it out was even more frankly unoriginal, for he had at first, as the preface states, "designed to imitate, in the several parts, the manner of as many British poets, but finding himself too much occupied, when he projected the publication, to pursue that design, he relinquished it." This failure was altogether fortunate, for in the present form of the poem, Dwight's little flame shines stoutly from beneath the overshadowing bushels of Spenser, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, and others less easily recognizable. The whole is divided into seven parts, as follows: I, The Prospect; II, The Flourishing Village, "Fair Verna! loveliest village of the west"; III, The Burning of Fairfield, an attempt to consign to "the most finished detestation" the memory of Governor Tryon, who, in 1779, bombarded the village from Long Island Sound; IV, The Destruction of the Pequods, an heroic chapter in Connecticut history, narrated in Spenserian stanzas; V, The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers, Mr. Dwight's pulpit ethics in verse; VI, The Farmer's Advice to the Villagers, delivered "on a pleasant monday," an admirable example, taken with Part V, of how the Lord's anointed could combine worldliness and other-worldliness, and VII, The Vision, or Prospect of the Future Happiness of America. Thus, in scale, the poem had a sort of pocket-epic magnitude with a concluding burst of loyalty, but

¹ F. L. Pattee, Introduction to "The Poems of Philip Freneau," Vol. I, pp. c and cl.

it was genuinely local and concrete in character, and in point of view, as well as content, was essentially American. Even in the last part, where the temptation was greatest to identify the future of America with a vaguely glorious millennium, Dwight kept his head as he presented in rhythmic and sometimes poetical numbers the fair conclusions to be drawn from an honest survey of location, climate, property, government, and the advancement of the arts and sciences.

"Greenfield Hill" is, therefore an interesting and readable document in literary history. It presents the workings of a sturdy, upright New England mind and conscience, its vigorous and narrow prejudices, its honest zeal for the country's good. It is very evidently an old document in some of its national concepts. It showed no prophetic sense of what the new industrialism and miscellaneous immigration were to bring about. In the remotest confines of Dwight's vista there was neither slum nor factory. But, if in this social blindness he seems remotely antiquated, he shared one other defect of vision with the America of only day before yesterday, for he was one of the earliest to rely on America's magnificent isolation:

See this glad world remote from every foe,
From Europe's mischief and from Europe's woe!
Th' Atlantic's guardian tide repelling far
The jealous terror and the vengeful war!¹

Here, without walls, the fields of safety spread,
And, free as winds, ascends the peaceful shade.²

As poetry, it amounts to little more than "The Conquest of Canaan," or "The Triumph of Infidelity," but as a record of New England life and thought, it is immensely worth while, and deserves to be read side by side with an equally valuable treasure-house of fact and conviction, the four volumes of "Travels in New England and New York." To use a distinction of modern English politics, he was a conservative liberal, a compound of Yankee shrewdness and Puritan zeal. In the passage from the 18th century to the 19th he was a representative character who carried over the Calvinistic rectitude of Jonathan Edwards with the practical sagacity of Benjamin Franklin. He achieved no works or art, but he contributed to the collateral literature of American history, and stands out boldly in the history of American literature.

JOEL BARLOW (1754-1813)

Barlow was born in Redding, Conn., in 1754. He was graduated from Yale, after a year at Dartmouth, in 1778, reading a Commencement poem on "The Prospect of Peace." From 1780 to 1783 he was chaplain in the Continental army. During this period, he brought to completion his "Vision of Columbus," which, after many delays, was published by subscription in 1787, and, twenty years later, appeared, revised and expanded, as "The Columbiad." Minor activities as a poet resulted in his official revision

¹ "Greenfield Hill," Part VII, lines 87-90.

² Ibid., lines 321, 322.

of the Book of Psalmody, in 1785; his participation, with Hopkins, Trumbull, and Humphreys, in "The Anarchiad," in 1786-1787; his "Hasty Pudding," in 1793, and his "Conspiracy of Kings," in 1796.

These latter two were produced during his residence abroad, 1788-1805, when he became known, and was by many discredited, as a radical republican. His "Advice to the Privileged Orders in the Several States of Europe, Resulting from the Necessity and Propriety of a General Revolution in the Principle of Government" (1792 and 1795), was fiercely condemned by all conservatives. In his latter years, however, he was in personal favor with Presidents Jefferson and Madison, who recognized him as an honest liberal. He lived until 1813.

I. Texts.

His epic is accessible only in early editions.

The Vision of Columbus. A Poem, in Nine Books. 1787. (Four more editions by 1794.)

The Columbiad. A Poem in Ten Books. Philadelphia, 1807. (A sumptuous quarto of 454 pages, with twelve full-page steel engravings.)

Hasty Pudding; a Poem in Three Cantos with a Memoir on Maize, by D. J. Browne. New York, 1847.

II. Biography.

Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, by C. B. Todd. New York, 1886.

III. Criticism.

Three Men of Letters, by M. C. Tyler, pp. 131-180.

Barlow was the most ambitious, laborious, and persistent of the 18th century American aspirants to epic fame. His final product, "The Columbiad," appeared in 1807, nearly thirty years after the idea first occurred to him. In 1787 he published "a sketch of the present poem," under the title of "The Vision of Columbus," a sketch which ran to the modest proportions of nine books and nearly 5,000 lines. In its final shape, it was not only poetically enlarged, but was accordingly magnified in an elaborately embellished quarto, in the fashion of the Baskerville reprints of the classics, then in polite English vogue.

The poem, whose earlier name is the more exact, is really the old-age vision of Columbus as seen from a mountain-top, to which he is led by the Titan Hesper, guardian genius of the western world. To him is exhibited the conquest of South America, the settling of the colonies in North America, the French and Indian Wars in brief, and the War of the Revolution in prolonged detail. Then follow a hymn to peace, an arraignment of slavery in the land of liberty, and a survey of the progress of the arts in America. This would seem to have been enough of a vision for the downcast discoverer; but the reader is further enlightened by two more books, which contain what proves to be the Vision of Barlow as shared by Columbus. The latter is somewhat perplexed at the slow progress of science and the apparent persistency of international warfare, until Hesper, with great erudition and fine optimism, expounds the law

of progression in the physical, moral, and intellectual world, adorning his discourse with extended allusions, as the "Argument" to Book IX announces, to "the ancient and modern state of the arts and of society, Crusades, Commerce, Hanseatic League, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Galileo, Herschel, Descartes, Bacon, Printing Press, Magnetic Needle, Geographical Discoveries, Federal System in America." And he concludes that this system, extended to the whole world, will lead to the federation of nations, the Parliament of the World.

"The Columbiad" is accompanied by a twelve-page preface, which is a significant piece of early American criticism. With reference to the form of the work, Barlow makes no mention of his adopting the heroic couplet, but takes some pride in his rigid observance of the classical unities of time, place, and action, and hopes for a favorable verdict upon "the disposition of the parts, the invention and application of incidents, the propriety of the illustrations, the liveliness and the chastity of the images, the suitable intervention of machinery," and the "language whose energy, harmony, and elegance shall constitute a style everywhere suited to the matter they have to treat." As to the contents, he is chiefly interested in the introduction of new poetic material through the invention of new machinery of warfare, and he exclaims at the hitherto neglected possibilities of naval combats, quite ignoring Freneau's fine account in the first canto of "The British Prison Ship."

His chief object, he says, however, is of a moral and political nature; artistry is subordinate; and his epic, in its moral import, belongs to his enlightened age and embodies its newer ideals of peace. Homer taught "that conquest, violence, and war were the best employment of nations"; "Virgil wrote and felt like a subject, not like a citizen." Barlow's avowed and contrasted object was "to inculcate the love of rational liberty, and to discountenance the deleterious passion for violence and war." The temptation is obvious to hold Barlow up to scorn in the light of the comparison which he thus invites, but the attentive reader of his preface will come upon one passage which is far more profound than amusing: "I cannot expect that every reader, nor even every republican reader, will join me in opinion with respect to the future progress of society and the civilization of states; but there are two sentiments in which I think all men will agree: that the event is desirable, and that to believe it practical is one step toward rendering it so."

The poem, of course, was not a popular success; such poems never are. Nor has it become a classic, for it had neither the primitive vigor of a folk epic nor the lofty perfection of a modern literary masterpiece. Its claims to the attention of the student are based chiefly on two facts: that it possessed the originalities in subject matter and viewpoint of which its author made note in the preface, and that it was the best of the colonial epic attempts, more sustained than Freneau's "Pictures of Columbus," more elevated than anything of Trumbull's, more reasonable and readable than Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," and more universal than his "Greenfield Hill." In "Greenfield Hill," Dwight wrote a more successful poem, but in "The Columbiad" Barlow came nearer to achieving really epic breadth.

But his reach did not always exceed his grasp.

One wild flower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world,

and that was his mock-heroic pastoral, "Hasty Pudding." Homesick in Savoy one December day in 1792 (he had been writing to his wife in London that the very word America was sweetness to his soul), he and his fellow Commissioners of the National Convention were served mush and milk—Hasty Pudding. He had ordered it in vain in Paris and London,

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.

All during the meal he dwelt on the merits of the dish to his colleagues, and doubtless gave them disconnectedly what appears in this impromptu: the various names for it, its superiority to other foods, and then, after a long breath, instructions about the cultivation of the grain, its harvesting, its husking, its preparation and serving, the rival claims of molasses and sugar, and even the choice in spoons. The whole episode was simple and genuine, like the dish and his verses on it. He was really enthusiastic, but he anticipated the polite derision of his colleagues by adroitly lapsing into mock-heroics. 'Mid eighteen years of roaming, sometimes among pleasures and palaces, and sometimes in "Alpine Snows" and "Turkey's morbid air," he sang with hearty zest this song of home, sweet home.

This, naturally enough, was popular, and does deserve a reading to-day on directly literary grounds—not because it was well meant, though ineffectual, but because it was a simple, good-natured, clever bit of fun-making by a man who was himself simple, good-natured, and clever enough to write a mock-pastoral, even though he was a good deal lower than the angels, to whom alone the writing of epics should be delegated.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820)

Drake was born in New York City in 1795. After a brief business life he studied privately and became a physician. As a boy he was a wide reader, and he early began writing verse under various assumed signatures. "The Culprit Fay" was written in 1816, before he was of age, though not published until "The Croaker" papers were written with Halleck in the spring of 1819. He died of consumption in September, 1820.

I. Texts.

The Culprit Fay and Other Poems. New York, 1835.

The Culprit Fay (separate edition). New York, 1859.

The American Flag (separate edition). New York, 1861.

No recent edition of Drake has appeared, but these two title poems have been reprinted in many collections.

II. Criticism.

Southern Literary Messenger, Vol. II, p. 326. (E. A. Poe.)

Harper's Magazine, Vol. XLIX, p. 65. (J. G. Wilson.)

Joseph Rodman Drake is usually disposed of as a handsome and sentimental young New Yorker, who wrote one striking poem of fancy, "The Culprit Fay," and one fine song of loyalty, "The American Flag," who collaborated with Fitz-Greene Halleck on "The Croaker" papers, and died an early and lamented death in his twenty-sixth year. If its implications are properly followed through, this is not an unfair summary.

"The Culprit Fay," according to a letter by Halleck, was the product of three days' writing in the summer of 1816. It has been frequently said that the poem was written as a conscious attempt to turn American scenery to literary account, Cooper maintaining that it could not be done, just as it is said of a slightly later date that Cooper wrote "The Pilot" to demonstrate how much better a sea story he could produce than had the anonymous author of "The Pirate." It makes little difference whether or not the anecdote was true; the basic self-consciousness of the American poet in 1820 was prevailing, and Drake gives open evidence of it in "To a Friend," "Niagara," and "Bronx." But, whether or not it was true, the fact is remarkable that nothing in the poem gives any active suggestion that Drake had any real background in mind. It reads like the product of pure and unbridled fancy, and for the modern reader who is sensitive to scrupulousness of diction, care in the use of verb-tenses, and a reasonable consistency and harmony in the imagery, "The Culprit Fay" reads like what it actually is—the hurried product of a boyish mind.¹

Yet, in its day, it was astonishingly popular. Said Halleck: "It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be."² Lots of other people thought the same; but in this comment, and in its pertinence to the young poet, lies what seems to have been the essential difference between Halleck and Drake. Halleck could hardly conceive of originality in a 19th century American poem. For him, art had arrived at final standards. He believed in Pope and Christopher Wren and Handel and Gainsborough. There was nothing left to do but ring the changes on the chimes in their—Protestant Episcopal—temple of art. But Drake tried new things and rebelled at old. And, while he achieved little in his short lifetime, his efforts in poetry, all the best of them, were strainings at the leash of 18th century convention.

In his stanzas, "To a Friend," addressed to Halleck, Drake wrote his best commentary on "The Culprit Fay's" shortcomings and those ambitions of his own with which Halleck never became fully infected. Militant poetry, he said, was not the only kind needed; America should come to herself. Fairies, imps, kelpies, vampires, spectres, demons, were not native to our soil.

Fair reason checks these monsters at their birth.

But there was left the whole realm of primitive American life and majestic American scenery. Drake was still all for splendidly remote romance. He saw no gleam of poetry in democracy or the crowded town;

¹ For the most careful criticism of the poem yet written see Poe's comments in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Vol. II, p. 326.

² "Life and Letters," ed. J. G. Wilson, p. 183.

yet what he pleaded for was better than Georgian sonnets to milady's eyebrow:

Go! kneel a worshipper at nature's shrine!
 For you her fields are green, and fair her skies!
 For you her rivers flow, her hills arise!
 And will you scorn them all, to pour forth tame
 And heartless lays of feigned or fancied sighs?
 Still will you cloud the muse? nor blush with shame
 To cast away renown, and hide your head from fame?

The most spirited and lasting thing Drake wrote appeared as the twenty-seventh "Croaker," the only one of the series preserved in the 1835 edition of his poems. "The American Flag" belongs in the choicest group of national lyrics, with Dwight's "Columbia," Joseph Hopkinson's still popular "Hail Columbia," and Key's "Star-Spangled Banner." As poetry, it surpasses them all, rising to perilous heights but never quite falling into bathos. It is the more remarkable because it was not inspired by any momentary fear of, or lust for, battle. This, with his "Niagara," shows the promise and the ambition that were in him, and they lead the modern critic to feel that although "The Culprit Fay" has been a very much overrated poem, the early death of Joseph Rodman Drake is still to be lamented.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867).

Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1790. As a boy, he read eagerly from the popular English poets, and wrote imitative verse. After a common school education, he went into business in Guilford, 1805-1811. For nearly forty years following, he held subordinate confidential clerkships in New York City, with Jacob Barker, 1811-1829, and in the office of John Jacob Astor, 1832-1849. From then till his death in 1867 he lived in bachelor retirement at Guilford, his own savings being supplemented by a small annuity from J. J. Astor and a further gift from W. B. Astor. His first success came with the "Croaker" papers, written anonymously by himself and Joseph Rodman Drake, and printed March-July, 1819—mainly in the *New York Evening Post*. In December, 1819, appeared the satirical poem, "Fanny," and from this time on to the end of his career he enjoyed the intense admiration of his fellow townsmen, the respect of literary America, and the genial attentions of the kindlier spirits in London.

I. Texts.

The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck. With extracts from those of Joseph Rodman Drake. Edited by J. G. Wilson. New York, 1869. (This includes "The Croakers.")

Other important editions are: *Fanny*. New York, 1819. Alnwick Castle, with Other Poems. New York, 1827. *Fanny and Other Poems*. New York, 1839. *Poems by Fitz-Greene Halleck*. New York, 1839. *Poetical Works*, now first collected. New York, 1847. *Complete Edition of Poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck*. New York, 1858. *The Croakers*. First complete edition. Printed for the Bradford Club. New York, 1860.

II. Biography.

Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Edited by J. G. Wilson.
New York, 1869.

III. Criticism.

New England Magazine, August, 1831.

Graham's, September, 1843.

Southern Literary Messenger, November 25, 1843.

The Nation, December 6, 1867, p. 459.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was the leading poet of the Knickerbocker School, the New York admirers of Irving. Although born in a southwestern Connecticut town in the late 18th century, he was really a product of New York City in the early 19th. He was only seven years younger than Irving, and one year than Cooper, and thus subject to the same formative influences. None were college graduates; all had educative business experience, and all travelled abroad. Coming up to New York as a young man, Halleck was taken into the company of the literary and of the consciously cultured social class. The people with whom he consorted were excitedly interested in the English literature of the hour, and for the most part were undisturbed by any desire for a native American literature.¹ They were revelling in "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion"; in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," Moore's "Melodies," Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and, a little later, in "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and "The Antiquary"—a succession of works that produced, said Halleck, "a widespread enthusiasm throughout Great Britain and this country, which has probably never been equalled in the history of literature."²

With the rest of his generation, he was uncomfortably conscious that in actual American life the moon of romance had waned, and the sun of commercialism was at high noon. The not unnatural reactions against these two sets of facts led him at some times into sentimentalism and at others into satire:

A heart that worshipp'd in Romance
The Spirit of the buried Time,
And dreams of knight, and steed, and lance,
And ladye-love, and minstrel-rhyme,
These had been, and I deemed would be
My joy, whate'er my destiny.

This regret for the passage of the old days continually recurred in his verse, and, particularly, in the lines which he wrote between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. It appeared in "Alnwick Castle," "Red-Jacket," "A Sketch," "A Poet's Daughter," and "Wyoming," sometimes in simple lament at what had been lost and sometimes in protest at what had replaced it.

¹ "Life and Letters," ed. J. G. Wilson, pp. 262-3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 162.

The people of to-day
 Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
 And hospitable too—for ready pay;
 With manners, like their roads, a little rough
 And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, though tough.

Yet not despairing entirely, he celebrated the chivalry of the Revolution in "The Field of Grounded Arms," made his greatest stroke for popular favor with the oft-declaimed "Marco Bozzaris," and, as a man of seventy-five, came out in "Young America" with one more flash at the sound of battle, though, rather sadly, with one concluding bit of cynicism at the end of this valedictory.

Such a discontent as he felt with the uninspired and uninspiring qualities of American life found its more effective expression in satire. If he could not emulate Scott, he could imitate Byron, and, in a mild and well-mannered way, he did play with the measures of "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and suggests their author in his lighter moods. "It would be heaven," he had said one day in his twenty-third year, "to lounge upon the rainbow, and read Tom Campbell." Young Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake, standing by, was delightedly eager to share the perch. So their friendship began, but, working by logical contraries, what they arrived at some six years later was the quite different experience of sitting, as it were, in a metropolitan bay-window and reading the social signs of the times.

What they read was recorded in the *National Advocate* and *The New York Evening Post*, under the signature of "The Croakers." Their success was equal to that of Irving and his associates in the, also anonymous, "Salmagundi Papers" of a dozen years earlier. But "The Croakers," through the *Evening Post*, had a much wider circulation than did the independently printed "Salmagundi's," and, coming in rapid succession, thirty-five in about one hundred days, were far more startling than the earlier series of twenty-odd which extended through a whole year. Finally, through their more direct satire, which was addressed to city celebrities by name, they challenged and held the attention of the townsfolk, who were amused at what they read and curious to know where the lightning would next strike.

The most personal and local of these verses, as one looks back, have the least title to respect to-day, for the reason that they rely on immediate breakfast-table reading, by offering jaunty impertinences in the place of either sense or sentiment. The more general in theme had in them the same satirical canniness which belonged to the "Salmagundi's" and, in their simple and sometimes brutal directness, must have afforded then, as they do now, an immense relief to the reader who had been surfeited on the pompous imitations of the would-be classical poets.

Go on great painter! dare be dull;
 No longer after nature dangle;
 Call rectilinear beautiful;
 Find grace and freedom in an angle:
 Pour on the red—the green—the yellow—
 "Paint till a horse may mire upon it,"
 And while I've strength to write or bellow,
 I'll sound your praises in a sonnet.

So, in "The man who frets at worldly strife," and "To Simon," and "The

Love of Notoriety," the young critics used shotguns instead of rifles as they popped at cheap pessimism, social extravagance, and self-puffery. For three months, from behind the ambush of their pseudonym, they bombarded the delighted city with their poetical confetti.

The death of Drake, in September, 1820, which inspired Halleck's most famous lyric, broke up this literary partnership; but before that time Halleck had responded to the general applause with another popular satire, "Fanny." This was a poem of 175 six-lined stanzas, done in Halleck's best Byronesque manner. It was unsigned, like "The Croakers," but generally understood to be by one of the same hands. It tells the story of the sky-rocket rise and fall of Fanny and her father in wealth and social position, a story which gave every opportunity for cynical commentary on the ways of the world in general and New York in particular. In the literature of Manhattan, Stedman's "Diamond Wedding" has been the only thing to approach it, and both of them have been broadly and keenly applicable to the life of any rapidly growing commercial city.

When, two years later, at the age of about thirty, Halleck had written "Marco Bozzaris," the best expression of his romantic side, he had risen to his highest point. With his nicety of taste, his keen eye, his fund of humor, and his frankness, he was an established literary and social favorite. He was the kind of handsome and courtly gentleman of the old school, as was Irving also, who became a friend and associate of the leading financier of the day. There was nothing restless or disconcerting about him. He was a critic of manners, but not of the social order. He probably knew little of Emerson, and he certainly disapproved of Whitman. In 1848, when less than sixty years of age, he went back to his native town in Connecticut, and lived there till after the Civil War, totally unaffected as a man of letters, except as the conflict seems to have silenced him. But he was not alone, for when he sank into eclipse, all the "Knickerbockers" disappeared with him. Their vogue was over.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)

Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He could trace his descent through both parents to the oldest Plymouth stock. After his early education, which was largely under clergyman tutors, his father, a country doctor, was able to send him to college, at Williams, for only one year. He subsequently became an attorney, and practised law from 1816 to 1825. Within the first three years, he had come to feel a repugnance to drudging "for the dregs of men,"¹ and the tastes of success given him by his verses in the *North American Review*, his Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard in 1821, and his volume of poems in the same year, made natural his decision to go into magazine work in New York in 1825. *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine* failed in a year, but after a few months of return to the law, Bryant was offered the assistant editorship of *The New York Evening Post*. Three years later, in 1829, he suc-

¹ See closing stanza of "Green River."

ceeded to the editorship, which he held with distinction until his death, in 1878.

Although the shift from law to journalism did not withdraw him from "the sons of strife," it made him more than an adjuster of their difficulties. As a moulder of public opinion, he was doing God's work in "Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along."¹ His seven trips abroad, and his nine publications of poetry in book form, after he came to New York, prove that his life was not utterly absorbed in the routine of newspaper editing.

Bryant's career as a poet was very long, extending from the preparation, at thirteen, of a volume of school poems, paraphrases and translations, to the writing of "A Lifetime" and "The Flood of Years," sixty-eight years later, in 1876. Volumes of poems from his pen appeared in 1808, 1821, 1831, 1834, 1836, 1842, 1844, 1854, 1863, 1870, 1872.

I. Texts.

Poems, Vols. III and IV, in *Life and Works of W. C. Bryant*, by Parke Godwin. New York, 1883.

Prose, Vols. V and VI, in *Life and Works of W. C. Bryant*, by Parke Godwin. New York, 1883-1884.

Poetical Works. "Roslyn" edition, 1903.

II. Biography.

Life and Works of W. C. Bryant, Vols. I and II, by Parke Godwin. New York, 1883.

W. C. Bryant (American Men of Letters), by John Bigelow.

W. C. Bryant (English Men of Letters), by W. A. Bradley.

III. Criticism.

Poets and Poetry of America, by Churton Collins.

Atlas Essays, by G. H. Palmer.

Works of E. A. Poe, Vols. VIII, IX, X, XIII.

Poets of America, by E. C. Stedman.

America in Literature, by G. E. Woodberry.

The Nation, "Growth of Thanatopsis," by Carl van Doren, Vol. CI, p. 432.

IV. Supplementary.

Publication of Century Association on the Bryant Festival, November 5, 1864.

The Bryant Memorial Meeting, November 12, 1878.

The most startling event that took place in Bryant's long poetic career was the publication of "Thanatopsis," in 1817. It appeared in the midst of an extremely arid period in American literature, and of a correspondingly fruitful one in England. Southey had only recently become poet laureate, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats

¹ See "Hymn of the City" and also "I broke the Spell that Held me Long," and "I Cannot Forget with What Fervid Devotion."

were all at the height of their powers. In America, at this time, however, poetry quite properly shared the fate of Wordsworth's Lucy, "whom there were none to praise, And very few to love." In the period from 1813 to 1817, when, in addition to the English poets mentioned above, Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, Hunt, Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth were pouring forth their best; the finest that America had produced was Allston's "Sylphs of the Seasons," Payne's "Juvenile Poems" and "Lispings of the Muse," Carey's "Olive Branch," Mrs. Sigourney's "Moral Pieces," Pierpont's "Airs of Palestine," and—the one volume worth remembering—Freneau's "Poems on American Affairs." James K. Paulding was perhaps the best known native writer; Irving was in his decade of silence between the "Knickerbocker History" and "The Sketch Book," and Cooper and Halleck and Drake had not published anything. Naturally, the appearance of a great poem would have been sufficiently amazing even if it had not been composed by a boy in the 'teens. But, for this fact, Bryant has had, in a way, to suffer ever since, for popular estimation has neglected or refused to recognize that in the length of his career he ever showed any real development in artistry or increase in power.

As a matter of fact, "Thanatopsis" was an extraordinary combination of boyishness and genius. The genius lay in its fine mastery of blank verse, in its free and sonorous rhythmic flow. The boyishness resided in Bryant's quite natural inclination to make his own statement of the theme that "All that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity." He was at the stage in life where such meditations rise in a young man's mind as were recorded in poem after poem of his until he went down to New York, where life became more fascinating to him than death. He came from an ancestry that made the Hebraic¹ application in the concluding lines as natural as the last couplet in Milton's sonnet "On arriving at the Age of Twenty Three." He lived in a period when the influence of the "Graveyard Poets," Blair, White, and Porteus, was widely prevailing, and he was in part stimulated to the "Thanatopsis" writing as a commentary on and a reply to White.²

The wonder of the poem is, therefore, not that it represented unusual maturity of thought, but that it gave evidence of such poetic skill that Dana should have exclaimed upon seeing it ". . . no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses."

In respect to its poetic form, Bryant, perhaps, did not excel this in any other of his youthful efforts or even in the work of his later years. In content and general pervasive effect of his point of view, his work, as a whole, was quite in harmony with it as long as he remained in the little New England towns, but quite different after he had thrown himself into the metropolitan tide of affairs. Up to about 1829, when he was thirty-five years old, Bryant's thought was prevailingly self-conscious and strongly tinged with religious sentimentalism. The religious predilection was born in him, the self-consciousness was the characteristic of his immaturity, the sentimentalism belonged to his literary generation. He was like any

¹ See Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," chapter on "Hebraism and Hellenism."

² See "The Nation," Vol. 101, p. 432. Article by Carl van Doren on "Growth of Thanatopsis."

other impressionable youth in being a part of all he looked upon, and in his literary vista, little that he looked upon was real. "It was a needle-work world, a world in which there was always moonlight on the lake and twilight in the vale; where drooped the willow and bloomed the eglantine, and jessamine embowered the cot of the village maid; where the lark warbled in the heavens, and the nightingale chanted in the grove 'neath the mouldering, ivy-mantled tower."¹

Poem after poem in these years was given a personal religious application—not only "Thanatopsis," but "The Waterfowl," "A Forest Hymn," "The Poet," and even "To the Fringed Gentian." Poem after poem was overshadowed by the thought of dissolution. The "Hymn to Death," he acknowledged, was built upon a fallacy, but he preserved it nevertheless. He thought of the forest as a vast cemetery, of June as a pleasant month to die in, of the flowers as reminders of the brevity of human life. In two bits of reminiscence, he sentimentalized over his abandonment of poetry, evidently feeling that poetry was nothing deeper than a mildly emotional obligato to life—such a thing as Monument Mountains² are made of.

But during the latter half of his life the general tenor of his work was changed. Entrance into the world of opinions gave him more of an interest in life itself, and less in its embellishments. Journalism absorbed most of his time and strength, and participation in public meetings no small share of his margin. There was no complete reversal of attitude in Bryant's work, but he suffered a sea change of which there were two broad indications. The first and less important was that nature did not inevitably lead to mournful or even sober thoughts. "The Planting of the Apple Tree" is serenely recorded in "quaint old rhymes"; the stanzas on "Robert of Lincoln" are positively jolly.

The other sign of change appears in the increasing proportion of poems which, like his editorial articles and his commemorative addresses, were definitely related to life. He went on at once, in the "Hymn of the City," to celebrate the presence of God, in town as well as country,³ and, in "The Battle Field," to display his zest for justice and good citizenship. "The Antiquity of Freedom" and "O Mother of a Mighty Race" are both songs of democracy. So, too, with direct reference to the Civil War, are "Our Country's Call" and the small group that follow it. And, in a larger way, the "Song of the Sower" chants an ample chorus upon the implications of democracy, which deserves more attention than it has yet received. It is the logical predecessor of Timrod's "Cotton Boll" in its broadest sweep, and of Lanier's "Symphony" in its sense of the invading forces of industrialism.

At the very end of his career, in his "Lifetime" and "The Flood of Years," he seems, at first glance to have reverted to his youthful point of view; but this is not a fair statement of the case, for old age may justify what was forced and exotic in young manhood. It was natural enough that at eighty-two the retrospect should be tinged with sadness and that

¹ "Nathaniel Parker Willis," by H. A. Beers, p. 78.

² See text, pp. 171-173.

³ Compare Wordsworth's sonnet "Composed upon Westminster Bridge."

the prospect should include the life after death. The two poems, taken together, are an old man's fitting valedictory. Like his salutatory to the world at large, they present another glimpse of death, but this time it is a fair prospect of

A present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken.

In any general estimate of Bryant's contribution to American life and literature, the estimates of his contemporaries at his literary birthday party of 1864 are highly suggestive. Holmes sang his praises—rather vaguely—as a nature lyrist, a poet of solemn cadences which baffled the commentator. By the implications in his allusions to "Thanatopsis," the Bryant of seventy could hardly aspire to do more than emulate the Bryant of seventeen. This is, in all likelihood, the uncritical but prevailing estimate even of to-day. Properly expanded, it gives him recognition for his first-hand treatment of native life and scenery, and for his emancipation from the inflexible verse forms of the 18th century. Lowell went a step farther in paying tribute to Bryant as a poet of faith and freedom, and as a publicist who gave heart and life to the nation during the crisis of the Civil War. In this respect, the author of "The Song of the Sower" was quite as much of a pioneer as in his poems about birds and flowers. He was far ahead of most of his countrymen in his sense of America as a nation among nations—not merely in the half petulant mood of "O Mother of a Mighty Race," but better in his sense of new occasions and new duties. Finally, Whittier extolled Bryant as a man. With all admiration for his art,

His life is now his noblest strain
His manhood better than his verse.

In the light of these tributes, his own lines on "The Poet," written in this same year, are very much to the point. An artist's criticism of his art is almost always defective or, fragmentary, but almost always illuminating in its presentation of his ideal. In 1864, Bryant was writing of the poet of stirring times, and so he wrote of flame, burning words, tears, and passion. To contrast these stanzas with Lowell's earlier criticism of Bryant's "iceolation" in "The Fable for Critics," is to ignore the difference between '48 and '64. In those sixteen years, Lowell had changed his mind partly because, Bryant had changed his method. For the fact is that Bryant sometimes deserved Lowell's comments and sometimes deserved his own.

He was what is often meant by the term "classical" in showing a refined and controlled sense of form, and in giving evidence of serene poise where there was no occasion for excitement; but he was also in the truest sense classical in giving vent to depth and heights of feeling on themes which evoked feeling. As a philosopher, he was not so much restrained as quietly meditative. As a participant in the life of his generation, he was full of ardor.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Ralph Waldo Emerson, descendant of a line of Puritan clergymen, was born in Boston in 1803. The death of his father in 1811 left the family in straitened circumstances, yet the courageous mother succeeded in educating all five of her sons. Ralph prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, and matriculated at Harvard in 1817. He was at no time distinguished as a student. After graduating at eighteen, he taught school—an occupation he cordially disliked—and later entered the Harvard Divinity School; the family tradition was clerical.

Perhaps the chief event of his brief ministry was the leaving of it. In 1832 he found that he could not conscientiously administer the communion, and he resigned the pastorate—it was the Hanover Street Church in Boston. He had been married in 1829 to Ellen Tucker, to whom several love lyrics are addressed,¹ but her health was frail, and she died two years later. To obtain surcease from sorrow, Emerson went abroad, founding on this journey (1832-1833) his lifelong friendship with Carlyle.

Upon his return to Concord, the poet began a long and serene career as a lecturer and writer. "The American Scholar" (1837), and the Divinity School address (1838), aroused controversies whose proportions we cannot now appreciate. His first book, "Nature," appeared in 1836; the famous "Essays" (first series) in 1841, and the second series of essays in 1844. He was married to Lydian Jackson in 1835.

The chief events of Emerson's life are largely domestic: the loss of one brother in 1834, and of another in 1836, commemorated in the "Dirge," and the death of his eldest son in 1842, that "sweet and wonderful boy," who lives forever in the "Threnody." Yet his life was golden, enriched by many famous friends and by the reverence of the public which he slowly won. In the storm and stress preceding the Civil War, Emerson took an inconspicuous personal part, but his influence was all-pervading. To him, said Lowell, "the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the astounding strength of [their] thoughtful heroism."

His first collection of poems appeared in 1846 (1847); another collection, "May Day and Other Pieces," in 1867, and "Select Poems" in 1876.

Emerson made several trips to Europe and innumerable American journeys, on which he lectured to audiences that always revered him, if they could not always understand him. About 1870 his mind began to fail, but, fortunately, his work was done. He died April 24, 1882.

I. Texts.

Centenary Edition of the Works of R. W. Emerson, 12 vols., 1904.
Vol. IX. New Household Edition, 1 vol.

II. Biography.

See Bibliography appended to His Life, Writings and Philosophy, by G. W. Cooke, for minor references. Memoir, by J. B. Cabot, 2 vols.;

¹ See "Thine Eyes Still Shined," p. 196.

Life, by O. W. Firkins (uniform with Centenary Edition); Life, by O. W. Holmes (American Men of Letters); Life, by G. E. Woodberry (English Men of Letters); Emerson the Lecturer, by J. R. Lowell, in *Literary Essays*, Vol. I

III. Criticism.

Discourses in America, by Matthew Arnold; American Prose Masters, by W. C. Brownell; Emerson and Other Essays, by J. J. Chapman; Partial Portraits, by Henry James; Memories and Studies, by William James; Interpretations of Poetry and Religion, by George Santayana.

Contemporary reviews of Emerson's poetry in periodicals include: *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XX, p. 376, by W. D. Howells; *Christian Examiner*, Vol. XLII, p. 255, by C. A. Bartol; *Democratic Review*, Vol. I, p. 319; *Literary World*, Vol. XI, p. 176, by F. H. Hedge; *Nation*, Vol. IV, p. 430, by C. E. Norton; *North American Review*, Vol. LXIV, p. 406, by F. Bowen; Vol. CV, p. 325, by C. E. Norton; Vol. CXXXVI, p. 1, by E. P. Whipple; *Radical*, Vol. II, p. 760, by D. A. Wasson.

We who have assimilated much of Emerson's doctrine find it hard to realize that when he first began his work he was commonly regarded as a dangerous, fanatical, and revolutionary thinker. Only by recalling the period from 1830 to 1845, the time of his pioneer activities, can we understand why the mild heterodoxy of the Divinity School address raised the storm it did. It was a period when the dreams and enthusiasm of setting up a new state had faded, and when the moral quickening of the anti-slavery agitation had not yet come. In religion, a stern and heroic Calvinism had decayed into theological schools, which "ran to systems," as Professor Hart remarks; when respectable people made of Sunday "a serious and depressing day," and disapproved mightily of Emerson and Abolition; when the foundation of missions in Africa did not hinder the breeding of slaves in Carolina, and the Washington temperance societies flourished comfortably beside the manufacture of New England rum.

Politically, it was our most distressing period. Local government, outside of New England, was vividly bad. In national affairs there was the Missouri compromise (1820), a measure which entirely dodged the moral issue. It was the period of our two indefensible wars—the Black Hawk disgrace of 1832 and the Mexican War of 1846-1847. Tocqueville, Emerson, and Carlyle were all observing the new democracy with wondering eyes and delivering verdicts that deepened in pessimism; their Jeremiads are excusable only when we remember Mr. Jefferson Brick and the Hon. LaFayette Kettle.

New England was the intellectual head of the nation, but it was, as Mrs. Trollope was fond of telling us, a head without a body, and even in Massachusetts Horace Mann "exhausted his vocabulary" describing the wretched state of the public schools. Elsewhere says a careful historian, "the leading feature of American society was its commonplaceness." Dickens and Miss Martineau agreed that our manners were intolerable ("Martin Chuzzlewit" began publishing in January, 1843), and where we

did not eat with our knives we paid an exaggerated deference to women that led to prudery: "the corset could not be named to ears polite, and Philadelphia ladies roamed by pairs through the statuary hall, and fled at the sound of a male footstep." The usual accompaniments of an apathetic moral order began to appear—hysterical reformers, characterized by Emerson in a gently satirical essay; great revival movements; the founding of the Mormons in 1830, and the monotonous rise and fall of various socialistic communities.

Yet the ground swell of a change was already felt. As always, colleges and academies were excellently endowed. From 1815 to 1840 was the period of our scholastic migration to German universities. The Lyceum movement could flourish, and if the theatre was in a depressing state, music received liberal support. It was the period, too, of Irish and German immigration, which boded well for the republic. In letters, though the "Dial" died in 1844, largely of inanition, the golden age of American literature had dawned, and men of letters were receiving hearty support from earnest men throughout the nation.¹

To the youth of this time, Emerson's messages came like trumpet calls, so that at the Phi Beta Kappa address "young men went out from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming, 'Thus saith the Lord.'" To them his appeal was largely as an essayist and lecturer, but to many minds nowadays, as Woodberry says, his poems seem of higher value than his prose. Emerson felt freer to express himself in verse, where he had no audience to consult, so that many poems were written at first for no eye but his own. Many more are terser, more pregnant phrasings of the essays, and poem and essay must often be read together for a full understanding of each. For these reasons, we come closer to the real Emerson in his verse.

At the same time, we must not forget that there is wide disagreement as to his merits in this field. Matthew Arnold, for instance, finding his poetry neither simple, sensuous, nor passionate, concluded in his lordly fashion that Emerson was no poet at all. Whether we agree with Arnold or with Woodberry, we must admit that much of the adverse criticism has been foolish, and that much of it has come from the school which quarrels with an author because he does not have the qualities of somebody else. With Whitman, Emerson is probably our most individual American poet.

In general, the poems are of two kinds: patriotic, occasional, and personal pieces, like the "Concord Hymn" and the "Ode to Channing," and poems which express some aspects of Emerson's philosophy. Of the first class, the student can judge for himself; some of them have the quaint felicity of Marvell, and some, as Holmes wrote, seem to have been carved on marble for a thousand years. It is the second class, with their unkempt rhymes, their disillusioning metres, and their frequent obscurity, that repulses many readers. We no longer stop college professors on the

¹ For excellent studies of this period see A. B. Hart, "Slavery and Abolition" in the American Nation series, chaps. i and ii; and James Schouler, "History of the United States of America," vol. iv., chap. 13.

See also Emerson's essays on "The New England Reformers" and "The Chardon Street Convention."

street corners to find out what "Brahma" is about, but we may well be puzzled before such doggerel as

In the woods he travels glad,
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad,

or the obscurity of

Bring the moonlight into noon
Hid in gleaming piles of stone,

which seems to disrupt the laws of heaven and earth and common sense all together.

Many passages become clearer if we read the appropriate essays first.¹ Others are more intelligible when we remember that Emerson held a peculiar view of the poet's function. Emerson was a transcendentalist; hence, like Richter, he felt that poet was interchangeable with prophet. Such a bard is admirably pictured in Emerson's own essay on the poet ("Essays," Second Series), and, less clearly, in such poems as "Merlin," "Guy," "Bacchus," and "Saadi." The striking points of the essay are the emphasis on the ejaculatory nature of the poet, on the relation of thought and symbol, and the contempt for metre, rhyme, and anything that might cramp the direct utterance of the god. There seems no reason to suppose that Emerson did not himself write verse "with the intellect inebriated by nectar."

"There is no fact in nature," he says in the essay, "which does not carry the whole sense of nature." If we examine such a poem as "Heroism":

Ruby wine is drunk by knaves,
Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
Thunder-clouds are Jove's festoons,
Drooping oft in wreaths of dread,
Lightning-knotted round his head;
The hero is not fed with sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.

we find it merely a succession of images. At the end, as Mr. Firkins says, two questions are equally pertinent—why so many images? and why not twice as many? But since each image represents the whole of the poem, as each fact represents the whole of nature, this circular structure must always follow. Emerson frequently writes in this repetitive fashion.

Whether this is great poetry or no, petulance alone will deny that lines of startling beauty often result. After jog-trotting through half a dozen prosy statements, Emerson, with no apparent effort, will fling out a

¹ For most of the poems quoted here parallel passages in the prose are easily found. The following more difficult poems are clearer if the suggested essay be read first: "Written in Naples" and "Written in Rome"—the essay on "History"; "Each and All"—"Compensation"; "The Problem"—the essays on "Art" and "Compensation"; "Merlin"—"The Poet" (essay); "The World Soul"—"Nominalist and Realist" and "The Over-soul"; "Hamatreya"—"Compensation"; "Musketaquid"—"Nature"; "Etienne de la Boëce"—the essay on "Friendship"; "Brahma"—"Circles" and "The Over-soul."

jewel five words long that more careful poets, despite their polishing, never achieve. Next door to so painful a couplet as

And summer came to ripen maids
To a beauty that not fades

we find the grave beauty of

I saw the bud-crowned Spring go forth

to the end of that felicitous passage. Lines like

O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire,

once said, are said forever. They display an unexpected and arresting observation of beauty in nature that is far above the mere botanizing facility of many bards.

Emerson begins the essay on "Self-Reliance" thus: "I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain." Perhaps that is Emerson's own value as a poet.

J.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe, son of an actress and a disinherited father, was born in Boston in 1809. Two years later, on the death of his mother, and the disappearance of his father, he was taken in charge by John Allan, a Richmond merchant. The schooling which prepared him for his brief career at the University of Virginia was partly in England (1815-1820) and partly in Virginia. He left the university at the end of the first year on Mr. Allan's refusal to pay his heavy gambling debts. From 1827 to 1829 he served in the U. S. Army, was released and appointed to West Point through Mr. Allan's influence, but in 1831 contrived to have himself court-martialled and dismissed.

His life was now linked up with a succession of magazine editorial jobs. These included, after two obscure years, the winning of a \$100 prize, offered by the *Baltimore Saturday Victor*, an assistant editorship on *The Southern Literary Messenger* (1835-1837), another open period, the editorship of Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* (1839-1840) and of *Graham's Magazine* (1841-1842), miscellaneous writing, a minor position on *The Evening Mirror* (New York, 1844-1845), the founding and failure of *The Broadway Journal* (1845), and a contributorship to *Godey's Lady's Book* (1846-1847).

During most of this struggle Poe was happy in the love of his girl-wife, Virginia Clemm, whom he married in 1836. She became a confirmed invalid soon after the marriage. The nervous strain upon Poe was great; her death in 1847 was a shock to him; and, as a result, the last two years

of his life, Poe was himself in continuous bad health. In July, 1849, he visited Richmond, which he left the last of September. On October 3, he was found unconscious in a polling place in Baltimore, the victim either of foul play or of intemperance. He died four days later.

I. Texts.

The best complete editions are the Virginia Edition, 17 vols. (including life and letters), edited by James A. Harrison, T. Y. Crowell & Co., 1902; Poe's Works, 10 vols. (with memoir, critical introductions, and notes), edited by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry, Stone & Kimball, Chicago, 1894-1895, now published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. The best single volume editions of the poems are the volume of this last set containing the poems, with Notes by both editors and Introduction by Stedman, J. H. Whitty's *The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911, and Killis Campbell's *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, Ginn & Co., 1917.

II. Biography.

Griswold's *Memoir* (revised edition, New York, 1858, suppressed), cannot be disregarded, but requires constant correction. See John H. Ingram, *Life, Letters, and Opinions of Edgar Allan Poe*, London, 1886 (out of date but impartial); George E. Woodberry, *Edgar Allan Poe (American Men of Letters Series)*, Boston, 1884 (standard); James A. Harrison, *Life and Letters of Poe*, 1904; Emily Louvrière, *Edgar Poe: Sa Vie et son Œuvre*, Paris, 1904; John Macy, *Edgar Allan Poe (Beacon Biographies)*, 1907; J. H. Whitty, *Memoir*, in his edition of *Poe's Poems*, 1911; W. P. Trent, *Edgar Allan Poe* (to be published in the *English Men of Letters Series*).

III. Criticism.

French: See, besides Louvrière's volume, Charles Baudelaire, *Edgar Poe, sa vie et ses œuvres*, in his translations, *Histoires extraordinaires*, also, *Notes nouvelles*, in the supplementary volume; Arvède Barine (Mme. Cécile Vincens), *Névrosés*; Anatole France, *La vie littéraire*, Vol. IV; Emile Hennequin, *Ecrivains francisés*; Stéphane Mallarmé, *Divagations*, and *Poèmes de Edgar Allan Poe*; Camille Mauclair, *Edgar Poe Idéologue*, in *L'art en Silence*. Most of these writers have been influenced by Poe.

British: J. C. Collins, *The Poetry and Poets of America*; Edmund Gosse, *Questions at Issue*; R. H. Horne, *Letter to the Poe Memorial*; R. H. Hutton, *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers*; Andrew Lang, *Letters to Dead Authors*, and preface to his edition of the poems (1883); John M. Robertson, *New Essays towards a Critical Method*; Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*, First Series; A. C. Swinburne, *Under the Microscope*, and *Letter to the Poe Memorial*.

American criticism includes much that is mere repetition. See, however, W. M. Baskerville, *Southern Writers*; Joel Benton, *In the Poe Circle*; Lewis E. Gates, *Studies and Appreciations*; C. W. Kent,

Poe the Poet; H. W. Mabie, *Poe's Place in American Literature* (Vol. II, Virginia Edition of the Works); Brander Matthews, *Introduction to the Study of American Literature*, Chap. XII; P. E. More, *Shelburne Essays*, First Series; M. J. Moses, *Literature of the South*; H. T. Peck, *Studies in Several Literatures*; C. F. Richardson, *American Literature*, Vol. III, Chap. IV; E. C. Stedman, *Poets of America*, and Introduction in Vol. X of the Stedman-Woodberry Edition, and the Introduction to Poe in *Southern Writers*; Barrett Wendell, *Stelligeri and Other Essays*; G. E. Woodberry, *America in Literature*, Chap. IV. Bibliographies are appended to the principle editions; see, especially, Vol. X of the Stedman-Woodberry edition.

For one whose lasting work is so slight in quantity, Poe labored in an astonishing number of fields. He is the first short-story writer of genius, the first American critic, and the first native poet to propound a unique and influential theory of verse. In the field of short-story writing, though he borrowed from E. T. A. Hoffman¹ and DeQuincey, and though Voltaire wrote detective stories before him, Poe's work is unique and creative. In the detective story, all workers owe something to Poe, so that he is the captain of a motley band containing Wilkie Collins, Emile Gaboriau, Victorien Sardou, "Sherlock Holmes," "Lupin," R. L. Stevenson, the "Father Brown" of G. K. Chesterton, and the "thrillers" of Anna Katherine Green. As the founder of the scientific hoax, and the scientific short-story, Poe inevitably suggests Jules Verne and the earlier romances of Mr. H. G. Wells. In another department—that of the fantastic and horrible—it is sometimes said that Poe has no followers; but one has only to recall the mystery stories of Fitz James O'Brien, and the masterpieces of horror by Ambrose Bierce in America; the "Suicide Club" and the "Thrawn Janet" of Stevenson; Kipling's "The Return of Imray" or "The Man Who Would Be King," A. T. Quiller-Couch, and Hardy (notably "The Withered Arm") in England; Baudelaire, Daudet, and Zola in France, and the belated German school, to see how widespread Poe's influence has been. The present writer cannot but help thinking, too, that Jack London, Conrad, and Kipling (notably in "A Matter of Fact") owe something of the power of their sea-scapes to Poe's marine studies in "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle" and "Arthur Gordon Pym." Finally, Poe enunciated, in the "Philosophy of Composition," the technique adopted by such masters as Maupassant and Kipling—indeed, by everyone who succeeds with the short-story at all.

To his own time, Poe was best known as the ruthless critic whose orbit no one could predict. Though many of his stories and poems were widely read, the conditions of periodical literature were such as to bring little lasting fame to writers; material was passed from magazine to magazine much after the fashion of the newspaper "filler" to-day, and, in the passage, much of it became perforce anonymous and evanescent. Poe's criticism, however, was too smashing to be clipped by the average magazine editors, and the proprietor of a journal to which Poe became temporarily attached, therefore, counted on a sure increase in his own circulation as

¹ See Gustav Gruener's article in "Publications of the Mod. Lang. Assoc.," xix, p. 1, ff.

soon as Poe's articles appeared. He was relentless and peculiar, he backed every damaging accusation by careful citation from his victim, and if he praised, he praised according to a definite theory which might be wrong but which could not be misunderstood. It is doubted that the general public gained much from his articles; they were craftsman's arguments addressed, not to the man who read, but to the man who wrote, and when the writer went down to a deserved oblivion, he dragged his critic with him. Yet it cannot be wrong, even from *a priori* reasoning, to suppose that fifteen years of such criticism had its effect in raising the standards of authorship and art.

Poe is a deathless refutation of the statement that a poet cannot theorize on verse and still write poetry. He worked out his own idea of the purposes of poetry, and he consistently wrote his poems according to his own theories. Despite the easy jibe that "The Raven" could not possibly be produced by the mechanics of the "Philosophy of Composition," the fact remains that all of his poems are built on one principle, and that Poe probably knew what he was talking about. He was sometimes dishonest in matters of fact, but he was usually honest in matters of art.

A poem may have, in Poe's opinion, no other purpose than to give pleasure; its object is not truth, but "the rhythmical creation of beauty." Didactic poetry has no place in Poe's theory: Longfellow, he said, was all wrong in his idea of the ends of art. Furthermore, the pleasure aroused by a poem should be emotional and indefinite, the "value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement," but, as "all excitements are, through a psychal [sic] necessity, transient," the "degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length." "Paradise Lost" is, then, merely a succession of short poems connected by platitudes.¹ This excitement is "of the soul, quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the heart, or of that truth which is the satisfaction of the reason." Beauty is the sole end of art. But "beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears." Hence, the best "tone" for a poem is sadness, to be produced, in method, by a refrain, since a refrain in lyric verse "depends for its impression upon the force of monotone both in sound and thought," and in theme, by "the most melancholy of topics most poetical," the death of a beautiful woman. Moreover, "the lips best suited for such [a] topic are those of a bereaved lover."² Thus clearly and concisely is the matter put.

It has been carelessly assumed that Poe would reduce the world's poetry to that part of it which deals with the death of beautiful women, but this is surely running an argument into the ground. Poe states merely that that poem which will *soonest* arouse the elevating excitement of soul which is the end of poetry, will deal with this theme; he does not deny the possibility of beauty to a hundred other themes—indeed, he specifically praises poems as diverse as Shelley's "Serenade," Willis's "The Shadows Lay Along Broadway," Pinkney's "Health," and the "Fair Ines" of Hood.

¹ On the other hand, says Poe, "it is clear that a poem may be improperly brief," since a very short poem "never produces a profound or enduring effect." He cites the songs of Béranger as an instance.

² See "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle" in the "Works."

Nor does he deny the possibility of an ethical intent in poetry; his own poems are themselves allegorical (Poe was no Parnassian), and those who call him unmoral, in the sense that Lamb spoke of the Restoration dramatists as unmoral, have read him carelessly. What Poe denies is the possibility that a bare and naked didacticism or metaphysical reasoning in verse can be poetry.

Poe's theory is plausible, direct, and logical. Like the doctrines of Calvin, once the first step is admitted, everything must follow as a matter of course. It provides respectable shelter for the many who are bored by epics or by "Prometheus Unbound," and "The Ring and the Book." It expresses, furthermore, a repugnance which every cultivated reader feels to verse that is obviously didactic; one remembers "The Psalm of Life," and "Conductor Bradley," Kirke White, and the Cary sisters. But if Poe's theory has a certain plausibility when confronted by the "Columbiad" and most of Whittier—to keep in the American field—when called upon to account for poems as diverse as "Snowbound" or "Ichabod," it falls clattering to the ground. "Snowbound"—since it is obviously logical to measure the worth of other poems by Poe's own compositions—has no strangeness in beauty, it is not melancholy, it is much longer than "The Raven," and it does not produce that excitement of the soul that comes from reading "Ulalume." As for that flawless piece, "Ichabod," it derives its whole force from a fierce moral energy—from truth and passion, and *not* from beauty (to keep Poe's distinction), and the emotions in which it traffics are not melancholy, but pity and indignation. Poe's basic error lies in his identification of *means* and *effect*; in his confusion of the effect of the contemplation of beauty with the actual substance of things beautiful, and the identity of poetry with a mood. Beauty may or may not be subjective, wholly or in part; but the high excitement which Poe speaks of may spring from a dozen sources other than a poem, or even a piece of literature. Moreover—and this concerns long poems—Poe makes no allowance for the effect of structure—for the pleasure that lies in architectonics, in the symmetry, for instance, of the "Æneid." Finally, his distribution of beauty to the soul, passion to the heart, and truth to the reason—especially in view of Poe's use of "beauty"—will not stand examination.

Critics of Poe will not admit what he admitted of himself, that his was a supremely logical mind, and choose rather to regard the ratiocinative stories as a puzzling anomaly against the grotesques and arabesques of his tales, and the phantasmagoria of his poetry. Rather, the paradox follows almost of necessity from the facts. The analytic mind does not reason or construct in the large sense in which we speak of Aristotle or Bacon as *thinkers*; it finds its occupation in the process, the chain, the machinery of thought. Preëminently, it is analytic, and deductive; it proceeds by the method of trial and error; it proceeds, in other words, by a destructive method. In its moments of play it finds pleasure in the fantastic, the grotesque, and the bizarre. Thus, among mathematicians, we find the author of "Alice in Wonderland," a grotesque that has all the power of a dream, containing such maddeningly singable verses as the "White Rabbit's Testimony"; and in our own day nonsense is notably purveyed by Stephen Leacock, author of a political economy and of "Behind the Beyond."

Furthermore, the analytic mind will be fascinated by the mysterious, the question that cannot be analyzed, the fact without form from which nothing can be drawn. Finally, such a mind is fascinated, as Poe was fascinated, by death. It needs scarcely to be pointed out that Poe's followers are of the analytic order—self-conscious artists, whether pessimists or decadents; that is, they have adopted programmes based on an *analysis* of æsthetic principles, and, like their master, they find fascination in death, and in the treatment of death and morbidity.

At the basis of Poe's poems will be found the same logical impossibilities as in "Alice in Wonderland." It is impossible for a city to exist in the sea in the same way that it is impossible for an egg to move from counter to counter of the grocery in "Through the Looking-Glass," but once admitting the incredibility, certain minds take pleasure in working the thing out as completely as possible. The theatre of "The Conqueror Worm" is simply beyond comprehension; "The Raven" is, from one angle, a tissue of absurdities, and, generally speaking, the Poe landscape—"out of space, out of time"—has the same basic absurdity as nonsense verses, nightmares, or the etchings of Piranesi. What fascinates, whether in the stories of Frank R. Stockton, or in the "Haunted Palace," is the gravity with which the impossible is carried out. To this Poe owes much, but, of course, not all, of his power.

As a master of verbal music, Poe is unique. He depends upon none of the obvious devices of Swinburne, nor upon the subtler ones of Rossetti; he has an eerier music all his own. In "The City in the Sea," consider such a passage as:

There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently

The viol, the violet, and the vine

from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

Here the rhythm is basically iambic, but how smoothly it is changed in such a line as:

On the *long night-time* of that town

where *long night-time* holds up the march of the verse while indefinite hours roll leadenly on. Or in the last two quoted lines note how the *ow* sounds gradually slow down the metre preparatory to the adagio of *gigantically*! Yet, radical as such a metric change may be, the poem retains its iambic beat throughout, much as a nocturne of Chopin's keeps

its rhythmic outlines beneath any irregularity in the melody. How delicately the assonance is handled in that unforgettable line:

Time-eaten towers that tremble not

and how unobtrusively the same letter does yeoman service in:

Streams up the turrets silently!

Such hidden harmonies and rich chords of language suggest only one comparison: Poe is the Chopin of poetry.

Poe's images are always vague, vast, and mysterious:

Hell rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

What awful thing is this, we ask ourselves, that is seated on a thousand thrones somewhere under the sea? So the "Haunted Palace" has no shape or substance, and all we know of the 'shadowy graves in which Poe's heroines lie buried is that at the end of an alley of Titanic cypresses there is somewhere a "legended tomb," and that another sepulchre lies "by the sounding sea." The geography of Poe has no outlines, all is conveyed in that hurrying and indistinct imagery by which Milton is differentiated from Dante in Macaulay's essay.

Yet Poe is not to be explained by these devices, nor by any others. He remains what all geniuses remain—inscrutable. Out of some darkness rose cities and palaces seen of no man else; lit by impossible stars and fragrant with dead men's feet and many colored grasses; remote, horrible, and tremendous. There, girt by dreadful waters, "les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs," and there Poe heard that orchestra sighing fitfully a weird music which he wove afterwards in sadness and desolation of soul. In one brief sentence Frederick Myers characterized the genius of Swinburne as tinged by "the conviction that has stolen over many hearts, that there is a mortality of spirit, as well as flesh." So can we speak of Poe.

J.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)

John Greenleaf Whittier, son of a Quaker farmer, was born in the east parish of Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts, 1807, the second of four children. He spent his boyhood on the farm, developing that deep affinity for rustic things which marks his verse, but, as it proved, permanently injuring his health by exposure and overexertion. His first published verse appeared in the Newburyport *Free Press*, June 8, 1826, and occasioned a lifelong friendship with William Lloyd Garrison.

Whittier worked his way through two terms of the Haverhill Academy by making shoes; then, in 1829, he began editorial work. The crisis of his life came in 1833, when he put aside opportunities for a successful political career by writing "Justice and Expediency," an abolition pamphlet.

He was a delegate to the first convention of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1833); he repeatedly forced abolitionist pledges from unwilling candidates; he helped secure Sumner's nomination to the Senate; he was instrumental in importing George Thompson from England for the cause, and he was several times in great personal danger. He ceased to write imitations of Byron, Moore and Scott, and commenced to pour out a stream of anti-slavery poems which circulated from Maine to Kansas.

In 1843, with "Lays of My Home and Other Poems," he began the publication of poems of country life, of New England traditions, and of nature. This field he found more and more engrossing.

Whittier continued, however, to take an active interest in politics up to the Civil War. During that struggle he wrote little, but among his few productions is "Barbara Frietchie" (1863), the most famous ballad of the time. Once the strain was over, "Snowbound" appeared in 1866, "The Tent on the Beach" in 1867, "Among the Hills" in 1869, "Ballads of New England" in 1870. These contain his maturest work. He also wrote much in prose.

After the death, in 1864, of his sister, Elizabeth, who was to him what Dorothy Wordsworth was to her brother, Whittier's life became uneventful. Like Tennyson's, his old age was prolific. A dinner on his seventieth birthday was the occasion of a great outburst of national appreciation. Whittier died September 7, 1892.

I. Texts.

The complete works are in the Riverside Edition, 7 vols. (I-IV, poetical works; V-VII, prose), Houghton, Mifflin Co. The Standard Library Edition includes Pickard's Life. The best one-volume edition of the poems is the Cambridge Edition, Houghton, Mifflin Co.

II. Biography.

Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier, by S. T. Pickard, 2 vols., 1895. The best brief biography is by G. R. Carpenter (American Men of Letters). There is also one by T. W. Higginson (English Men of Letters).

III. Criticism.

E. C. Stedman's Poets of America; Bliss Perry, Whittier for To-day, in Park Street Papers; Barrett Wendell, Stelligeri and Other Essays; George E. Woodberry, Makers of Literature. The Mind of Whittier, by Chauncey J. Hawkins (New York, 1904), is an interesting study of Whittier's religion.

What it meant to Whittier to join the abolitionists is hard for us to realize. In the thirties, Garrison's followers were utterly despised and rejected of men. Some idea of the temper of the times is gained from the fact that Dr. Reuben Crandall, of Washington, was thrown into jail in the capital of the nation, and kept there until his health was destroyed, all because he had given a copy of "Justice and Expediency" to a fellow doctor.¹ In 1835, while Samuel J. May was addressing an anti-slavery

¹ Commemorated by Whittier in his poem "Astræa at the Capitol."

meeting in the Christian church of Haverhill, "a heavily loaded cannon had been dragged near the church and at the same time the wooden steps at the doors had been pulled away. The plan of the miscreants was to break the windows and discharge the cannon, thus causing a rush to the doors, and, the steps being removed, the audience would have been precipitated several feet; limbs would have been broken, and perhaps lives lost in the panic." A few days later, Whittier and George Thompson were driven out of Concord by mob violence. In October of that year, "men of property and standing" united to drag Garrison through the streets of Boston with a halter round his neck. In 1837 Whittier was driven out of Newburyport by a shower of rotten eggs; in 1838 the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which he was then editor, was sacked and burned by a mob. During all this period, as the poet says, "my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for publishers' uses."¹

Whittier's "mind was formed, his imagination kindled," says Bliss Perry, "and his hand perfected amid the fiery pressure of events." The struggle changed the whole tenor of his verse. In considering his place as a poet, we may put aside practically everything written before 1834. It was then he began to denounce slavery in rhyme, to celebrate some martyr to the cause, or pen a poetic obituary, or to phrase a trenchant political argument in verse. Strange as it seems to us, verse, for sixty years of the 19th century, was the most powerful vehicle for political argument. As Bryant's youthful satire on the embargo act (written at thirteen) ran to two editions, so immigrants went into Kansas chanting

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the Free.

Whittier was one of the last and greatest of our rhyming pamphleteers.

Of the anti-slavery poems, the writer himself preserved less than a hundred, and, even of these, the greater part are occasional and transitory. In their rhetorical appeal they resemble his "Songs of Labor" and Elliott's "Corn Law Rhymes." About ten stand out as worth preserving, among them the awful denunciation of "Ichabod," the stern thunder of "Exposition," "Massachusetts to Virginia," and "Laus Deo," the final pæan. In this list should be included one of the finest pieces of irony in American literature, the "Letter from a Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South." In these poems, the emotions of the time live forever.

The rest of Whittier's work falls into three general classes—ballads and narrative verse, poems of country life and nature, and religious poems. In the ballads, Whittier's instinct was thoroughly right, so that Stedman calls him "our most natural balladist." Yet the attempt to displace Longfellow as a narrative poet in Whittier's favor is an effort to exile Aristides. At his best—in "Barclay of Ury" (excepting the last four stanzas), or "Skipper Ireson's Ride"—he sometimes equalled Longfellow, but such

¹ For studies of the abolition movement see Harriet Martineau, "The Martyr Age in America" for a contemporary report; and Henry Wilson, "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," 8th ed., Vol. I, especially chaps. xvi, xvii, xx, xxi, xxvii; also the life of Garrison by his children (New York, 1885), 2 vols.

poems are rare. If Longfellow wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus" without making a trip to the reef of Norman's Woe, in "Barbara Frietchie" Whittier has involved himself in a succession of military absurdities. Moreover, Whittier's Indian stories are all failures, and, structurally or as narrative, "The Tent on the Beach" cannot compare with "Tales of the Wayside Inn."

Truth to tell, Whittier was too diffuse to write good narrative, especially good ballad narrative. He lacked a sense of form; he lacked dramatic power; he lacked, above all, Longfellow's literary tact, the ability to estimate his material. Many of Whittier's ballads seem almost on the verge of being vivid and real, but, somehow, they never quite succeed. It is characteristic that in "Miriam" the setting occupies 258 lines, and the incident, itself loosely told, only 206. Moreover, Whittier's attempt to moralize everything (as in "The Three Bells" and "Conductor Bradley"), recalls the misplaced ingenuity of the "Gesta Romanorum." To our taste, most of his narrative is insipid.

As the poet of New England country life, Whittier fares better. Stedman is especially happy in calling him the Teniers of American verse. "Snowbound," "The Barefoot Boy," and "Telling the Bees" are as genuine as Crabbe, or the Scotch parts of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," or "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," and they appeal to the same audiences. Perhaps the farm-life of Haverhill was not the farm-life of South Dakota or Texas, but it was a life which everybody understands and appreciates and which Whittier has fixed imperishably. The charm of such verse lies in its very simplicity, in the mood of tender reminiscence with which it is told. Yet it is characteristic that he missed the obverse of the picture, those tragedies of lonely life which Mr. Robert Frost, working in the same field, has powerfully depicted. Unlike Burns, Whittier is narrowed by his rusticity.

Whittier is less successful as a nature poet. It is commonly supposed that the farmer-poet is the most successful nature-poet, but such, in the nature of things, cannot be. The farmer is too close to his fields to see them. The successful nature-poet is either a philosopher, like Wordsworth, or a painter, like Tennyson. Poets must either interpret landscapes or view them in a Claude Lorraine glass, and Whittier did neither. He was usually content with a catalogue. He was "color-blind and tone-deaf," his landscapes lack distinctness, and page after page of his nature-verse slips through the mind with the deadly vacuity of five-finger exercises. He was as incapable of writing

By the long wash of Australasian seas

as he was of writing

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

Exception should be made, however, of "The Last Walk in Autumn," which, if it does not paint a landscape, at least conveys a mood.

Whittier's religion "is the life of his genius, out of which flow his ideas of earthly and heavenly content." His poems have furnished hymns of wide popularity. Curiously enough, he made rabid attacks on the clergy,

as in "The Pastoral Letter," and his denunciation of Pius Ninth is as strong as Swinburne's "Diræ." Yet poems like "The Eternal Goodness," and lines like

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again,

have in them the benediction of a vesper organ. They satisfied the mood of his own times; it is less likely that they will satisfy ours. Whittier attempted no philosophical grasp of things; there is nothing in his faith, however beautifully expressed, for the mind to bite on, and readers are less and less inclined to turn to Whittier for spiritual consolation.

In general, it must be confessed that Whittier lacked many essential elements of a great poet. "Point, decoration, and other features of modern verse," says Stedman, his most sympathetic apologist, "are scarcely characteristic of Whittier." He was deficient in sensuous beauty, in passion, in color, in thought. He wrote too fluently and too much. He lacked a sense of form; he was careless in workmanship; too often he felt called upon to write a poem when he did not have a poem to write. Frequently he was merely rhetorical. And even as a moralist his ideas were narrow. Yet he gave us one unequalled picture of New England country life; a handful of stirring appeals for action; a dozen ballads, and a slight quantity of lasting religious verse. Like Longfellow, he is read by the children, and his fame is therefore secure. In the American pantheon he will always hold an honorable place; but the trend of development is away from him, and it seems probable that he will sink to the safe dignity of a minor sectional poet.

J.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He inherited from his father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, his pronounced ethical impulses, and from his mother his imaginative temperament and his love of poetry and music. His schooling included a stiff drill in Latin and French. He was graduated from Harvard in 1838 after a brilliant but mildly erratic career, during which he showed marked literary promise. He took his law degree in 1840, but did not practise, dividing his energies for the next several years between reform activities, including two editorships, and writing poetry, of which he published volumes in 1841 and 1844. The agitation over the annexation of Texas drew from Lowell the indignant protest of "The Present Crisis" (written 1844), and his devotion to an unpopular cause became not only as whole-souled as Whittier's, but possibly cost him quite as much.

The next eight years were the first great productive period in his life, culminating with 1848, in which were published "Poems, Second Series," the first group of "Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and several prose essays. Following on a series of lectures on poetry at the Lowell Institute in Boston, 1854-1855, he was called to

succeed Longfellow as Smith Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard, a position which he held, with brief absences, until 1877. Although a close and enthusiastic scholar, he combined this work with equally important responsibilities, for he was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1861), and, with Charles Eliot Norton, joint editor of *The North American Review* (1864-1872). During these years appeared many of his most significant essays on public affairs, as well as the volumes of poetry and prose, "The Harvard Commemoration Ode," "Under the Willows and Other Poems," "Among My Books," and "My Study Windows."

From 1877 to 1885 he was Minister first to Spain and then to England. He continued writing, chiefly in prose, until the end of his life in 1891, publishing "Democracy, and Other Addresses" (1886), "Political Essays," and "Heartsease and Rue" (1888), and leaving manuscripts which were assembled in the following volumes after his death: "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses" (1891), "The Old English Dramatists" (1892), "Letters" (two volumes, edited by C. E. Norton, 1892), and "Last Poems" (1895).

I. Texts.

Complete Works, Riverside Edition, 11 vols., of which 4 contain the poems; Cambridge Edition of Poems, 1 vol.

II. Biography.

Letters of Lowell, edited by C. E. Norton, 2 vols.; Life, H. E. Scudder, 2 vols.; Life, Ferris Greenslet; Lowell and His Friends, E. E. Hale; Life, E. E. Hale, Jr. (Beacon Biography Series).

III Criticism.

American Prose Masters, W. C. Brownell; Literary Leaders of America, Richard Burton; Essays in London and Elsewhere, Henry James; International Perspective in Criticism, Gustav Pollak; Excursions in Criticism, William Watson; Makers of Literature, G. E. Woodberry.

The Critic, Vol. IX, p. 86, an article by Theodore Roosevelt.

Any discussion of Lowell's work begins almost instinctively with his personality. Like Dr. Johnson's and Charles Lamb's, his individuality was more vivid than anything he wrote, and in this respect he is unique in American letters. To one who reads the volumes of Norton, Lowell moves across the stage of our literature like a being from another world, scattering essays and epigrams as he goes. Or, to change the figure, he is like a transplanted shrub, perhaps a little exotic and precious; as though an article from the *Edinburgh Review* should be printed without comment in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is at once incredible and hopeful that in the welter of inanity which then passed in America for criticism, the essay on Chaucer could have been written by a New Englander, and, being written, could get itself read.

Lowell was at once an essayist, a critic, a poet, a college professor, a bibliophile, a philologist, a politician, a diplomat, an editor, an orator, a

savant, and a man of the world. In the brilliant quality of his learning, and in the versatility of his mind, he seems to belong to the court of Francis the First, or to the Italian Renaissance rather than to Puritan Massachusetts. It is a tribute to the good sense of the Hayes administration that, like Lorenzo the Magnificent, it could send a man of letters on a difficult diplomatic mission; it is equally characteristic that the man of books succeeded incomparably well as an ambassador. Yet the same man who steered a safe course through the perplexities of the Parnell agitations, wrote "Endymion," offered sound political advice to his countrymen in the *North American Review*, and could turn from a microscopic—even a pedantic—examination of Hazlitt to the chthonic satire of the "Biglow Papers," and from that to a college class in Dante, or to a technical discussion of Old French romances.

Lowell succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as Longfellow succeeded Ticknor, and the three men curiously exemplify the change in national culture of half a century. When Ticknor took the chair, we were literally ignorant, not only of Spanish literature, but of *belles-lettres* in general. The "History of Spanish Literature" is a valuable book because it is expository and little more; because it systematically presents facts for the ignorant. The bent of Ticknor's mind, says his biographer, was likewise expository and not critical; on an age innocent of even the names of Spanish writers, criticism would have been wasted. Next came Longfellow, whose task it was to interpret the facts which Ticknor had presented; to meditate; to make of literature an appealing and a necessary thing. Thus when Lowell took the chair he found the times were ripe for evaluation, or criticism. Lowell could not have written the recondite essay on Masson's "Life of Milton" in 1819, but, likewise, Ticknor would have been unnecessary in 1877, when Lowell laid down the office. The development between these dates is natural, but it becomes well-nigh miraculous when it is recalled that such a change took place in less than sixty years.

There can be no question that Lowell's office was critical, whether in politics, diplomacy, or literature. There can be no question that he is the foremost American critic. Certain essays of his, notably the "Chaucer" and the "Dante," like Carlyle's "Burns" and Macaulay's "Boswell," are among the permanently necessary essays. He was an intuitive critic. More than that, he was an intuitive critic with a passion for labor. He dared not write until his mind was big with his subject. Once begun, the essay quickly passed from the narrowness of book reviewing, or the petulancies of controversy, to the broad heights of final values. He wrote, not for an age, but for all time; his criticism is no more American than it is Chinese.

Yet, because his method was largely intuitive, it cannot be denied that the essays are sometimes badly put together: the one on Milton, for instance, begins as badinage, passes to a favorite philological hobby, then to questions of prosody, and ends with a hasty general estimate of the poet. Lowell literally knew too much; he was far from bearing all his weight of learning lightly like a flower; his facts smothered his form; and all these faults have crept into his verse.

His more orthodox poems fall into two classes, the lyric and the

reflective, and with these Lowell labored with something of the devotion of a man to a lost cause. Poetry was his left hand. The muse asks more than intermittent devotion. None of the Florentines, who were so many things, and with whom we have compared Lowell, is numbered among the great Italian poets, and, despite his own passion for verse, the American is similarly handicapped. The very quality which makes his essays ruins his verse: so little of it is indigenous and local. This fact is curiously proved: readers do not turn to Lowell as they do to Longfellow, for a body of verse; and though certain lyrics are individual favorites, they are such as two or three other poets might have written. "To the Dandelion" is Keatsian; many readers confuse "The First Snowfall" with Bryant's poem on the same theme, and "The Present Crisis" inevitably suggests Whittier.

Lowell felt this want of permanence all his life. In "L'Envoi" he wrote, as he did elsewhere,

I draw near
To mate with words the various theme,
Life seems a whiff of kitchen steam,
History an organ-grinder's thrum,
For thou hast slipt from it and me
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb,
Most mutable Perversity!

The bald prosiness of the third line, the repetition of "organ" in two senses, and the curiously uncertain metre of this passage are typical of his artistic faults.

One poem of Lowell's, generally slighted, requires more than passing comment. This is "Endymion," written toward the end of his life, and the only one of his poems, says a biographer, which suggests more than it says. It is to a thoughtful reader what "The Vision of Sir Launfal," beloved of school teachers, is to the obvious mind, and it succeeds where "The Cathedral" fails. "Endymion" repeats the lesson of "L'Envoi":

In dreams I see her lay the goddess down
With bow and quiver . . .
. . . down to mine she deigns her longed-for lips;
And as her neck my happy arms enfold,
Flooded and lusted with her loosened gold,
She whispers words each sweeter than a kiss;
Then, wakened with the shock of sudden bliss,
My arms are empty, my awakener fled,

but it ends otherwise:

My moon is set; my vision set with her;
No more can worship vain my pulses stir.
Goddess Triform, I own thy triple spell,
My heaven's queen—queen, too, of my earth and hell!

It is one of a small group of poems, including the "Turner's Old Téméraire" and the "Oracle of Gold Fishes" (curiously parodied by Rupert Brooke), which suggests that Lowell might have been a great mystic poet if he had let himself go. He knew himself to be touched that way, but he had humor, which a mystic may not have; he had culture, which

a mystic may not have, and he led an active life far different from the Brahmin's whom he satirized.

It is commonly said that Lowell's chief claim to immortality is the "Biglow Papers," certainly the finest satire ever produced in American verse. Political poetry is dead in this country, but it died with the second series of the "Biglow Papers" grasped in its hand. "Very far from being a popular author under my own name," said Lowell in the introduction to the series, "I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated," and it was even proved in his hearing that he could not have written them. Yet satire, be it never so trenchant, is a frail piece of pottery to go floating down to immortality; Cæsar and Cicero still hold their places in the schools, while Juvenal is read only of scholars; Dryden and Voltaire are names, and who reads the "Biglow Papers" to-day? Ungracious as it may seem, it must be admitted that their reputation is kept up, like that of less worthy productions, by academic bellows only, and though the Mexican crisis of 1916 gave plenty of opportunity for quotation (from B. Sawin especially), the chilly fact remains that the "Biglow Papers" did not figure in public discussion. In addition to being satire, they labor under the difficulty of dialect, and dialect verse, despite Burns, has not generally proved lasting. Moreover, the fun of Parson Wilbur is largely scholar's fun, something like the lame artillery of Middleton's wit in "The Egoist." Despite the mass of opinion to the contrary, it does not seem that the "Biglow Papers" are Lowell's best claim to poetical immortality.

It is when we come to the odes that we come to the province in which he is easily ahead. No nobler expression of American patriotism than the "Harvard Commemoration Ode" has ever been shaped in our history; the closest approach is Lowell's own work, the "Three Memorial Poems" of 1877. The failure of such gifted men as Woodberry, Mackaye, Witter Bynner, and others, to achieve lasting results in the difficult field of public poetry is sufficient comment on Lowell's achievement. The only productions which can be considered in the same breath with Lowell's are Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," and these were not meant for recitation. Even English literature, despite Dryden, Swinburne and Tennyson, yields no parallel.

The ode intended for public recital has to grapple with difficulties that confront no other branch of poetry. It is perhaps because so few succeed in overcoming these difficulties that distinction in the ode is not more highly appreciated. The public ode must be appropriate without being occasional. It must be dignified, noble, sonorous, and yet hit the average intelligence of its audience. It has no place for the delicate music, the overtones of closet poetry; it cannot deal heavily in formal figures of speech, which might distract from the main trend of the discourse, and yet it must impress its hearers then, and from the printed page, as being the stuff of poetry. It must combine with this something of oratory, so that it admits of necessity (in the very fact that it is to be recited) a dangerous quantity of rhetoric. It must have intellectual content without losing in grace or beauty; it must have an ethical trend without sinking to the merely

didactic; it must have occasional elegances without obscuring the structure of the whole. Above all—and in these two particulars many attempts fail—it cannot be written in regular stanzaic form, because a long poem in regular stanzas can be neither read nor heard without monotony; in the regulation of his long and short lines the poet must exercise all his skill as metrist, and in the placing of his rhymes he needs all his skill as a melodist; and finally, the ode must be vigorous, masculine, and unashamed.

To make clear Lowell's peculiar eminence in this field, the distinction cannot be too often made that the ode to be recited is a far different thing from the ode to be read, as different as acting drama is from the dramatic monologue. In melody, in richness, in the management of intricate metres, in lofty and sustained thought, no English poet working in this field has ever surpassed Swinburne's ode written for the three hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Armada. But if the ode were recited to an audience gathered to celebrate the occasion, it would put them to sleep. Whereas Lowell with his memorial poems not only held his audience, he convinced them that what he was speaking was poetry, and when they read it afterward they were still convinced.

For us the occasion of the Harvard Ode has long passed by, but, like the audience which heard it, we are still convinced. As poetry it offers us such lines of high beauty as this of Truth:

They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her,

and the sudden rapture of

O Beautiful, my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore!

Passage after passage is packed with memorable phrases:

Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.

Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoiced now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that imperious gust
Of ever-rushing Time.

Equally fresh are the opening of the Concord Ode:

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?

and the image of the nation (like a mural by Puvis de Chavannes) with which the Fourth of July poem begins.

In fairness, it should be said that the general consensus of opinion holds that the "Biglow Papers" are Lowell's chief work. Yet the "Biglow Papers," as Lowell himself admitted, are worked in clay, where the Odes are cut in marble; Parson Wilbur has not outlived his generation, while with the Harvard poem we have forgotten the occasion and remember only the large message of ideal Americanism which it voices. Both the satires and the odes are original as nothing else in Lowell's volume is original, but the odes are the greater and the more lasting work.

J.

THE POETRY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Under the heading of "The Poetry of the Civil War," there are presented here together thirty-seven well known and representative pieces of verse which are either anonymous or by authors from whom no other works are quoted. As every poet cited in this volume who was productive from 1860 to 1865 wrote his own contributions, the total number of poems classifiable under this head—as the index shows—is far more than thirty-seven. In Stevenson's "Poems of American History" more than one-fourth of the entire book is based on the Civil War. The chief collections consulted in making up the present brief list are as follows:

Texts.

Lyrics of Loyalty, Personal and Political Ballads, Songs for the Soldiers, and Rebel Rhymes, all edited by Frank Moore, New York, 1864. The Southern Amaranth, edited by Sallie A. Brock. War Poets of the South and Confederate Camp Fire Songs. War Songs of the South, Richmond, 1862. Lyrics for Freedom, New York, 1862. War Songs of the South, London, 1866. The Poetry of the Civil War, edited by Richard Grant White, Albany, 1866.

The system of grouping implied in the titles of Frank Moore's three volumes of Northern war poems is available in any generalized statement about the contributions from either side. The lyrics of loyalty reveal a sober and usually elevated background in the minds of the combatants as the war advanced. They progress in the North from the early calls to arms in verses like Tilton's "Great Bell Roland" and Edna Dean Proctor's "Who's Ready?" to Thomas Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene" and William Winter's "After All"; and in the South from St. George Tucker's "Southern Cross" to Father Ryan's "Sword of Robert Lee." They include, moreover, certain poems of sentiment, like George H. Boker's "Battle Hymn" or "Dirge for a Soldier," Ethel Lynn Beers's "Picket Guard" and the anonymous "Claribel's Prayer," which are poems of war time, and except for single phrases are transferable to any time and any conflict.

The personal and political ballads are, on the other hand, most definitely localized. The "Farewell to Brother Jonathan" is incomplete till

one has read Holmes's "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline" (see page 440). John R. Thompson's "On to Richmond" and "Farewell to Pope" refer to events just as definite as those behind Read's "Sheridan's Ride," or Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie." These recall aspects or phases of the war, events of sometimes national and sometimes individual significance, glimpses of great men, acts of heroism by the common soldiery. Their tone is less lofty than in the lyrics of loyalty, and they are bitter or jaunty, mournful or sublime, as befits the various subjects.

The songs for the soldiers are the most spontaneous fruits of the war, and, as a group, are far better known than other more literary products. "John Brown's Body," "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" are known to millions now as they were in war times because spirited words were combined with inspiring tunes. They became folk poetry and experienced the changes both through oral transmission and through deliberate composition of variants to which the most popular songs are often subject. A nobler song, like Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," with which the populace was less inclined to be familiar, came out at the end of the war unscathed from the ordeal by song.

The authorship of the war verses was very widespread. If wars do not often stimulate great literature, they do beyond doubt awaken the sleeping doggerels that more peaceful times leave undisturbed. As parody offers a helping hand to the unoriginal by setting both a metre and a sequence of thought, many of the fireside favorites appeared in this masque of Poesie in every degree of artistic, amusing, and grotesque disguise. Among these were "America," "Dixie," "Excelsior," "The Night Before Christmas," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Campbells are Coming," "John Anderson, My Jo," Gray's "Elegy," Hood's "The Song of the Shirt," and even the "Hearts of Oak," which had done valiant service in the War of the Revolution. In this secondary zone of martial verse, however, there is almost nothing worth preserving which was not composed by authors who had at least sectional reputations. The freshest note from those who would otherwise be generally forgotten was struck by two Southerners, John R. Thompson, author of "On to Richmond" and "Farewell to Pope," and Albert B. Pike, author of the best of many versions of Dixie. Thompson's work is excellent jovial satire. He has an easy mastery of verse, control of double and multiple rhymes, which are always effective in lighter moods, a pungent humor, and an abounding and infectious jollity. When at his best in this vein he challenges comparison with Lowell.

On the whole, with reference to all of this verse, whether written by the most or the least eminent, we are driven to the admission that the dust and smoke of battle are suffocating to the Muse. The poets who can soar on Pegasus are rather awkward on Bucephalus, and the lesser ones who belong with the infantry are unimpressive spectacles on any sort of steed.

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867)

Timrod was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829. His grandfather was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and his father, a man of literary tastes, contracted a fatal illness in the Seminole engagements of 1836. The boy was a schoolmate of Basil L. Gildersleeve and Paul Hamilton Hayne. For two years, apparently from 1847 to 1849, he was enrolled in the University of Georgia, though the period was chiefly marked by the writing of adolescent love songs for the *Charleston Evening News* and by a series of contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger* over the pen-name of Agläus, which he used till 1853. In the meantime, he had gone into and out of a law office, and had started a ten-year career as a teacher, first as an assistant in a private school, and then as tutor in two families. In 1859 his first book of poems was published, by Ticknor & Fields, in Boston. The volume, containing thirteen sonnets and thirty longer pieces, was cordially commended by the critics.

During the Civil War, he was actively writing—as correspondent for the *Charleston Mercury*, as associate editor of the *South Carolinian*, and as author of inspiring songs for the Confederacy. With Sherman's march to the sea he was reduced to utter poverty, from which he never recovered before his death from a series of hemorrhages in 1867.

I. Editions.

Timrod's poems have appeared as follows: In Boston, 1860; in New York, edited by P. H. Hayne, 1872 and 1873; in Boston, the edition under the auspices of the Timrod Memorial Association, 1899, and the same in Richmond, 1901.

II. Biography and Criticism.

Memoir prefixed to editions of 1899 and 1901; Sketch with edition of 1873 by P. H. Hayne; Henry Timrod, Laureate of the Confederacy, G. A. Wauchope, *North Carolina Review*, May 5, 1912; Dr. Frank Ticknor and Henry Timrod, S. A. Link, published by the Methodist Episcopal Church Society; in Holy Grail, six addresses, J. A. B. Scherer, 1905; introduction to selections in Library of Southern Literature.

Timrod is one of the several American poets of genuine achievement who died before middle life, and, of these, one of the men who had progressed the fastest and showed the largest relative promise. As a boy and growing man, it is clear in the record of his life, as well as in his verses, that he was an extravagant and self-indulgent sentimentalist. He went through all the emotional ebullitions of normal youth, but he went through them with abnormal intensity, and he was complacently self-conscious of what he was doing. He recorded with pride his susceptibility to spring, to roses, to babies and older children, to night, to the mocking-bird, and to a steady succession of inamoratas. Emotion was an end in itself. Few poets have ever so celebrated the praises of what Jane Austen called sensi-

bility. In fact, this 18th century term gives the cue not only to Timrod's earlier career but to certain prevailing Southern traits. Whatever the origin of Southern speech and manners, they did—and still do in some measure—resemble those which we associate with the generations of Mrs. Radcliffe and Laurence Sterne. Both are marked by a somewhat elevated formality of phrasing—much of it conventionalized—an inclination to forensics, a vocal insistence upon honor and chivalry, an opulent show of deference to beauty and to woman; and both at times topple on the verge of that histrionic insincerity which follows hard on the heel of any traditionalized forms of speech. Such habits of thought and expression became what is called "second nature" to the youthful Timrod, and, although in the best of his mature writing he overcame them by summoning his self-conscious "first nature" to the fore, they reasserted themselves during his last illness, and have unhappily been printed and reprinted by the admiring recorders of his dying hours.

Yet even in Timrod's earliest volume there is poem after poem to show that the white flame of real creative fervor could burn away the flimsy covering of decorative verbiage whenever he became more concerned with his subject than with self-analysis or self-display. To be sure, much of it is imitative of Tennyson at his feeblest; much is utterly commonplace. He makes the morning stars sing together, turns water into wine, and asserts that truth is beauty as gravely as though it had never been said before. But in the same poem that is beclouded with passionate lyres, bleeding patriots, and azure heights, he likens the poet's words to "bright cataracts that front a sunrise," and in such flashes preludes the dawn of his maturer powers. The whole sonnet, "I know not why, but all this weary day" (p. 348), points the fine distinction between sentiment and sentimentalism, and in its premonitory despair is as poignant as Rossetti's "Sea Limits," which it preceded by several years:

Now it has been a vessel losing way,
Rounding a stormy headland; now a gray
Dull waste of clouds above a wintry main;
And then, a banner, drooping in the rain,
And meadows beaten into bloody clay.

With the outbreak of the war, the feminine strain in Timrod asserted itself in the heroic endurance and self-restraint that more propitious circumstances might never have developed. All through it he was singularly free from the abusive rancour that always rises as a shrill obligato in the times that try men's souls. Of course, he felt deep conviction, but he expressed it in honest passion, and, except for rare and momentary outbursts, never in hate.

"Ethnogenesis," the birth of a nation, is naturally not a love poem addressed to the North, and the middle sections are unfriendly and uncharitable, as vulnerable in these respects as a great deal of Lowell's and Whittier's verse written in wartime. But the vital fact about this ode is a positive one, that with ardent faith it celebrates—especially in the analogy on the benevolent influence of the Gulf Stream—the aspirations of the Confederacy. "Carolina" starts with "despots" and ends with "Huns"—how limited and outworn is the language of national abuse!—but it is

a real and stirring call to arms, as generous as such appeals may be. "Charleston" is utterly unsullied by any emotion lower than fine and solemn resolution. "Christmas" is a lovely song of hope for peace. Considered thus, bit by bit, and more strikingly still, when considered in the light of 20th century war poetry, what Timrod wrote in the heat of the conflict is remarkably magnanimous. If he had never shown anger in a single line the total effect would have been rather flabby, as the utterance of a man who did not lose his temper because he had none to control; but Timrod blazed out just often enough to prove that he was genuinely large-hearted in his self-restraint.

The inevitable fact is that the immediate effect of war upon the arts is a blighting one. It is the one conclusion to be drawn from the works of any poet who has also written in times of peace, and it is a conclusion to be derived even from Timrod's best known poem. The theme of the poem is a noble one, and has been frequently attempted. It is that the work of the farmer is the strengthening of the sinews of the world. Timrod felt this as Lanier was to see it a little later, and as Bryant had already done; and with a cotton boll in his hand he found in it a spell that unfolded before him a vista as broad as the world—a world in which he visioned an idealized commerce that "only bounds its blessings by mankind." But now in this fine mood of optimism the grim fact of war intruded on his calm as he weaved his woof of song, and in a moment, in spite of every effort to keep himself in hand, he was berating the "Goth" even while resolving to be merciful to him. The poet who always keeps his balance in wartimes must be either superhuman or subhuman. Personal hardship Timrod endured without flinching. In the face of the ghastly devastation wrought by Sherman's army, the scars of which are still to be seen, he had no word except one of hope for the reconstruction which he did not live to behold:

A time of peaceful prayer,
Of law, love, labor, honest loss and gain—
These are the visions of the coming reign
Now floating to them on this wintry air.

Timrod, Lanier and Poe each lived less than forty years, and Timrod slightly less than either of the others. Of the three, all ill-fated, his lot was perhaps the hardest and his development was less complete; but in his poetry he came to closer grips with life than they. The worlds of the other two were more subjective, and their interest in art was vastly more involved in problems of technique; so much so, that the reader often forgets what they are saying in his attention to the way in which they are expressing it. But Timrod, who in his youth was lamentably imitative and self-conscious, was redeemed as an artist in the ordeal by battle, and in his later work spoke simply and truly as one who was talking in his native idiom.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886)

Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on New Year's Day, 1830. He was a student in Charleston College, and grew up under the influence of his distinguished uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, remembered as the objective of Webster's "Reply," and as Senator for and Governor of his State. Before the opening of the Civil War, he published volumes of poems in 1855, 1857, and 1859, and in 1857 he became editor of the choice but short-lived *Russell's Magazine*. He was not strong enough for actual field service in the war, but was for a while a member of the Governor's staff. After the destruction of his home and library, he removed with his wife to "Copse Hill," Georgia, where he lived in rather splendid poverty till the end of his life. His writing brought him in a bare subsistence, but he would not submit to any other form of money-getting. He wrote abundantly for the periodicals, and brought out the following volumes: "Legends and Lyrics," 1872; edition of Timrod's poems, with introduction, 1873; "The Mountain of the Lovers and Other Poems," 1875; lives of Robert Y. Hayne and Hugh S. Legare, 1878, and Complete Poems, 1882.

I. Texts.

Complete Edition (his own selection), 1882, with biographical sketch by Margaret Preston.

II. Biography and Criticism.

There is no adequate biography of Hayne. The introduction to the selections in the Library of Southern Literature is well supplemented by his own reminiscences in the same volume reprinted from *The Southern Bivouac*. See also Paul Hamilton Hayne, S. A. Link, Pub. M. E. Ch. Soc., and the passages in the survey histories.

Paul Hamilton Hayne was a long way from being a great poet or a great man; yet in a secondary way he is significant as a real representative of a period and a locality. A man cannot be egregious without having a *grex*—or flock—from which to emerge, and in the Charleston of Hayne's day there was a genuine literary flock. The chief of the clan was William Gilmore Simms, the most picturesque and vigorous of them all, as well as longest lived and the most prolific—a South Carolina combination of Dr. Johnson and Anthony Trollope, with a dash of G. P. R. James thrown in. Around him and John Russell, the bookseller, there rallied a group who were to Charleston what the frequenters of the Old Corner Book Store were to Boston, or the daily visitors to Putnam's offices were to New York.

We have Hayne's own description of the old city and the bookish people in it in a series of articles to the *Southern Bivouac* in the autumn of 1885, just before his death.

In a city which cared more for the art of living than for getting and spending, John Russell—a man of sufficient presence to have once been mistaken on a channel steamer for the English Prime Minister—made

his bookshop a social centre long before the social centre had been capitalized and turned into an institution. "Everybody" came to the store during business hours, and later in the day, in the back room, the men came together in the spirit of a literary club, though without organization or name. *Russell's Magazine* was just as natural a consequence of these meetings and the talk that took place in them, as was *The Atlantic* of similar meetings in Boston at exactly the same time, or as had been *The Dial* sixteen years earlier. With its founding, young Hayne was made editor.

It was in work of this literary journalism that Hayne's talents should have been allowed to exercise themselves. He was a man certainly of no greater calibre than Aldrich and Howells and Gilder and Stoddard—all men of nice discrimination, poetic gifts and the consequent critical powers that are more often needed than secured in editorial offices. The reason that they all carried their editorships with such distinction was that each of them was in a way just a little too good for that sort of drudgery. Yet they were not much too good, for the highest creative abilities simply will not be chained to a desk. Furthermore, each of these other men continued to write, as well as to market other people's writings, and each of them grew steadily in power. But a career like theirs was denied to Hayne by the fact that Charleston was in the path of the war. *Russell's* was discontinued in 1860 never to be revived, and Hayne was forced into the most precarious of existences—that of writing for a living. The result was unfortunate not only to his purse but to his productive powers as well. He had to force himself, and he wrote, in consequence, the sort of poetry that must be the result of industry and good-will.

Much of it was in the form of occasional poetry, with the result that the public fell into the habit of looking to him for the ready delivery of a few appropriate verses on demand, and that, worse still, he came to regard all sorts of events as necessary subject-matter for poetical treatment. Thus he wrote for ceremonies all the way from the Carolina Art Association Anniversary in 1856 to the International Cotton Exposition twenty-five years later. He got into the way of doing the conventional 19th century thing, regardless of any connection with his own experience or even observation: dramatic sketches located in Westmoreland, Savoy, Candia; legends of Greece, Sicily, Brittany, India, Australia, "The Coast of Astolf," Paradise, which were all equally legendary to him; and always, betweentimes, sonnets and yet more sonnets. Had *Russell's* survived, or could some other magazine have demanded him after the war, the blue pencil would have usurped most of his time, and might have made him more self-critical when he took up the pen.

The work of Hayne's that counts for most is contained in the poems which touched the universal through the simple and unpretentious treatment of native themes. Some of his war lyrics are effective, though not up to the best of Timrod's. Some of his post-bellum protests are as vigorous as need be, but far less vitriolic than they might have been. "South Carolina to the States of the North" and "The Stricken South to the North" suggest of the Reconstruction Period what Tourgee's novel, "A Fool's Errand," presents in detail, and with an equal combination

of candor and charity. And Hayne's poems of nature ring finely true. Of these, the most impressive are, of course, not the ones in which he protests his passion in abstract terms, but those in which he reveals his "intimate knowledge and delight." Most of all, the southern pine fascinates him by its perennial grace and strength and its mysterious voices. A pine tree anthology could be culled from his verses. He was at his best when he turned to "something in the pastoral line."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, descended on his mother's side from Priscilla Alden, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was the second of eight children. His mother read Cowper, Hannah More and "Ossian" to the family; these, with the "Sketchbook," formed the poet's literary taste. His first verses appeared in the *Portland Gazette* in 1820. The home library contained Milton, Pope, Dryden, Moore, and "Don Quixote"; Gray and Chatterton he discovered in college, and he thus early acquired that mild romanticism which never left him.

In 1822 Longfellow matriculated as a sophomore at Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne was a classmate. His college career was marked by exemplary conduct, a few melancholy poems (a "Dirge Over a Nameless Grave" is an early production!), and a seven-minute commencement address on "Our Native Writers." In spite of parental opposition, he early determined on a literary career; upon his graduation in 1825 the trustees of the college, impressed, it is said, by a translation of Horace, and desirous of emulating Harvard, offered the professorship of modern languages to Longfellow. As European preparation was made a condition of the offer, the young professor sailed for France in 1826. Upon this journey he mastered the Romance languages and acquired material for several prose sketches, culminating in "Outre-Mer" (1835), a frank imitation of Irving.

Upon his return in 1829 he began teaching. In those Arcadian days, Longfellow had to prepare his own textbooks and serve, besides, as the college librarian. His modest salary (\$900) enabled him to marry, however, in 1831, the bride being Mary Story Potter. He had time, too, to publish his sonorous translation of the Coplas of Jorge Manrique (1833)—it was the time of our interest in things Spanish—a book which secured for him Ticknor's approbation and the appointment to Harvard as his successor. Again a European journey prefaced the poet's college work; the Longfellows sailed for England in 1835, visiting northern Europe so that the poet could familiarize himself with the Teutonic languages. On this trip he fell under the spell of German romanticism, especially of Richter, and on this journey Mrs. Longfellow died (1835).

Longfellow began teaching at Harvard the following year, holding the chair, despite growing distaste for his occupation, until 1854. In 1839 he published "Hyperion," a romance of the Werther school, and once a guidebook for Americans in Germany. "Voices of the Night," his first important book of verse, containing "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and

the Flowers," and other popular favorites, appeared that same year. The "Ballads"—"The Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and others—were printed two years later. After his third voyage to Europe, on which he met Freiligrath, a life-long friend, he brought out seven "Poems on Slavery," an extremely mild contribution to polemics. "The Spanish Student," a play in verse, appeared in 1842.

On this last journey Longfellow wrote:

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet . . .
. . . sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet.

He was searching at once for peace and for something more substantial than swallow-flights of didactic song. Domestic happiness, which he most needed, came in 1843, with his marriage to Fanny Appleton, who helped him with his next work, an anthology, "Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845). He wrote in December of that year: "Peace to the embers of burnt-out things; fears, anxieties, doubts, all are gone." "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems" (1846) marks the transition to his middle period.

Longfellow's best work was done from 1845 to 1861. In this epoch he began to write narrative verse, and his three great American poems appeared, "Evangeline" in 1847, "The Song of Hiawatha" in 1855, and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858. "The Seaside and the Fireside," containing "The Building of the Ship" (almost the only reflection in his verse of the troubles of the republic) and his finest sea-lyrics, appeared in 1849. In that same year he took up "the sublimer Song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through my soul . . ." whose message should furnish some equivalent expression "for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and mystery." This was the conception of his trilogy, "Christus: A Mystery," which dominated his literary life. The second part, and by far the best, "The Golden Legend," was published in 1851. He began in 1860 the series of narrative poems which were published as "Tales of the Wayside Inn" (1863).

The great break in the poet's life came in 1861 with the tragic death of his wife. For a time he kept up desultory production, but his great work was the translation of Dante (1867-70). His last years were, like Browning's, a period of steady literary production, increasing fame, hosts of friends, and no great change in poetic achievement. "The Bells of San Blas" is to Longfellow what the "Epilogue to Asolando" is to Browning. He completed his trilogy with "The New England Tragedies" (1868) and the "Divine Tragedy" (1871). The second part of the Wayside Inn appeared in 1872 (in "Three Books of Song"), the third in 1873 (in "Aftermath"). "The Hanging of the Crane" was written in 1874, the year of "Morituri Salutamus." His last volume bore the pathetic title, "Ultima Thule" (1880). He died March 24, 1882.

A posthumous collection of lyrics, "In the Harbor," was brought out in 1882, and the following year saw the publication of "Michael Angelo, A Fragment," the moving utterance of the poet's serene old age. Those

who believe that Longfellow had no thought on art or life except a shallow optimism cannot do better than study the relevant parts of "Christus" and "Michael Angelo." There is pathos in the picture of Howells's "White Mr. Longfellow" toiling in his old age over "Michael Angelo," which concludes:

I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak to come with him;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair
So near to death, and yet so far from God.

I. Texts.

Complete Works, Riverside Edition, 11 vols.; Standard Library Edition, with the life, 14 vols.; Cambridge Edition of the poems, 1 vol.

II. Biography.

Life, Samuel Longfellow, 3 vols.; Life, T. W. Higginson (American Men of Letters); Life, G. R. Carpenter (Beacon Biographies). See also My Literary Friends and Acquaintances, W. D. Howells.

III. Criticism.

Interpretations of Literature, Lafcadio Hearn; Views and Reviews, W. E. Henley; My Literary Passions, W. D. Howells; Park Street Papers, Bliss Perry; successive criticisms by E. A. Poe, in Works, Virginia Edition, Vol. X, pp. 39, 40; 71-80; Vol. XI, pp. 64-85; Vol. XII, pp. 41-106; Vol. XIII, pp. 54-73; American Literature, C. F. Richardson, Vol. II, ch. iii; Longfellow and Other Essays, W. P. Trent; Specimen Days—The Death of Longfellow—Walt Whitman.

In the roll of American poetry Longfellow's work undoubtedly bulks the largest. Nevertheless, critics nowadays, comparing him with Poe, or Emerson, or Whitman, decry his didacticism, the sentimentality and prettiness of his verse, forgetting that poets as original as Poe, as independent as Whitman, or with the intellectual drive of Emerson were as exceptional in their time as they would be now. Whether or not such criticism is just, we shall not understand Longfellow's position in American letters until we reconstruct the literary taste of his time and discover how good is even his mediocre work, compared with the popular authors of his day. An excellent approach is the list of books in Mary Potter's library, cited by Higginson, which typically represents what cultured women were reading in New England in 1831.

There were first Maria Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy"; then "Sabbath Recreations," by Miss Emily Taylor; then the "Wreath," a gift-book containing "a selection of elegant poems from the best authors," including Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Traveller," selections from Campbell, Moore, and Burns, and a few American pieces, among them Bryant's "Death of the Flowers." As the biographer dryly remarks, "the sombre muse undoubtedly predominated." There were also Miss Bowdler's "Poems and Essays" (a reprint of the eighteenth edition!), and Mrs. Barbauld's "Legacy for Young Ladies," "discussing

beauty, fashion, botany, the uses of history, and especially including a somewhat elaborate essay on female studies"; Worcester's "Elements of History," and "The Literary Gem," another anthology. Bryant and Dana were the popular poets (Longfellow himself acknowledged Bryant as his master), and "parents regarded all more flowing measures as having a slight flavor of the French Revolution."

Later, in the forties, the graveyard school, imported or native, waned before a period of literary "elegance," washed-out Byronism, of the "literati," and of "female writers" who invariably "adorned the literature of their country." Of seventy and more American writers sufficiently popular to be discussed by Poe in the "Literati," less than ten are now remembered. Writing in 1845, in reply to British criticism, George P. Putnam found among those who had contributed "much to elegant literature" that would "not soon be lost in the waters of Lethe" such mediocrities as Miss Gould, Miss Brooks, Mrs. Ellet, "Lucretia," Margaret Davidson, Mrs. Sigourney, and Miss Sedgwick. Following "Lallah Rookh" and Byron's eastern tales, the tinsel brilliance of Willis's paraphrases of the Scriptures became immensely popular; Orientalism became the fashion, even in the "Dial," Maria Brooks (Southey's Maria del Occidente, "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses") published "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," and as late as 1854 Bayard Taylor was bringing out the "Poems of the Orient." Whoever is inclined to deal harshly with Longfellow should be compelled to read through a volume of "Godey's Lady's Book," or "Graham's Magazine," the latter "embracing every department of literature, embellished with engravings, fashion and music, arranged for the pianoforte, harp and guitar." "The pages of the early magazines," says McMaster, "abound . . . in sentimental stories, maudlin poetry, puzzles, and advice as to the proper way to cook a dinner or make a dress." The adjective applied to the poetry is not too strong.¹

Nor must we forget, in criticising Longfellow's didacticism, that, as Carpenter says, "At no time in the history of the country was there a more genuine and widespread interest in matters of the spirit, and nowhere was this interest stronger than in New England. The old Calvinism was crumbling away. . . . People felt, rather than knew, that the old religious systems were essentially false, that man was not powerless in the hands of a foreordaining fate, that life was not merely to be endured, that nature was not a mere ornament of man's tomb, and the world but the scene of his disgrace. They were thankful to the theologians and philosophers who could help them understand why they felt thus, but most grateful to a poet who could cast their new feelings into song. . . ." Longfellow must be read not only with Miss Edgeworth's moral tales but also with Channing and Theodore Parker.

Such was the period of Longfellow's early popularity. To an age steeped in didacticism he offered "The Psalm of Life"—didactic, it is true, but in ringing verses the like of which had not appeared. For an age groping for faith in place of doctrine, he wrote "The Reaper and the

¹ For an excellent discussion of the east in the forties read John Bach McMaster, "History of the People of the United States," vol. vii, chap. lxxiii, from which some of this material is drawn.

Flowers" and "Resignation." More than that, he redirected the romantic temper of his time. Taking up the work of Bryant and Ticknor he supplanted the crudities of impossible eastern tales with his own discoveries, and while Margaret Fuller was vainly praising Goethe in the "Dial," Longfellow, more practically, was translating German ballads for a delighted public. In his original work, in "Hyperion" in prose, in volumes like "The Belfry of Bruges," in short narrative poems such as "Gaspar Becerra," in his tales, and finally in "The Golden Legend," he opened new windows on Europe, offering, so to speak, personally conducted tours through the cathedrals, the art galleries, the history and romance of the Old World, and throwing over them a glamour and a beauty peculiarly his own. Only the testimony of his contemporaries can make us realize Longfellow's importance in this labor.

More important for us is the fact that the poet was the explorer of a new field. By him poetry that is essentially American is given its largest impulse and the best of our narrative poetry is written. "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" are native to the soil; they are American pioneers in theme, in metres, and in the fact that they are long narrative pieces. Even adverse critics admit that, given a story, nobody in our poetic hierarchy can tell it better than Longfellow. He is the only American who stands with Chaucer and Morris in that difficult field. Nor must we forget that he is our first poet of the sea, and the first, not even excepting Poe, to exhibit a mastery over many difficult and varied metres.

It is perhaps unfortunate for Longfellow's reputation that his great popular following has been gained by what is artistically his mediocre work. Those who read him as children—and who does not?—seldom discover that the author of "The Village Blacksmith" was also the author of the superb sonnets on the "Divine Comedy," the sonorous strength of "The Saga of King Olaf," and the haunting ballad of "Count Arnaldos," which Henley so enthusiastically praised.

Yet we must admit that to our taste there is sometimes a monotony about his verse, as of sweetness too long enjoyed. Modern readers find his didacticism weariful, not because it teaches a lesson, but because much of it is unnecessary explanation. His continual search for metaphors often results in mere prettiness and now and then in positive bad taste. He is, moreover, unable to penetrate the deeper passions that make the puzzles of life—only another way of saying that Longfellow is not Browning. Yet we must be careful not to be afraid of a poet because he is popular: there is a vast difference between the ability to please the vulgar and "that exquisite gift possessed by a few men of essential distinction—like Gray, like Goethe, like Longfellow—of giving perfect expression to certain feelings which are 'in widest commonalty spread.'" Bliss Perry, from whom this is taken, has said, perhaps, the wisest words ever spoken of this poet:

"No doubt the most masterful poets have certain qualities which we do not find in Longfellow. But this is no reason for failing to recognize the qualities which he did command in well-nigh flawless perfection. There are candid readers, unquestionably, who feel they have outgrown him.

But, for one, I can never hear such a confession without a sort of pain. . . . It is glory enough for Longfellow that he is read by the same persons who still read Robert Burns, and the plays of Shakespeare, and the English Bible."

J.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)

Holmes was born in Cambridge in 1809, coming from distinguished ancestry, which was interwoven with that of the Bradstreet, Phillips, Hancock, Quincy and Wendell families. His father, Abiel Holmes, was a historian and a Congregational clergyman. Holmes was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1829. As literature, to which he was inclined, did not offer him a livelihood, and law proved unattractive, he undertook the study of medicine, gaining most of his preparation abroad from 1833 to 1835. A year of teaching at Dartmouth, and practice in Boston, during which he did some important research work, were followed by his appointment in 1847 to a professorship of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, a post which he held actively until 1882 and as Professor Emeritus until his death in 1894.

He began early to write verse. His first volume of poems appeared in 1833, and the second in 1836, the year in which he took his professional degree. The rivalry between literature and medicine was again recorded by the publication of the third volume in 1846 just before his appointment at Harvard. From the establishment of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1857 and the launching therein of the "Breakfast Table Series," his reputation as a scientist was overshadowed by his name as poet, essayist and novelist. The complete edition of his works includes, besides the three volumes of poetry, the four above-mentioned, "Pages from an Old Volume of Life" and "My Hundred Days in Europe," his three novels, "Elsie Venner," "A Mortal Antipathy," and "The Guardian Angel," and his lives of Motley and Emerson. Editions of his poems appeared during his lifetime in 1833, 1836, 1846, 1861, 1865, 1874, 1875, 1880, 1888, most of his verses after 1857 appearing first in *The Atlantic*.

I. Texts.

The best editions of his poetry are in the volumes included in the Riverside, Autocrat, or Standard Library Editions, or the one-volume Cambridge Edition.

II. Biography.

The standard biography is *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by John T. Morse, Jr., 2 vols. Other familiar studies are included in *The Autocrat and His Fellow Boarders*, by S. M. Crothers; *Authors and Friends*, by Mrs. Annie Fields; *Old Cambridge*, by T. W. Higginson; *My Literary Friends and Acquaintances*, by W. D. Howells; *My Own Story*, by J. T. Trowbridge.

III. Criticism.

The best critical discussions include the appropriate passages or chapters in the following: *The Poetry and Poets of America*, by Churton Collins; *Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays*, by H. C. Lodge; *The Rhythm of Life, and Other Essays*, by Alice Meynell; *Poets of America*, by E. C. Stedman; *Studies of a Biographer*, by Leslie Stephen; *Prose Works of John G. Whittier*, Vols. II and III.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was preeminently loyal to his friends and to his neighborhood. In the best sense of the word he was extremely provincial. He was the proud offspring of distinguished New England ancestry. He believed in the value of the intellectual aristocracy to which he belonged.¹ He consciously enjoyed his upbringing with Wendell Phillips and John Lothrop Motley, and his older-brother relationship to the Dana boys and Thomas Higginson and James Lowell. As a student and teacher and alumnus of Harvard College, he delighted to celebrate her traditions and her already venerable age. When the reform wave between 1835 and 1850 swept many of his friends off their feet, he kept his quite firmly on the wholesome and stable New England ground. In 1857 he was more visibly interested in the establishment of a new literary monthly than in the overthrow of slavery. His "Autocrat" and his "Poet at the Breakfast Table," in 1857 and 1859, were pictures of a serene and complacent little city—not the complete Boston of those years, but those aspects or moods of Boston which proved attractive to the man of intellect rather than to the man of feeling. As a leading member of the Saturday Club, he was the central figure in a group of distinguished gentlemen who represented breeding and culture. They were gentlemen who shared in the great events of their day with fine courage and heroism, but they came together, as their reminiscences unconsciously show, not so much to enter into earnest discussion of the problems of their day or of eternity as to indulge in sparkling colloquy to which Holmes was the chief contributor and Lowell an able second. Emerson did not altogether enjoy the meetings because, in spite of himself, he was so often reduced to the loud laughter which in his opinion, as in Goldsmith's, was no true index of the richly furnished mind.

In this intellectual world it should be understood that Holmes was distinctly a liberal. He did not subscribe to the old theology of Anne Bradstreet and of Jonathan Edwards and of his own father. From youth up "Wendell" inclined naturally to the Unitarian liberalism of the new Harvard rather than to the orthodox straitness of Andover and Yale. Again, in his choice of a profession, he was quite independent. By the natural bent of his mind and by social tradition he was delegated to one of the learned professions; but he rejected theology and law for medicine, which, when he entered it, was by no means so eligible a pursuit for a young gentleman of parts as preaching or teaching or practising at the bar.

Furthermore, it should be understood that though Holmes was not an ardent reformer he was by no means a cold incarnation of intellect. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this. Although he did not

¹ See "Elsie Venner," chap. I. "The Brahmin Caste."

share the deeper enthusiasms of Emerson, or even fully understand them, he had much more of the milk of human kindness in him. He was a genial and affectionate comrade, and a man of an overflowing loyalty which ranged all the way from college spirit and local pride to reverence and patriotism. Above all, he possessed the amiable qualities which belong to the genial, as contrasted with the caustic, humorist.

Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome here?
Not while I wander through the land of dreams,
To strive with great and play with trifling themes.
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line.

Ten years before he wrote this (in the introduction to *Urania*, a Rhymed Lesson, 1846) Holmes, according to his own commentary, was "a young person trained after the schools of classical English verse as represented by Pope, Goldsmith, and Campbell, with whose lines his memory was early stocked."

To a striking degree, his mind, as well as his memory was filled and shaped by these earlier models. The great group of early romanticists left Holmes, for the most part, unaffected. In spirit as well as in form Holmes harked back to their predecessors. He wrote jocoseria like "The Oysterman" and "The Music Grinders" and "The Comet," just as Cowper and Goldsmith and Gay had done. He wrote occasional poems, and very charming and touching ones, as the 18th century did from Pope to Sheridan. He wrote lyrics with a pleasant touch of sentiment in them or a not too compelling moral application. He wrote on the Progress of Poetry like Gray, and in "Lord of all being throned afar" he wrote one great hymn as fine as Addison's single outstanding hymn, "The spacious firmament on high."

Although he abjured the "rankling spear," he was at his best in kindly satire. He was a keen and sane and genial observer, with a sober feeling for his obligation to put "the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he [did] it with a serious face or a laughing one." So he turned, not as a rule to the deepest aspects of life but rather to the upsetting of popular fallacies, and with telling effect. "My Aunt" may have been a source of quiet anguish to certain maiden ladies whom it too truly described, but as a satire it was directed not so much at them as at the "finishing school" system of which they had been the innocent victims. The chapter in "Elsie Venner" on "The Apollinean Female Institute" is a fair sermon on the text furnished by "My Aunt." In the same sense, "Latter Day Warnings" was directed at the state of mind in which Seventh Day Adventism could flourish, rather than at "Miller's Saints." "We may fairly expect the millennium," said Holmes, "when in our daily life we have approached somewhat closer to the kingdom of heaven than in this modern round of petty dishonesties."

But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

Thus, too, "Contentment" was a two-edged satire, addressed not only at the luxury-loving self who makes his confession, but at the applause of

the simple life by those who had no real desire for it. A little while before, Thoreau's "Walden" had appeared. He and the rest of the Concord group were all for "plain living and high thinking." "It is a very pretty concept of life," said Holmes, ". . . for those who like it. Little I ask, *my* wants are few." And then he went on to show with what beautiful simplicity he could rub along on an income of not more than twelve or fifteen thousand a year.

The best and most famous example of all the satires is "The Deacon's Masterpiece or, The Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay,' a Logical Story." Holmes had been brought up under the austerities of Calvinistic theology. It was a creed derived not from the consciousness of God as he was daily revealed in nature and mankind, but from the interpretations put upon the Scriptures by a grim sect of theologians. They assumed that through the sin of Adam—one recalls no mention of Eve—all mankind had incurred the eternal wrath of God; that the intervention of the Mediator had earned for certain of the Elect an immunity from future punishment; but that these happy few had been elected, not on account of any desert of their own, for they deserved nothing, but by the arbitrary exercise of God's will. Starting from these assumptions, the Calvinistic preachers of New England composed sermons in such a logical way that there was no escape from their awful conclusions. So it happened that with the revolt of the 19th century the creed broke down, though it couldn't wear out. This gives the whole point to the emphasis upon logic, the truth, the parson, the sermon, and the collapse in front of the "meet'n'-house."

Given Holmes's humor and the humorist's inclination to deal effectively with some typical aspect of human life, the predominant quality of Holmes's verse is the ready play of his fancy in the application of some sentiment or the exposition of some truth. He frequently had the happy inspiration of seeing at a flash how he could convey a certain idea, but he almost never conveyed it by brief suggestion. His mind was like the riot of an old-fashioned garden: to illustrate a fact about a pistil or a stamen he would fetch in a lavish armful. This was the method of his conversation, of which his Breakfast Table Series were the nearest reproduction, and his poems only somewhat compressed and polished versions. The three last mentioned satires are complete illustrations of this method. Each contains a catalogue of whimsically assembled items with appropriate comment. Thus, in his "Farewell to Agassiz," before the naturalist left for South America, he mentioned that the mountains were awaiting his approval, as were also five other natural objects. Holmes wished him safety from the tropical sun and twenty-two other dangers, and that he might succeed in finding fossils and seven other things of interest. "Bill and Joe" contains sixty lines built up by the enumerative method on the truth that worldly distinctions disappear for a moment in the light of old friendships. Of another sort is the fertile elaboration of a quaint fancy. "What would I be if one of my eight great, great grandmothers had married another man?" (32 lines); or "It is the Salem witches who furnish the power for the trolley cars" (146 lines).

Such displays of inventive fancy are fair representatives of the man Holmes; but the poems which stand out as works of art are the briefer

lyrics. The satires belong, like all their kind, in a prose setting; several of the best actually appeared in "The Autocrat." But "Old Ironsides" and "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Sun-Day Hymn"—these upwellings of the heart are the element in Holmes's poetry that will live the longest.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)

Sidney Lanier, of Huguenot and Scotch-Irish descent, was born in 1842 at Macon, Georgia. As a boy he grew up in the traditions of the "Old South," especially exhibiting a passion for music and becoming an accomplished flautist. He entered Oglethorpe University as a sophomore at fourteen, graduating in 1860 at the head of his class. In 1861 he enlisted in the first Georgia organization to leave for the war front. By the time of his release from the five months of prison life which ended his war experience in 1865, his health was permanently impaired.

From 1868 to 1872 he "clerked," taught a country academy, and eventually practised law with his father. In late 1872, after an alarming decline, he gave up the law and went to Texas for his health. In the next year he became first flautist for the Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore, and it was between this time and his death in 1881 that he wrote all of his best poetry. For the support of himself and his family, he supplemented his earnings from music by literary hack-work and by lecturing for schools and colleges. In 1879, after two years' effort by President Gilman to secure him the appointment, he was made Lecturer on English in Johns Hopkins University, a position he held to his death.

In the winter of 1880-1881 he was able to give only twelve lectures at the university; in forlorn hope the Laniers removed to Asheville, N. C., where the stricken man labored heroically at miscellaneous writing. Later he went to Lynn in the Carolinas, where, in dire illness, he wrote "Sunrise" just before his death, September 7, 1881.

I. Texts.

Poems, edited by his wife, with memorial by W. H. Ward; Select Poems, with introduction and notes, by Morgan Callaway, Jr.

II. Biography.

Life, Edwin Mims (American Men of Letters); Letters of Sidney Lanier, selections from his correspondence, 1866-1881, 1 vol.; Sidney Lanier, Reminiscences and Letters, D. C. Gilman, *South Atlantic Quarterly*, April, 1905; Sidney Lanier, Recollections and Letters, M. H. Northrup, *Lippincott's*, March, 1905.

III. Criticism.

Questions at Issue, Edmund Gosse; Contemporaries, T. W. Higginson; A Study of Lanier's Poems, C. W. Kent, Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc., Vol. VII, pp. 33-63; The Literature of the South, M. J. Moses; Views about Hamlet and Other Essays, A. H. Tolman; Southern Writers, W. P. Trent.

The profound influence of Lanier's early training upon his work has already been suggested. Lanier was bred, not in the shallower school of manners in which Poe got his gentlemanly bearing, but in the more searching traditions of the cultivated South. Here he got his high-mindedness, his Presbyterianism, and a certain apartness and chastity of mind. One thinks instinctively of Sir Galahad as Tennyson pictured him. His was a virgin heart in work and will, and if, unlike that hero, Lanier had the good sense not to announce:

My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure,

his spirit was perpetually in the state pictured by the poet:

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here,
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams.

To this Presbyterian training he owed the courage with which he fought his fight—a courage that cannot be too often and too heartily admired. This he expressed in "The Stirrup Cup," a flawless piece which Herrick would have yearned to write, as "The Ballad of Trees and The Master" expresses his sense of the immanence of Christ. To his early training, as much as to his later reading, we owe, besides, the four boys' books. This spiritual chivalry is the source of his individuality and strength, but there is a tendency to forget that it is also a source of his weakness.

For it is equally true that there comes with such purity as Lanier's a certain softness, a fastidiousness, a kind of unconscious and perfectly irreproachable intolerance. Lanier was the last man in the world to repeat the Pharisee's prayer, or to die of a rose in aromatic pain, but he could withdraw from the sweat of life completely. Chastity of spirit is sometimes narrow. Hence, the white flame of Lanier's spirit burnt always in a prism; the hammer of his exaltation rose and fell monotonously on the same themes—music and art, soul and love, art and music, love and spirit. One longs at times for a human flaw in the crystal of such perfection. The reader tires of Lanier's continual excitement of spirit, misses in "The Symphony" the hearty humanness of "Abt Vogler," or of so humble a piece as "Gaspar Becerra," and in the hush and incense of his love poetry pines for an honest country smack.

There are two remarkable instances of this narrowness in Lanier's work. "The Crystal" is the best single example; its criticisms of Homer, Socrates, Buddha, Dante and others, some of them just, have the fastidious air of a spiritual amateur, and the manner with which he forgives each in turn (Socrates for a "year worn cloak," Milton for the wars of "Paradise Lost" and Æschylus that he never "learned to look where Love stands shining") is full of syrupy patronage; one is reminded of a very young clergyman.

Lanier served throughout the war. He was young and certainly impressionable, and his military experience embraced the Seven Days, lonely work in the signal corps, and the foulness of a federal prison. Longfellow,

who was not in the conflict, gave us "Killed at the Ford"; Lowell, with greater reason, wrung a cry out of the depths in "The Washers of the Shroud," and even Whittier, a Quaker, wrote the war's most quoted ballad, "Barbara Frietchie." Whitman, unlike these, toiled among the wounded; out of the sweat and agony came "The Wound Dresser," and such unforgettable pictures as "Cavalry Crossing a Ford," and a phrase that sums up the horror of the hospitals, blood "dripping horribly in the pail." When we turn to Lanier we get in "Tiger Lilies" a literary conceit which fantastically pictures North and South as two planters cultivating a flower, and in "The Psalm of the West" the prettified figure of a tournament between "Heart" and "Brain." "Heart" is "a youth in crimson and gold," "Brain" is "steel-armored, glittering, cold"; naturally, he runs Heart down, whereupon Heart somewhat fatuously remarks, "My love to my beloved" and expires.

We must allow much for Lanier's bad health. This, like his temperament, cut him off from human nature's daily food to brood on questions of art and music. Thus he wrote, quite wrongly, in "To Bayard Taylor," of

The artist's pain—to walk his blood-stained ways,
A special soul, yet judged as general—
The endless grief of art, the sneer that slays,
The war, the wound, the groan, the funeral pall.

Emerson, or Poe, or Longfellow, does not talk that way about art. The famous and eminently false line with which he ended "The Symphony"

Music is love in search of a word

is not the utterance of a large and healthy spirit; it is the reflection of an abnormally spiritual man.

Finally, Lanier's verse has at times an unpleasant lusciousness, as in such lines as

Looping low with languid arms the Vine.

One should note the recurrence of certain words, like "sweet," which he applies to everything from poets and philosophers, who are "sweet righteous lovers large," to "sweet trees," the "firm sweet limbs of a girl," and—a final burst of sentimentality—"sweet sometime." We find, too, so unpleasantly physical an image as

For every long-armed woman-vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine,

in his best work.

Out of this brooding, then, on art and the workmanship of art spring Lanier's two great faults—his elaborate conceits (with these go his excessive personifications) and his lack of spontaneity. Instances of the first mar even his best work. The most curious example is an early poem, "Clover," inscribed to the memory of Keats, which is full of strained fancies. The poet lies down in a clover field and utters these far-fetched lines:

Now, Cousin Clover, tell me in mine ear:
Go'st thou to market with thy pink and green?
Three Leaves, instruct me! I am sick of price.

Then he holds up two clover-stems to frame his face, the clover-field becomes the "Up-and-Down of Time," the clover-blossoms are the heads of his favorites in art—"Raphael, Lucretius, Omar, Angelo" (the list is reminiscent of the World's Best Books)—when presently

Comes the Course-of-things shaped like an ox,
 Slow browsing, o'er my hillside, ponderously—
 That hath his grass, if earth be round or flat.
 . . . This cool, unasking ox
 Comes browsing o'er my hills and vales of Time,
 And thrusts me out his tongue, and curls it, sharp,
 And twists them in all—Dante, Keats, Chopin,
 Raphael, Lucretius, Omar, Angelo . . .
 . . . and champs and chews,
 With slantly-churning jaws and swallows down.

This is the very parody of poetry; it recalls Carew, and Fletcher's "The Purple Island." And in his better work we have

the star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee . . .
 the great Sun-Bee
 That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea

for sunrise;

Thus, if this Age but as a comma show
 Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded year

and

Why snakes that crawl the earth should ply
 Rattles, that whoso hears may shun,
 While serpent lightnings in the sky,
 But rattle when the deed is done,

all in the best style of Dr. Donne. Sometimes these conceits are pretty and ingenious, but they are not great poetry, or even good poetry, and Lanier's admirers who try to place him among the great American poets are merely doing him a grave injustice.

It cannot be denied that much of his work lacks spontaneity. He had a new, and, as he thought, epoch-making idea of verse-technique, which led him to prefer great irregularities in line and stanza structure. But, unfortunately, Lanier's verse does not follow the only plan which such verse can properly follow; it does not conform to the contour of the thought, it is shaped according to a complex pattern of phrases, bars, and time-values which have their place in another art. A comparison with Lowell's odes points the difference:

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dares again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race?
 Roundhead and Cavalier!
 Dumb are those names erstwhile in battle loud;
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud
 They flit across the ear,

owes its shape to the laws of language as they express thought, but

Gleams of the live-oaks, beautiful, braided and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
 Clamber the fork of the multifarm boughs—
 Emerald twilights
 Virginal skylights
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,

owes its shape to nothing but caprice and a mistaken attempt to do with language what belongs to music. With Lowell, form and thought were fused together; with Lanier, the entire process was conscious and sophisticated; he tries to load every rift with ore until the lines swing across the brain without making any impression. Indeed, it is probable that many of those who read Lanier do so because they have a sense, as Lowell said of Emerson, that something beautiful passed by; they do not have to consider what it was, and could not tell if they were asked. Great poets keep the faculties awake, they wrestle with the mind, as Lanier seldom does.

Much of this discussion has been made pertinent by the fervor of the Lanier cult in recent years. Many of his faults he could not escape, even if he had been a more virile writer than he was; they were inherent in the age. He had, first of all, to undergo the blunders and bad taste of the reconstruction period; the blunders he was big enough to forgive, but the bad taste, like his illness, drove him back for refuge to his art. It must not be forgotten that Lanier was a Southern gentleman, sensitive and proud, forced to live in "a carnival of misrule hitherto unapproached in American annals, though equalled in the same period in the metropolis of the country under Tweed"; that in this era, murders, outrages and riots—in which Louisiana won an unenviable reputation—were common at Southern elections, and that Georgia, like every other State, suffered the ignominy of the carpet-bag rule.¹ In short, the South was undergoing all the shame and suffering pictured in Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock." An invalid of Lanier's sensitive nature naturally recoiled and took refuge in art.

When at last he turned North, Lanier was met by conditions which an eminent historian has called "the nadir of national disgrace." Between 1867 and 1881, when Lanier was engaged in creative work, there were in succession the Credit Mobilier fraud (1867-1868), which disgraced most prominent men, not sparing two successive vice-presidents of the United States; Black Friday (1869), reminiscent of Jay Gould and the malodorous "Jim" Fisk; the trials of Grant's² own secretary and of the Secretary of War (Belknap) for malfeasance in office; the removal of the Governor of Nebraska (1871) for embezzlement; sensational revelations of corruption in the Senatorial elections in Kansas (1872); the discovery that the Ambassador to Great Britain was associated with a dubious mining scheme; the Salary Grab; the panic of 1873; the "Whiskey Ring" revelations of 1874; widespread intimidation and bribery in the national elections of 1877; a year of violence and bloodshed caused by the great railroad strike, and scandals many more. If Lanier turned in disgust from

the vigorous tale
Of bill for coin and box for bale,

he did no more than Taylor, Aldrich, E. R. Sill, Simms, and Stoddard. One searches in vain in the poetry of Lanier's period for the earnestness and fire of Whittier or Lowell; the nation was apparently flatulent, stertorous, corrupt, and contented; and, as in all such periods, there was a tremendous

¹ As late as 1873 three-fourths of the legislature of South Carolina was black.

² Grant typified the age when he said, "There are two humbugs—one is Civil Service Reform; the other, the reformers."

preoccupation with art and technique and very little interest in ideas and issues. We were living (as in Emerson's prime) in the trough between two great moral issues.¹

If we turn from this consideration of Lanier's shortcomings to the noble pleasure of praising, we find that he has given us two forceful ballads, "The Revenge of Hamish" and "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and lyrics like "Life and Song," "The Stirrup Cup," "Evening Song," "Marsh Song," and "The Ballad of Trees and The Master," which, though some of them are obviously bookish, are quaint, direct and melodious. "How Love Looked for Hell" is a piquant poem; it will have the same admiration that Donne has in English literature. Of the longer pieces, "The Symphony" has immortal stuff in it, though some parts of it, notably the "horn solo," are tainted with sentimentality. The "Psalm of the West" fails as a whole, but it contains the sonnets on Columbus which are masculine, like "Hamish" and better art. There remain the "Hymns of the Marshes" as Lanier's typical work. These are masterpieces; the music of parts of them is unparalleled in American song, and such a passage as the one beginning

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God

is better than Whittier; it has the toughness and spiritual resiliency of William Vaughn Moody. In these hymns all is melody, there is little painting or sculpture, and if the sense is often drowned in a flood of vowels, at its best the movement is bold, free and original.

If we try to put all this together, we shall find that Lanier is not what has been claimed for him, one of the great American poets, but rather one of the most interesting of our minor writers. His genius, admirable as it was, was somewhat handicapped by his temperament and his time. He was further handicapped by a theory of technique which crippled his spontaneity, and by manners which are idiosyncrasies and not style. Lanier was, in short, rather a lover of things beautiful than a creator; a brave soldier riding on the quests of a spiritual knighthood, but of a knighthood, like its earthly prototype, which left an inextensive structure behind it, quaint and courtly, but not great, and filled with the memory of the world as it never was.

J.

¹ For studies in this period see Paul L. Haworth, "Reconstruction and the Union," 1912; John W. Burgess, "Reconstruction and the Constitution," 1866-76, 1902; W. A. Dunning, "Reconstruction, Political and Economic," in *The American Nation Series*; Blaine, "Twenty Years in Congress," 1886, vol. ii; and Rhodes, "History of the United States," vols. vi and vii (1906), especially chaps. xxxix to xliii.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)

Whitman was born in Huntington, Long Island, in 1819, the second of nine children. He went to public school in Brooklyn and received much of his educational discipline in print shops (1833-1837) and in a year or two of school teaching. From 1839, when he started and carried on a weekly paper in Huntington, until 1855, he worked as compositor at times and at times as newspaper writer. This was mainly in and around New York City, though from 1848 to 1850 he took a leisurely trip through the Middle States, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, and back by way of the Great Lakes and Canada. In 1855 appeared "Leaves of Grass," issued and in part actually put into type by Whitman. Subsequent editions under the same title, but each time with an added group of poems, appeared during his lifetime in 1856, 1860, 1865, 1867, 1872, 1876, 1881 (Boston), 1881 (Philadelphia), 1888, and 1891.

Whitman went to the front in 1862, when his younger brother, George, was wounded, and continued in service as a hospital nurse until the end of the war. The strain of the work and the result of septic poisoning in 1864 permanently depleted his health. His brief time of office as clerk in the Department of the Interior was ended by his discharge on the ground of being "the author of an indecent book." After suffering a paralytic stroke in 1873 he became an invalid for the rest of his life, living almost in poverty in Camden, New Jersey, until 1881, when the income from his writings became a material help. He died in 1892.

I. Texts.

The chief accessible editions of Whitman are: *Leaves of Grass—Complete Poetical Works*, 1 vol., and *Complete Prose Works*, 1 vol., Small, Maynard & Co. *Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Whitman*, edited by O. L. Triggs, 10 vols. *Leaves of Grass*, David McKay.

No other American poet has been the subject of so much spirited biographical and critical discussion. The more important studies include the following:

II. Biography.

Walt Whitman, R. M. Bucke; In *Re Walt Whitman*, edited by literary executors; *Walt Whitman*, G. R. Carpenter (*English Men of Letters*); *Walt Whitman*, Bliss Perry (*American Men of Letters*); *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*, John Burroughs; *The Good Gray Poet, a Vindication*, W. D. O'Connor; *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, Horace Traubel.

III. Criticism.

Whitman, a Study, John Burroughs; the appropriate chapters in *Emerson and Other Essays*, J. J. Chapman; *Studies in Literature*, Edward Dowden; prefatory note to *Poems of Walt Whitman*, edited by W. M. Rossetti; *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, George Santayana; *Poets of America*, E. C. Stedman; *Familiar Studies of*

Men and Books, R. L. Stevenson; Studies in Prose and Poetry, A. C. Swinburne.

A criticism of Walt Whitman's poetry may as well start with consideration of his verse form, largely because the discussion, like woman suffrage, is bound to come, and may better be disposed of soon in order to make way for more important problems. Some people, like Professor Barrett Wendell, with his comment about "hexameters trying to bubble through sewage," have tried unsuccessfully to dispose of his verse methods by the use of crushing epigram; but the verse, not content with surviving, is exerting an immense influence on contemporary writers. Some critics, like Whitman himself, with his "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," have tried with equal unsuccess to substitute a word of defiance for an honest discussion, but the discussion will not be waived.

In so brief a statement as this, all that can be done is to mention, as easily subject to proof, a few of the leading facts. The first is that Whitman deliberately adopted his own mode of writing after he had experimented successfully with the conventional forms, and that even in turning to his more individual method, he was not without predecessors or sympathetic contemporaries. Moreover, all along through his career he interspersed passages or whole poems which were as decorously symmetrical as any poem of Longfellow's. His intention and his point of view were comparable to those expounded by Wordsworth in his essay on "Poetic Diction" prefaced to the Lyrical Ballads.

What Whitman desired was to free his verses from the traditions of verse-making which were likely to stand between him and his readers. He did not want his poetry to take its place in the ranks, as any uniformed private might do. He wanted it to have the admirable qualities of the athlete or the woodman or the primitive Indian. He therefore gave over the fixed rhythms that occur in ordinary stanzaic forms and the poetic locutions that were associated with drawing-room poetry. He aspired in diction to achieve "a perfectly clear, plate-glass style," and in the flow of his writings to suggest the rhythms of nature—more especially of the wave-beat on the shore.

In attempting this, he became, probably without knowing it, an excellent literary example of reversion to type. He wanted, as one of the people, to write as a people's poet; and he actually did compose in the manner of the old folk poetry with its characteristic employment of parallel structure, sometimes in contrast, sometimes in repetition, sometimes in elaboration. This passage in commentary on himself is quite to the point:

**I call the world to distrust the accounts of my friends, but listen to my enemies, as I myself do.
I charge you forever reject those who would expound me, for I cannot expound myself.
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me.
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.**

A similar basic sentence architecture appears throughout the poetry of the Psalms, as, for example, in this passage from the twenty-sixth:

4. I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.
5. I have hated the congregation of evil-doers; and will not sit with the wicked.
6. I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord:
7. That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving; and tell of all thy wondrous works.
8. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

Again, the same stylistic effect is produced in the early English "Seafarer" from the Exeter Book:

I may sing of myself now a song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel, the toil of hard days;
How oft through long seasons I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast bitterest care,
How I sailed among sorrows in many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves the close watch of the night
At the dark prow in danger of dashing on rock
Folded in by the frost, my feet bound by the cold
In chill bands, in the breast the heart burning with care.

At times, of course, Whitman has carried this parallelism to the point of weariness in his relentlessly long inventory passages. Only the ultra-enthusiast will defend these. There is fluent regularity in the clatter of a small boy's stick as he runs it along a picket fence, but few call it music.

This method of composition achieves a sort of automatic rhythm. But Whitman went far beyond this, and composed not infrequently passages which, taken out of their original contexts, would seem at home in any company. Such, for example, is the quatrain in seven-stressed lines from "The Song of Myself":

The wild gander leads the flock through the cool night,
Ya-honk, he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I, listening close,
Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.

Furthermore, at his best he was finely sensitive to the adjustment of sound and sense, not only in word values, but also in rhythmic variations. This is well illustrated in a passage from "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," which is reproduced exactly here, but for the purpose of the moment varies from the original in its appearance on the page:

I too many and many a time crossed the river of old,	8
Watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls,	3
saw them high in the air	3
floating with motionless wings,	3
oscillating their bodies,	3
Saw how the glistening yellow	3
lit up the parts of their bodies	3
and left the rest in strong shadow,	3
Saw the slow-wheeling circles	3
and the gradual edging toward the south,	4
Saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,	5
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,	5
Looked at the fine centrifugal spokes	4
of light round the shape of my head in the sunlit water	5
Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and southwestward	6
Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,	6
Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the vessels arriving, etc., etc.	6

The reader with an ear for music will perceive throughout Whitman much more than meets the eye, a melodic beauty which appears most richly in the passages of nature description, and rather less so in the passages of abstract content, but which is never absent long. The open-minded reader of taste will also find many poems or passages which are rough or harsh or monotonous. But only obtuseness or blind prejudice will deny the fine art of Whitman's best verse.

Whitman wrote as a conscious and representative democrat. In all people he saw himself and in himself he saw all people. Quite consciously, he limited the world in which he felt any vivid interest to the United States and the American nation. The democracy that he extolled was quite incidentally connected with any form of government. Even on public opinion, although his respect was great, he did not set much value as a positive daily agency for political ends. Naturally he felt little consequent responsibility as a voting citizen. He pinned his faith to the general promise of social evolution, and believed, quite in accord with Emerson, that if every one were good, everyone would be happy. The future of America was assured because the future of the race was safe, and the future of the race was safe because God willed it so. On this theme Whitman sang with epic fervor about the determinant which is at the back of all faith,

the unseen Moral Essence of all the vast Materials of America (age upon age,
working in Death the same as in Life)
[The powers] that, sometimes known, oftener unknown, really shape and mould the
New World.

There was little of what is usually regarded as national aspiration in Whitman's feeling for race and national evolution. There is as much difference between his belief in the future of America and the imperial dreams of European nations as there was between the complementary ambitions of himself and Jay Gould. Whitman strove for the spiritual development of the community, while Jay Gould built the railroads; but while Gould's vast projects reached only to the Pacific, Whitman's dreams extended to "beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars." Yet these two were really antithetical American types: the complete captain of industry who, in the name of progress, crushes competitors to the glory of God, and the abstract philanthropist who, in the name of brotherhood, condemns competition by the same formula. If Jay Gould was a harbinger of the 20th century multi-millionaires without their expiatory benevolence, Walt Whitman was, in a measure, a forerunner of several million less prosperous Americans who talk about manifest destiny without either his deep faith or Gould's practical sagacity.

In his attitude toward the world of men, Whitman was by nature and experience even more devoid of any international sense than the average man of his day. His mind seemed to entertain no concepts between his tangibly concrete surroundings and the most distantly vague abstractions. There was no one in his social vista between Peter Doyle on a street-car and the "presence . . . whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." What he knew of America he knew down to the ground; of other strata he was grossly ignorant, and of Europe he had no clear imagination. It was a philosophical encyclopedia, a thesaurus of abstractions, but not a place where people lived. Much less was it a community of nations which was for human and tangible and credible reasons fighting its way through the 19th century to the grim climax of the 20th. His view of the world was like a landscape without any middle distance. Here was America, in which the problems of the future were to be solved, while Europe stood yonder in admiring expectancy. In the fullness of time all the

other nations would follow after this people, who had shown nothing but contempt for the Old World and a desire to be kept immaculate from it.

So his ideas of the Old World and the New are baffling at some points and irritating at others. They are fragmentary and inarticulate, and in these respects typically American. But, after all is said and done, they are hope-inspiring, and in their individualistic philosophy essentially sound. Program-makers are cropping up on every side now; their work was not his, and if he were living to-day he would still be singing indomitably of the future

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Whitman's dominant interest lay in the performance of his share of "the task eternal." The only dramatic unities to which he would submit included all time and all space. He is the poet whom he described as he sat by Blue Ontario's shore. "He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion, neither more nor less. . . . He sees eternity in men and women." In his unfailing sense for universal law, he was at one point comparable to the Puritans for, although he was almost totally at variance with them, his mind, like theirs, "had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests."

Among contemporary poets on either side of the Atlantic, Whitman's influence in both form and spirit is quite without parallel. Witter Bynner wrote for many of his fellow poets in "The New World,"

Somebody called Walt Whitman
Dead!
He is alive instead,
Alive as I am. When I lift my head,
His head is lifted. When his brave mouth speaks,
My lips contain his word. And when his rocker creaks
Ghostly in Camden, there I sit in it and watch my hand grow old
And take upon my constant lips the kiss of younger truth . . .
It is my joy to tell and to be told
That he in all the world and me,
Cannot be dead,
That I, in all the world and him, youth after youth
Shall lift my head.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD (1825-1903)

Stoddard was born in 1825 in Hingham, Massachusetts, a seaside town a few miles southeast of Boston. When he was ten years old, after the death of his father at sea, his mother removed to New York and there remarried. He went to public schools till he was fifteen, and for the next nine years he tried his hand at various jobs in the field of skilled labor. All the while he was reading literature and making the acquaintance of literary people. From 1849 to 1853 he tried to support himself by writing, but from the latter date to 1870 he held a post in the New York Custom House. From 1860 to 1870 he was literary editor of the *New York World*; from 1872 to about 1880, managing editor of *The Aldine*, a literary journal,

and from 1880 to his death in 1903, literary editor of the *New York Mail and Express*. From 1860 to 1875 he was actively and somewhat miscellaneously concerned in editing and re-editing various compendious works on poets and poetry. Volumes of his own poetry appeared during his lifetime in the following years: 1849 (suppressed), 1852, 1857, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1880, 1890.

I. Texts.

Complete Poems, Scribners, 1880.

II. Biography.

Recollections, Personal and Literary, edited by R. Hitchcock, 1903.

III. Criticism.

Aside from the regular sources of survey criticism, the following articles in the periodicals are significant: *Atlantic*, Vol. XCIII, p. 82; *Critic*, Vol. XLIV, p. 52; *Dial*, Vol. XXXV, p. 299; *Harper's*, Vol. CVIII, p. 479; *Nation*, Vol. LXXVII, p. 469; *Outlook*, Vol. LXXVIII, p. 381.

Richard Henry Stoddard is a representative in American literature of the metropolitan group of whom other conspicuous members were Bayard Taylor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. None of these men was born and brought up in New York, and none of them partook of the nature of the town as Irving, and even Bryant and Halleck, had been able to do in the preceding generation, when it was compact and more unified. Aldrich left after a few years and went back to "the Hub," where he was much more content, though, as he said, he never became more than "Boston plated." Taylor clung to the idea of establishing a manorial estate at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, but lived more or less in New York and buzzed restlessly about it, because the literary market was there. Stedman indulged in a half-hearted adoration of the Muse, but was careworn and preoccupied in his unsuccessful attempt to become independently rich. Stoddard was more stable and unexcited than the other two survivors, but, like them, was occupied in a succession of uninspired literary ventures in book-making and journalism. These men were, in a way, the first American literary victims to the turmoil of a city big enough to engulf them in its currents. Not only were they unable to impress their stamp on the town of their adoption, but in their inability they had to accept a kind of defeat. They could not enjoy the serenity or repose which belonged to the Boston or the Charleston of those same days. The world was too much with them.

The very conditions of their culture were totally different. Bryant, Irving, Halleck and Greeley were self-educated men, and so were almost all of their New York successors. The New England group had the impress of Harvard and Bowdoin and the universities of the Old World, and the cultured Southerners of the day were more and more of them going abroad for study and travel. As between two individuals, it is, of course, quite apparent that one may contrive to profit not at all from formal educational opportunities, and the other may achieve sweetness and

light by unassisted might and main. But as between two communities no such miracle is possible. The town in which there is no commanding group who have lent themselves to the leisurely contemplation of the things that are more excellent has missed a vital something. It is doomed to be relatively feverish in pulse and materialistic in point of view.

There is an almost pathetic irony in the way in which the men of New York made unconscious acknowledgment of just this state of affairs. They turned to literature as to a haven of refuge. They escaped into it from life. The big city offered them no legends; they shrank from realistic portrayal; they did not even care, except in rare instances, to satirize it. So they resorted to the limbo of sentimentalism and to distant times and climes. "The Ballad of Babie Bell," "Ximen; or the Battle of the Sierra Morena, and Other Poems," "Poems of the Orient," "The Blameless Prince," "Poems Lyric and Idyllic," "Königsmark and Other Poems," "The King's Bell," and "The Book of the East," were the natural output of such a group. And the plays with which they regaled themselves were of the same vintage, though New York could boast few of the playwrights. "Tortosa the Usurer," "The Broker of Bogotá," "Francesca da Rimini," "Leonora, or the World's Own" represented the vogue. The only two which interest the modern playgoer, "Fashion" and "Rip Van Winkle," were quite the exceptions.

All this, it may be said, was only accumulated evidence of the romantic impulse at work in the city of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the impulse which at its best produced a whole anthology of "Tales": "Tales of the Alhambra," "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," "Twice-Told Tales." But, as a matter of fact, all but two of the significant works of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne were written before Stoddard was twenty-seven years old, the year when he published the first book of poems on which he was willing to allow his reputation to stand. Then when the reaction—belated in America—took place in favor of a closer connection with actual experience, he was left in increasing isolation as a votary of an abandoned Muse. It needed Lowell's trenchant comments on "Alectryon" to wean Stedman away from the pursuit of classical themes. Holmes did an equal service in his criticism of the youthful Aldrich's artificialities of style. But Stoddard remained unaffected by the tide of change, untouched as a man of letters by the Civil War, uninfluenced by the progress of science and the religious unrest of the Victorian period. To call attention to this difference between himself and his contemporaries is not necessarily to discredit him. On the contrary, his colleagues made a virtue of his distinction. He is simply an illustration of the fact that no movement is ever all-inclusive. In an age of change, he was still the complete product of the influences surrounding his youth.

Stoddard's work, then, is detached and decorative. It is not offered as a solace. For the most part, it simply ignores or avoids the facts of daily existence. If it alludes to the delight of song, it does not address itself to Jenny Lind by name, but modestly applauds "a celebrated singer." Intended for Bayard Taylor, it adopts as a title the name of his most recent book of poems, or for William Cullen Bryant, it appears under a Latin title and his birthday date. Only in the case of Lincoln does it

violate the shy reticence of its established habit and salute him before all the world. It flows into natural expression in little lyrics of pleasure two or three quatrains in length. Though now and again they show signs of becoming mildly erotic, they have no passion in them. Rather, they exhibit the chaste delights of the virtuoso, who takes up one object after another from the glass-covered cabinets in the museum which his fancy has furnished, looks it over fondly, admires its form and color, and sets it back with even pulse until such time as he shall choose to gaze on it again.

Some of these lyrics are bits of nature description like "The sky is thick upon the sea," but they are more likely to be nature fantasies than pure descriptions. Oftener they are about love—the sort of love that chooses a woman as its object, and then dotes on itself quite as much as on her; the sort of love that goes on quite placidly about heartbreak and despair, or that even more frequently dilates on the fascinations of the loved one with an Elizabethan detachment. Sometimes they are about the subject of wine, but they are rarely convivial in quality; sometimes the lyrics are philosophical in tone, and these are most nearly representative of what Stoddard must have felt, for they reflect the very denial of life that is suggested in the body of his work:

Man loses but the life he lives
And only lives the life he loses,

or again:

There is no life on land or sea
Save in the quiet Moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems
Within some dead old World of Dreams.

Stoddard's romanticism did not lead him to aspire to a better world of the future; he only dreamed of a happier world that never was.

If we pass by the prosaic stretches in his volumes, no more frequent or longer than in many another, we may say that at its best his verse is characterized by a high excellence of form. As the content does not spring from the vivid experiencing of immediate life, the form is consequently not dictated by the fine flow of any enthusiasm. It is excellent, but with the excellence of the library. It reminds us now of Tennyson, now of Wordsworth, of Herrick and Spenser, and of Emerson. Only at rare intervals, and these strangely enough in poems which purport to be imitative of the East, does Stoddard achieve effects which seem fresh and new. In "Keaa" he uses blank verse in a series of little imagistic passages that are striking, unconventional, and rich in poetic suggestiveness.

His best gift was like that of Aldrich, the compression into a dozen lines or less of lovely poetic fancies, conceits or pictures which are the daintier ornaments of literature. Aldrich, in his "Lyrics and Epics," wrote for both himself and Stoddard:

I would be the Lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the Epic
Memory lets slip.
I would be the diamond
At my lady's ear,
Rather than a June rose
Worn but once a year.

"JOAQUIN" MILLER (1841-1913)

Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in Indiana in 1841. In 1854 he was taken by his pioneer father across the plains to Oregon. He left home while still a boy, and for some years lived a most primitive frontier life among the gold-miners and the Indians. He was graduated from Columbia College, Oregon, in 1858. Up to 1870 he was variously occupied, although more in the law than at any other one occupation, and for four years, from 1866, was on the bench. With failure to secure recognition at home for his "Songs of the Sierras," he went to London, where as soon as they were issued he achieved an exotic popularity. From 1873 to 1887 his career is difficult to follow. Some of his most vivid experiences were in Europe, though it is not clear how much of his time was spent in actual residence. In 1887 he returned to California, on "The Heights," near Oakland. Here he lived a consciously picturesque life until he died in 1913.

Few poets have been more casual in keeping record of their work in full. Miller was quite careless of the fate of a great deal of his magazine verse, believing that "anything that is worth preserving in literature will preserve itself." Poems appeared in book form during his lifetime in the following years: 1869, 1870, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1878, 1882, 1884, 1887, 1890, 1894, 1896, 1897, 1900, 1907.

I. Texts.

The complete text is in the Bear Edition, 6 vols., 1909-1910. A single volume "complete" edition was published in 1892, 1897, and 1904.

II. Biography.

There is no adequate biography or even biographical study. Of the historians of American literature, only Churton Collins, C. F. Richardson, G. E. Woodberry and F. L. Pattee ("American Literature Since 1870") accord him serious attention. The autobiographical preface to the Bear Edition, and the same material scattered through the one-volume editions, are the raw stuff for interpretation of Miller's character and aim. These can be supplemented by his own article in *The Independent* on "What is Poetry?" See also *Current Literature*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 574.

III. Criticism.

See the historians above mentioned and the following review articles: *Academy*, Vol. II, p. 301; Vol. LIII, p. 181; *Arena*, Vol. XII, p. 86; Vol. IX, p. 553; Vol. XXXVII, p. 271; *Current Opinion*, Vol. LIV, p. 318; *Dial*, Vol. LIV, p. 165; *Fraser's*, Vol. LXXXIV, p. 346; *Godey's*, Vol. XCIV, p. 52; *Lippincott's*, Vol. XXXVIII, p. 106; *Munsey's*, Vol. IX, p. 308; *Nation*, Vol. XXVII, p. 336; Vol. XIII, p. 196; Vol. XVIII, p. 77; Vol. XCVI, pp. 169, 187, 230, 544.

The life and work of "Joaquin" Miller, poet of the Sierras, fall quite naturally into three divisions. The first is the thirty years of his most

primitive experience, in which his character and point of view were determined. In this time he lacked everything that is repressive and sophisticated in education. "Somehow I could not understand or get on with my fellowman. He seemed to always want to cheat me—to get my labor for nothing. I could appreciate and enter into the heart of an Indian. . . . I think what I most needed in order to understand, get on and not be misunderstood, was a long time at school, where my rough points could be ground down. . . . You must not have points or anything about you singular or noticeable if you would get on. . . . But I was as rough as the lava rocks I roamed over, as broken as the mountains I inhabited."¹ The next period was one of increasing worldliness culminating with the fourteen years from 1873 to 1887, when he seemed to have turned his back on his native environment and was enjoying a somewhat adventitious popularity in the East and abroad as an amusingly individual "wild Westerner." For a while, on account of his celebrity as an author, he actually was enabled to "get on" by making social capital out of his rough pointedness. In the third period he came back to the mountains with a confirmed distaste for the fruits of civilization and a renewed and honest delight in the handiwork of God.

He was one of a very small group of 19th century American writers who were pre-eminently characterized by their knowledge and enjoyment of American life and nature at first hand; but his experiences quite surpassed those of Thoreau or Burroughs or Whitman or Mark Twain in the elemental vigor that pervaded them. He was in six Indian campaigns and three times dangerously wounded; he suffered snow-blindness in Alaska and desert thirst in Arizona. He knew the terrors of stampede and flood, and of prairie and mountain fire. He knew blood-enmities, and friendships unto death in which the phrase was proved to the uttermost. All these find their way into his poetry and are recorded there so really and vividly as to make pallid the attempts of Byron and Shelley to give to their imaginings of elemental life a local habitation and a name.

One consequence of his life was his ability to tell romantic stories so that they were truly exciting, a feat in which the library poet rarely succeeds. He presents women of wild and gorgeous beauty, not leaving their beauty in the abstract, and sets them fittingly on mountain slopes, or in the forests, or beside the turbulent waters, and makes them so worth loving that their loss—for they are more often lost than secured—is real tragedy. Those early heroines of Miller's are worth putting into stories, just as the early poetic loves of Tennyson were each worth at the utmost one graceful little lyric. His heroes are worth while, too. Their principles are not expounded, nor the things they were fighting for always made quite clear. In the poems there is not time; but once in a while in the prose the primitive law of *noblesse oblige* is recorded.

"To the Prince [a gambler] he was nothing much. . . . Why should the Prince take life, or even imperil ours, for his sake? . . . The man needed help. The man was almost helpless. This, perhaps, was the first and strongest reason for his course. But at the bottom of all other reasons

¹ "My Own Story," pages 45, 46.

for taking care of this man . . . was a little poetical fact not forgotten. This man furnished bread when we were hungry."¹

Such nature and such life is, of course, not the poetical material for a contemplative poet. His people are always on the verge of, or in the midst of, or recovering from exciting objective adventure. And more than that, his Nature is not so much a spectacle as a force. Earth, air, fire and water are potentially volcanic, cyclonic, all consuming and inundating. You know God is behind them because of the power he displays. The keynote of the earliest poems pervades them all, gives the cue to his admirations and his antipathies, makes primitive and in a way unreal the love story he attempts to set in Venice and redeems the remarkable eugenic epithalamium of his old age "Light."

Just how Miller understood his own capacities can be demonstrated by a comparison of "The Baroness of New York"—often erroneously referred to as a novel—a long poem which appeared as a volume in 1877, with "The Sea of Fire," which occupies some eleven pages in his Complete Poetical Works of 1897. The first poem is in two long parts, the first a sea-island story of love and desertion between Doughal and Adora, done spiritedly after the manner of Scott, and the second in the tone of Byron, in which she is pretending as the Baroness du Bois in New York, where "her true strength lay in splendid scorn of little things," and where Dougal (who has lost an h in his wanderings) turns up in the last few pages to claim her as Lord Adair. Twenty years later Miller presented what he thought was worth saving of this by dropping all the Byronic part, and reducing the rest from over 1,800 lines to about 800 by squeezing out the Marmionesque passages. What is left is really Miller.

This was well done. In the sense of wishing to embalm his earlier works in their original versions, Miller may be said to have had almost no pride of authorship. But his taste sometimes failed him even when his willingness to use the knife was awake. He ought never to have resorted to humor; what he intended for humor seldom amounted to anything finer than a rough jocosity. Possibly the nicer discriminations on which humor depends are bred better in town than in the country. It thrives in an atmosphere of easy familiarity, but one does not buttonhole the Sierras or pat them on the back. Perhaps, again, the very largeness of the landscapes by which he was surrounded while he was growing up led to a magniloquence which made him guilty sometimes of pomposity and sometimes of posing. Both of these artistic peccadilloes are the expressions of naïveté. One has to learn to be simple and unaffected. It is human nature to be unnatural when others are looking on.

This naturalness, on the whole, Miller more and more acquired. Although he knew and admired the great English romanticists, and although he preserved passages imitative of them in his later editings—a good deal in "A Song of the South" is pure Coleridge—the quality that pervades him is a simple and abounding eagerness to present life in action. The only author writing to-day who gives one the same sense of man at work in the presence of forces which are all but overwhelming is Joseph Conrad. As Miller aged, he desired more and more to give soul as well as body to

¹ "My Own Story," pages 160, 161.

his work. Now and again he succeeded in writing something which was more than sheerly objective, as in the various bits in which he celebrated the heroism of the pioneer—whether Columbus or the Forty-Niner. And toward the very end of his career he to an extraordinary degree combines the two ambitions of his old age. The one was to present “the vision of worlds beyond” and the other to “leave sound and words to the winds.” “American science has swept time and space aside. American science dashes along at fifty, sixty miles an hour; but American literature still lumbers along in the old-fashioned English stage-coach at ten miles an hour, and sometimes with a red-coated outrider blowing a horn. We must leave all this behind us. . . . When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of a single syllable.”¹

The last stanza in “Sappho and Phaon,” the last selection in *The Complete Poems*, shows how far he was consciously attempting to measure up to his own standard.

God is not far; man is not far
From Heaven's porch, where pæans roll.
Man shall yet speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul.
Yon star-strewn skies be but a town,
With angels passing up and down.
“I leave my peace with you.” Lo! these
His seven wounds, the Pleiades
Pierce Heaven's porch. But, resting there,
The new moon rocks the Christ Child in
Her silver rocking-chair.

This is indubitably American. The porch and the rocking-chair may tempt the scoffer to ask why Miller did not complete the native picture by bringing in a palm-leaf fan and a pitcher of ice-water. If Miller had been asked, he would doubtless have replied that he omitted the latter American accessories only because they did not belong to this particular picture; that Pullman cars and Niagara Falls and steam radiators and Mt. Shasta were all legitimate material for poetry, if only they were apropos. What one should remember—what the reader of “Joaquin” Miller cannot forget—is that his poetry is an eloquent and often beautiful evidence of an abundantly vigorous youth and manhood and of a serenely optimistic old age.

RICHARD HOVEY (1864-1900)

Hovey was born in 1864 in Normal, Ill., where his father was president of a local college. He spent much of his boyhood in Washington, D. C., and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1885. He then studied at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and for a while was lay assistant in a New York ritualistic church. After deciding not to enter the ministry, he became journalist and actor and then, after some years as poet and dramatist, he became professor of English literature in Barnard College and lecturer in Columbia University. Throughout his life, as his poetry showed, he travelled widely. Volumes of his poetry appeared during

¹ Preface to *Complete Poetical Works*.

his lifetime in 1880 (some extremely immature verse published in Washington, D. C.), 1889, 1891, 1893, 1898. He was joint author also of two volumes, with Bliss Carman, in 1894 and 1896, and his last work, "Taliesin—a Masque," which appeared in *Poet-Lore* in 1899, was issued in book form in 1900 shortly after his death. "The Holy Graal" was posthumously published in 1907. He died from a sudden relapse during a convalescence in 1900.

I. Texts.

A uniform edition was published by Duffield, 1907-1908. The most important single volume is *Along the Trail*, included in this edition, or in the original form by Small, Maynard & Co., 1898.

II. Biography.

There is no adequate biography or biographical study.

III. Criticism.

The best single criticism is by Bliss Carman in the preface to *The Holy Graal and Other Fragments*, 1907. See also *The Younger American Poets*, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, pp. 1-27. Among important periodical reviews are the following: *Bookman*, Vol. XI, p. 125; *Chautauquan*, Vol. XXXI, p. 452; *Critic*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 292; *Outlook*, Vol. LXIV, p. 566; *Review of Reviews*, Vol. XXII, p. 735.

What thrusts itself most aggressively on the reader who makes a survey of Hovey's entire work is the kaleidoscopic look of it at first glance, and the real harmony which it reveals to closer study. It is not the harmony of an evolving career, for in a decade there is not much room for evolution. It is rather a pervasive unity among poems which are only apparently in contrast. At the outset it seems bewildering. A young poet at twenty-five accepts the laurel of Sidney Lanier who brought light

Out of the darkness of fair Love's eclipse,
Out of the jar of ways that Trade has turned,

and sets about weaving a great mediæval poem in Dramas. "The Quest of Merlin," "The Marriage of Guenevere," "The Birth of Galahad," "The Masque of Taliesin." It is a dim and expansive tapestry-background of romance, quite the natural one for a translator of Maeterlinck and of Mallarmé. But straight against it, with all lights on full, he leads a procession of college boys, fraternity brothers, artistic vagabonds, and *fin de siècle* suitors and soldiers. It's like opera bouffe in the Tower of London: one rubs his eyes aghast as at the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Yet the poet's close friend, Bliss Carman, dispels the mystery. "Perhaps the chief thing to be kept in mind in regard to Richard Hovey's treatment of the Arthurian legends is this, that he was not primarily interested in them for their historic and picturesque value as poetic material, great as that value undoubtedly is . . . the problem he felt called upon to deal with is a perennial one, old as the world, yet intensely modern, and it appealed to him as a modern man. . . . The Arthurian cycle provided

Tennyson with the groundwork of a national epic; . . . to Richard Hovey it afforded a modern instance stripped of modern dress."¹

The point, in part, is that Hovey's work is all modern, but of two distinct sorts. As a dramatist, he chose the mediæval setting and costume in order to avoid the distraction of contemporary realism. Pullman cars, modern hotels, country clubs and Fifth Avenue palaces were too likely to compete in interest with the life stuff on which he wanted to concentrate attention. But as a lyric poet, background was quite incidental and needed no evasive treatment. The mood of the moment could, in fact, be interpreted simply against any simple modern setting. So the plays look ancient and the songs sound modern, but they are all concerned with the human experience that belongs to no particular time. He was not consciously busied with interpreting the spirit of the past or the spirit of the present either.

Nevertheless, the spirit of "the nineties" was very evident in his work. It appeared most obviously in his four poems stimulated by the Spanish War—poems which contained a good deal of truculent idealism. If it were not for the wisdom in "Unmanifest Destiny," Hovey would seem to have been as ignorantly benevolent a "jingo" as the times ever bred, and in the light of this poem, in which he acknowledges that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," it seems extraordinary that he could not conceive of God's ever fostering an "upward climbing cause without the sword."

The spirit of the times came out also in his verses of Vagabondia and Bohemia, for Hovey was one of the rather assertive group of young artists who at the end of the century were in conscious revolt. Some of them did pastels in prose, and some ran to rondeaus and triolets and villanelles, most of them edited little periodicals of the *Chap Book*, *Lark*, and *Truth in Boston* type, and all of them rebelled in word and deed at the domination of Victorian respectability. Moreover, and this is the vital fact about them, none of them have really "settled down" since then. They may be middle-aged, and stout, and regular in diet, but on the whole they are still invigorated by the intellectual stimulant they quaffed in those Pierian days. Their Bohemianism was very much more real than the diluted thing about which Stedman and Aldrich rhymed thirty years before. It was more like the thing from which these men and Stoddard and Taylor actually withheld themselves. It was the sort of life which led to "Wanderlovers" on the one hand and the oft-sung "Stein Song" on the other.

But Hovey was not satisfied with any conviviality that stopped short of genuine comradeship. He wrote for Dartmouth a body of tributary verse which is as distinguished as are Holmes's Harvard poems. And he wrote for his college fraternity songs and odes which are so distinguished as wholly to transcend the occasions for which they were prepared. In "Spring," read at a fraternity convention in 1896, he took up the torch where Whitman had laid it down as he chanted a great choral of youth and comradeship and out-of-doors, and of the "greater to-morrow" which those college boys were destined to see. This in the vein of Whitman

¹ Preface to "The Holy Graal and Other Fragments," 1907.

and in some approach to Whitman's manner is no finer, however, and no more vigorous than the sonnets of 1898 (quoted in the text), in which, with an abounding vigor, he writes of the love of man and woman confronted by sea and storm and fate itself.

This poet of Vagabondia and King Arthur's Court seems to have expounded himself in the lines from "Spring" which follow "Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime":

A road runs east and a road runs west
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
And the eastward road leads into the West
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam
And the westward road leads into the East
Where the spirit from striving is released
Where the soul like a child in God's arms lies
And forgets the lure of the butterflies.

When Stedman published his "Poets of America" in 1885, Richard Hovey was just coming out of college, unknown; and when Stedman published his "American Anthology," in 1900, Hovey was dead. Though most of the biographical notes were the brief and informative work of assistant editors, Mr. Stedman wrote a signed criticism of Hovey, which was concluded with these sentences: "Hovey, in fact, was slow to mature, and, when taken off, showed more promise than at any time before. He thought very well of himself, not without reason, and felt that he had enjoyed his *Wanderjahr* to the full, and that the serious work of his life was straight before him. He was ridding himself, in a measure, of certain affectations that told against him, and at last had a chance, with a university position, to utilize the fruits of a good deal of hard study and reflection, while nearing some best field for the exercise of his specific gift. That his aim was high is shown even by his failures, and in his death there is no doubt that America has lost one of her best-equipped lyrical and dramatic writers. This somewhat extended note may well be accorded to the dead singer, who, on the threshold of the new century that beckoned to him, was bidden to halt and abide with the 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown.'"

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY (1869-1910)

Moody was born at Spencer, Indiana, July, 1869. His father was a steamboat captain on the Ohio River. In 1871 the family moved to New Albany, Indiana, living here until the death of his mother in his fifteenth and of his father in his seventeenth year. Moody prepared himself for Harvard by alternate study and teaching, and became a member of the class of 1893. He completed his work in three years, and spent the senior year in Europe as tutor for a boy. Like John Hay, to whose early career his own suggests certain points of comparison, he went from the Mississippi Valley to an Eastern college, and there proved not only to be a natural student, but to have the natural aptitude for culture, which is

sometimes assumed to be the exclusive heritage of old families. The remaining seventeen years of his life after graduation were marked by prolonged and varied travels, extensive study over a wide range of languages and literatures, a period of eight years' membership in the English department of the University of Chicago, from which his resignation was reluctantly accepted, and, to crown all, versatile creative powers as artist, poet and dramatist. In the summer of 1909, when he seemed at the height of his strength, he was stricken with the fatal illness from which he died in October, 1910.

He published frequently in the periodicals from 1890 to 1900. His works were published in book form, during his lifetime, in 1900, 1901, 1904, 1907, 1909.

I. Texts.

The Masque of Judgment, 1900; Poems, 1901; The Fire Bringer, 1904; The Great Divide (a prose play), 1907; The Faith Healer (a prose play), 1909; The Poems and Poetic Dramas of William Vaughn Moody, with an introduction by J. M. Manly, 1912.

II. Biography and Criticism.

Introduction by J. M. Manly to Poems and Plays, 2 vols.; Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody, with an introduction, by D. G. Mason. The more significant criticisms in the periodicals include the following: *Atlantic*, Vol. CXI, p. 79; *Dial*, Vol. XLIX, p. 317; Vol. LIII, p. 484; *Harper's Weekly*, Vol. LIV, p. 6; *Independent*, Vol. LXXIV, p. 314; *Nation*, Vol. XCI, p. 352; Vol. XCVI, p. 130; *Outlook*, Vol. XCVI, p. 487; *Review of Reviews*, Vol. XLVII, p. 372.

The total impression received from reading Moody's works is one of more than epic breadth. The view from "Gloucester Moors" suggested the whole earth as a "vast, outbound ship of souls." "Old Pourquoi" sang his challenge to the Norman sky. The poetic dramas are no narrower than the entire scheme of salvation. Yet he did not maintain his widest sympathies at the cost of turning his back on his own time or country. In a perfectly clear, objective way he came to love his mother's country, the Indiana prairies, both for their rich expanse of natural beauty and for the golden corn with which it could "feed a universe at need." Before the vogue of civic celebrations had come on, he marshalled, in the memorable third stanza of the "Ode in Time of Hesitation," the most splendid pageant of America which has yet been written. In that poem of Spring he brings into a few lines a suggestion of all the confident hope he feels for his country's future. The Cape Ann children seeking the arbutus, and the hill lads of Tennessee harking to the wild geese on their northern flight, are one with the youth of Chicago, the renewing green of the wheat fields, the unrolling of the rivers from the white Sierras, the downward creep of Alaskan glaciers, and the perennial palm crown of Hawaii. It is in very truth

the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth.

His love for America, however, did not dull his sense of the dangers that threatened its youth. Within its boundaries he was well aware of the economic evils which menaced it. They were not peculiar to America, to be sure, but they were dangers none the less. In "Gloucester Moors" he was disturbed, if not made fearful, by the "Sounds from the noisome hold." There was no hope in this poem, only speculation and distress; but in "The Brute," whether it expressed a new-gained confidence, or only a different lyric mood, there was a sweeping optimism. Vicious as the machine-brute was at the moment, he was, after all, only an untamed power for good. Man had not learned how to control him. He was an elephant let loose in the menagerie, trampling and trumpeting, but sure to be recaptured and put in harness.

He must give each man his portion, each his pride and worthy place;
He must batter down the arrogant and lift the weary face,
On each vile mouth set purity, on each low forehead grace.

And without its boundaries, America, as a nation among nations, was a land to rejoice in only as long as it was right. In the year when the country was swept into excited jingoism in the first intoxication of imperial outreach, Moody was full of solicitude. He was never so proud as when, in "The Quarry," he recorded John Hay's frustration of the partition of China, yet never more indignant than when he suspected that the proud republic might stoop

to cheat
And scramble in the market-place of war.

His upbringing and education had made him too cosmopolitan to allow of his easily falling into Americanism of the Decatur type—"my country, right or wrong."

Aside from these explicit poems of time and place, there is little of Moody's verse which may not be regarded as related and preliminary to the poetic dramas. The shorter poems contain the elemental ideas in the plays; they are harbingers which are confirmed and fulfilled by the event. This sequence of three plays gives Moody's theology in terms of the entire plan of salvation. As a whole, and in its details, it is confusing at the first onset, though it yields richly to study, and reveals an ordered philosophy in the end. As often has been the case with literary sequences, this one was not written in the order of its logical progression. Moreover, no scheme of chronology can be imposed upon it, for the successive parts defy any attempts at reconciliation with myth or Scripture. The third part, too, is uncompleted. Yet the reason of the series is apparent, and the plan of the first two parts, together with the light thrown on the third by certain preliminary studies, shows beyond peradventure where the poetic drama, "The Death of Eve," would have concluded. It is characteristic of Moody that he wrought this epic group from his own combination of Christian and pagan material, and characteristic of his method that he did not expound or explain, but left it to the reader to get the meaning clear.

The whole is on the theme of the union between God and man, and

the consequent incompleteness of either without the other. This unity is threatened by the fact that God could not rest content with peaceful inactivity, and that man, the crowning member of Creation, was himself endowed with what is in fact a divine restlessness. So, in the course of events, heaven became disquieted by the pride and lust and wrangling when the spirits of man were high, and because his pulses

when they fell
Sang grief, division, terror, shame and loss,
Troubling that harmony which is the breath
Of the gods' nostrils, yea the delicate tune
To which they pace their souls, and act with joy
Their several ministries.

So the tragic undertone of "The Fire-Bringer" is that when Pandora sings her wonderful lyric of union between God and his creatures, even at that moment man has achieved his apparent victory at the awful cost of disunion with his Creator through Prometheus's theft of fire from the heavens.

In "The Masque of Judgment" comes the second stage of the epic. Man, "wanton, unteachable, intolerable," had become the first to vex God, although his dearest pride. God's hope to woo him back to obedience was waning. Drooping "white and pitiful" on his throne he saw no recourse except to doom to destruction this very part of himself, for

not a creature sinneth, but He weeps
His own sin with His creature's.

In the end, then, came with the day of doom, a divine error, since

Man's violence was earnest of his strength,
His sin, a heady overflow, dynamic
Unto all lovely uses, to be curbed
And sweetened, never broken with the rod!

The carrying out of God's judgment was therefore done "with suicidal hand."

The final stage was projected, but left uncompleted with "The Death of Eve." It contains the reconciliation of God and man through the voluntary return to Him of Eve—who, in Hebrew literature, is counterpart of Prometheus in Greek—the seeker for knowledge and power which should lift mankind above the brutes, and the consequent breeder of discord between man and God. Her appeal to return to the gates of Eden, which Seth and Abel, living and dead, feared to attempt, was heard by Cain. Together they agreed to make the journey. At this point the drama is left unfinished; but what was to come is revealed in two other poems, both of which serve as prophetic studies. The trilogy was to culminate with the last song of Eve, which was to stand in its peaceful harmony in double contrast with the conflict between Pandora's song and the young men's chorus in the first play, and with the chaotic destruction described in the dialogue between Uriel and Raphael which concludes the second.

Toward this he had already made two studies, both of which failed to fulfil what he desired of this final chord, both of which are yet included

among his published poems, and neither of which is fully intelligible apart from the whole design of the trilogy. The earlier was the wild and defiant "I am the Woman." Though this begins

I am the Woman, ark of the law and its breaker,

it progresses to the point of urging obedience on man, revises the self-description to

ark of the law and sacred arm to upbear it,

and concludes,

Open to me, O sleeping mother. The gate is heavy and strong.
Open to me, I am come at last: be wroth with thy child no more.

Yet this lyric did not supply the exact word with which to end, for there was a militant defiance in it of a spirit still tameless and only reduced to the acquiescence of spiritual exhaustion.

The second study, the dramatic poem, "The Death of Eve," covers, in the rapid narrative of its first ninety lines, the action of the dramatic fragment, and then goes on in its latter part to a new song, perhaps the song with which the whole trilogy might have ended. For in this, although there is still a note of Promethean defiance, it is the glad challenge of the lover who will not be gainsaid:

Far off, rebelliously, yet for thy sake,
She gathered them, O Thou who lovest to break
A thousand souls, and shake
Their dust along the wind, but sleeplessly
Searchest the Bride, fulfilled in limb and feature,
Ready and boon to be fulfilled of Thee
Thine ample, tameless creature,—
Against Thy will and word, behold Lord, this is She.

The dramatic trilogy, moreover, is not only the result of conscious preliminary studies such as these; it is the summation of the most fundamental convictions about life which he elsewhere recorded without reference to this monumental work. The most striking of these is his theory of and his attitude toward woman. It is his clear belief that the influence of woman is the dominant fact in the history of mankind. In his attitude there are acknowledgments of awe, of reverence, of spiritual love, and of passion. In his theory there is the same evolutionary breadth that characterizes the equation of human life in which she is the greatest factor. In this scheme there are glimpses of the earliest theology of the matriarchate. There is more than a hint of *Μήτηρ θεῶν*, the mother of the Gods, when Eve cries out at the last

Yea, she whose arm was round the neck of the morning star at song,
Is she who kneeleth now in the dust and cries at the secret door,
"Open to me, O sleeping mother."

From this beginning both the songs of Eve progress through the ages when woman is subtly moulded by man's conception of her, so that her happiness and her very being consist in conforming herself to him.

Still, still with prayer and ecstasy she strove
To be the woman they did well approve,
That, narrowed to their love,
She might have done with bitterness and blame.

and in both she appears as the indomitable Promethean spirit who in the end was to fulfil that plan which in the beginning she had endangered. There is no reference to any woman in any of his poems which is out of harmony with this dominating and progressive idea.

Again, the theory of evolution lies behind all he wrote, whether it has externally to do with ancient or modern times. It is developed most explicitly in the sardonic "Menagerie," but this statement is simply the basic thesis of the trilogy. It begins with a rejection of the findings associated with Darwin, that external causes are final determinants in evolution:

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,
Seem to omit one small consideration,

which is no less than the existence of souls, "restless, plagued, impatient things, All dream and unaccountable desire." And these souls are all merged in the common soul of the universe, "great nature working out her plan" and working it out according not merely to relentless material laws, but "groping, testing, passing on" in a progress of creative evolution. Moody did not feel any pettifogging embarrassment in connection with the citation of anachronisms against the writer of such historical plays. Yet if one were looking for justification for the presence of this apparently ultra-modern doctrine in a poem of ancient times, he could assert its implicit presence in much of the Greek philosophy, and point to its enunciation in "The Masque" by the angel Raphael rather than by any mortal:

I think for me Heaven seemed not Heaven till then
When from our seats of peace we could behold
The strife of ripening suns and withering moons,
Marching of ice-floes, and the nameless wars
Of monster races laboring to be man.

Moody's poetry is, on the whole, emphatically not easy to read. He was not interested to write simple lyrics or narratives. Very few of his poems have even an implied narrative thread. Only in the dramas, both prose and poetry, did he tell clear stories. "Until the Troubling of the Waters," which is an apparent story, is, in fact, a dramatic exposition of a state of mind, and narrates the events of an early morning, themselves of little direct moment, in order to lead up to a climax which is left untold. The occasional poems are not self-explanatory nor accompanied by footnote helps. One must know the tragic history of Robert Shaw, if he is fully to understand the "Ode Written in Time of Hesitation," and if he does not know quite clearly the chronicle of international diplomacy in 1900, he will be utterly bewildered by "The Quarry."

Again, Moody's work is far from easy to read because of the almost complete subordination of the external content to the internal, or subjective implications. In the briefer and apparently simpler lyrics, Moody frequently makes the emotion an end in itself. In poems like "On the River" and "The Bracelet of Grass" and "A Gray Day," the mood of grief is presented without explanation. The reader who must know why the sole spectator in the last of these, or the lovers in the former two, feel as they do, turns the page baffled; baffled not so much by the actual content

as by the unsatisfied desire for a story. Moody lays on him the obligation to supply his own story or to do without one. He must be on the alert, as in the reading of a play that has no stage directions.

This same alertness is indispensable if one is to catch the figurative and deeper meaning of poems which have also a seductively literal and superficial one. Few readers who would ever open to them would fail to grasp the significance of "The Fountain" or "Until the Troubling of the Waters"; but many have fallen into the error of thinking the "Road Hymn for the Start" was nothing more than an elevated song of vagabondia, and that "The Daguerreotype" was pure autobiography, and not also a record of the self-distrust felt by any poet whose reach has exceeded his grasp. Moreover, the use of metaphor, which demands either close attention or keen poetic receptivity, is not limited to whole poems or extended passages. Moody's poetry, throughout its length and breadth, is far more than usually implicit and suggestive. Finally, with reference to the elusiveness of his work, his extremely resourceful diction includes many words (almost all of them nouns) that will lay low all but the most erudite who are unfortified by a dictionary. Those who will survive *eidolon*, *hydromel*, *amphora* and *muezzin*, will take thought of their mental stature in the face of *shawm*, *shard*, *minim* and *chrysm*, and will succumb to *ægipan*, *stasimon*, *windelstræ*, *crud*, *draff*, and *blooth*. Yet these words and their like never produce the effect of the wilful display for which there would be no excuse. They possess the twin virtues of nicety in meaning and fine adjustment to the melody of their contexts.

The poetic beauties of Moody's work are usually distinguished and often exquisite. His wide and intimate knowledge of world literature results in an opulence of style which was markedly free from imitativeness. Although his completed poems seem unrestrained and spontaneous, they reveal, upon close study, the utmost firmness of structure and scrupulousness of detail. This structural security is most evident in the shorter lyrics, in which it would be difficult to make even the slightest change without appreciably disturbing the balance. It is hardly less perceptible to the close student of the poetic dramas. Careful observation, for example, of the relationship between the two poems bearing the title, "The Death of Eve," will show how far from casual were his processes of composition. In versification he is equally successful in the use of close-knit shorter stanzaic forms, and in the freer measures of the odes. He is so far a master of his medium that he does with apparent ease what are really difficult feats of technique. The degree to which he makes the sound and swing of the lines conform to their content has already been suggested in a comment on his diction. Though he was possessed of so extraordinarily wide a vocabulary that at times the exact, and perhaps obvious, word for him is unusual if not unfamiliar to the average reader, yet in their context these challenge the challenger to carry an indictment against them. Far more frequent, however, are the passages in which Moody makes exquisite use of words within the ken of everyone, as in the fine shadings of the youthful flower of love,

whose petals dim were fears,
Awes, adorations, songs of ruth, hesitancies and tears.

Finally, there lies in the connotative quality of Moody's workmanship, to which reference has already been made, perhaps the richest source of his poetic power. He is figurative not only in language, but in his habits of mind. His physical eye sees the appearance of things as a child would, though he interprets them as a man may. . Thus

The *haggard* shapes of twilight trees
A dance of dust motes in the *sliding* sun
the *ivory* circle of the moon

are at once naïve and sophisticated, and each one contains the aptest of epithets. Although he is not at all what is usually meant by a nature-poet, he derives from natural objects in hundreds of passages the analogies which give body to his thought. Such as the following need no exposition:

Who has a thing to do, and makes his fear
An icy wind to freeze his purpose firm.

I swiftly clomb,
And from the utter dome
Of most high morning laughed, and sang my loved one home.

Ditched into rivulets of little head
The stream and onset of our expedition.

Moody's broad fame is yet to be achieved. Even since his death the world has been coming anew to listen to the voice of poetry as a living tongue. His own public was small, and it is now being slowly augmented by the growing zest for poetry inspired by both the older and the newer poets. Because of the deep significance of his philosophy, and the consummate beauty of his art, we may look forward with confidence to a final estimate that will put him among the greatest of American poets, and among the leading singers in the world choir of his day.

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